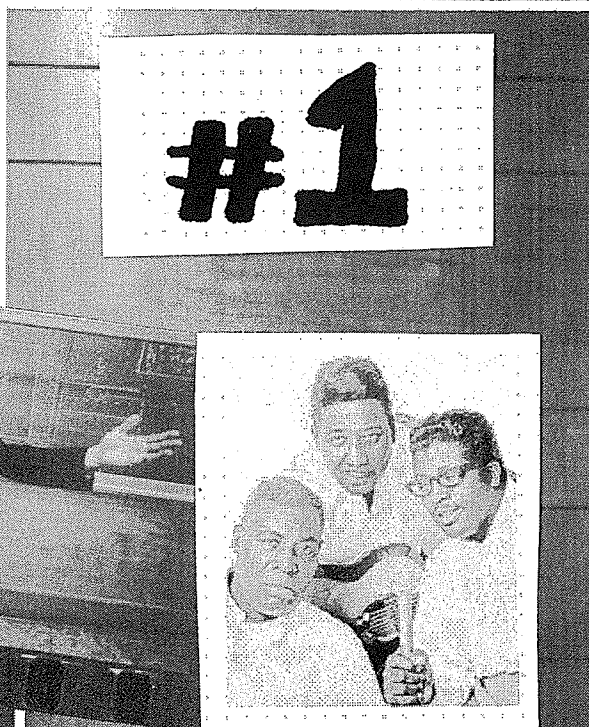


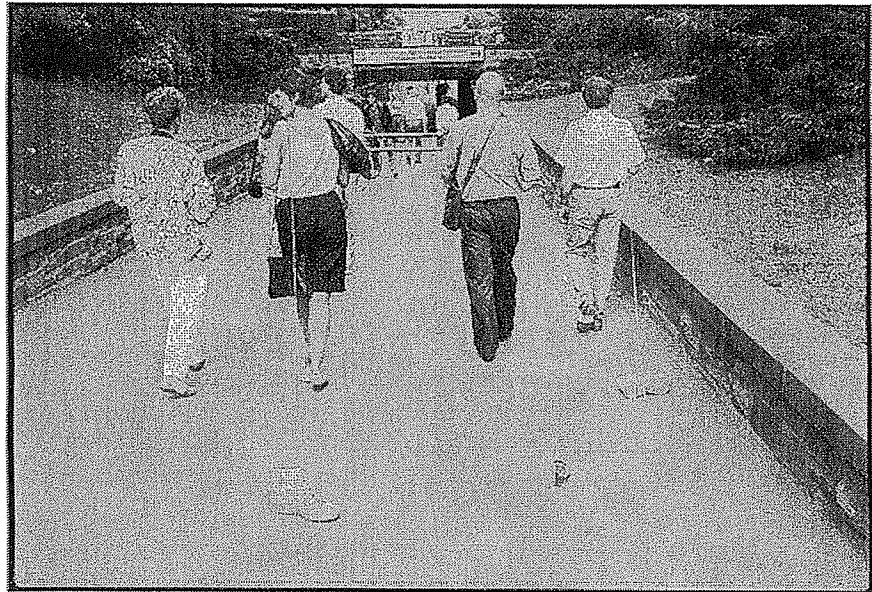


FAUX WOOD PANELING



IN THIS ISSUE: rockrockrockandroll,
"film" reviews, slices of life.
TWO total contributors-
promising!

JOIN THE ~~1st~~ 2nd ANNUAL JAMESTOWN, OH, SHOE WALK!



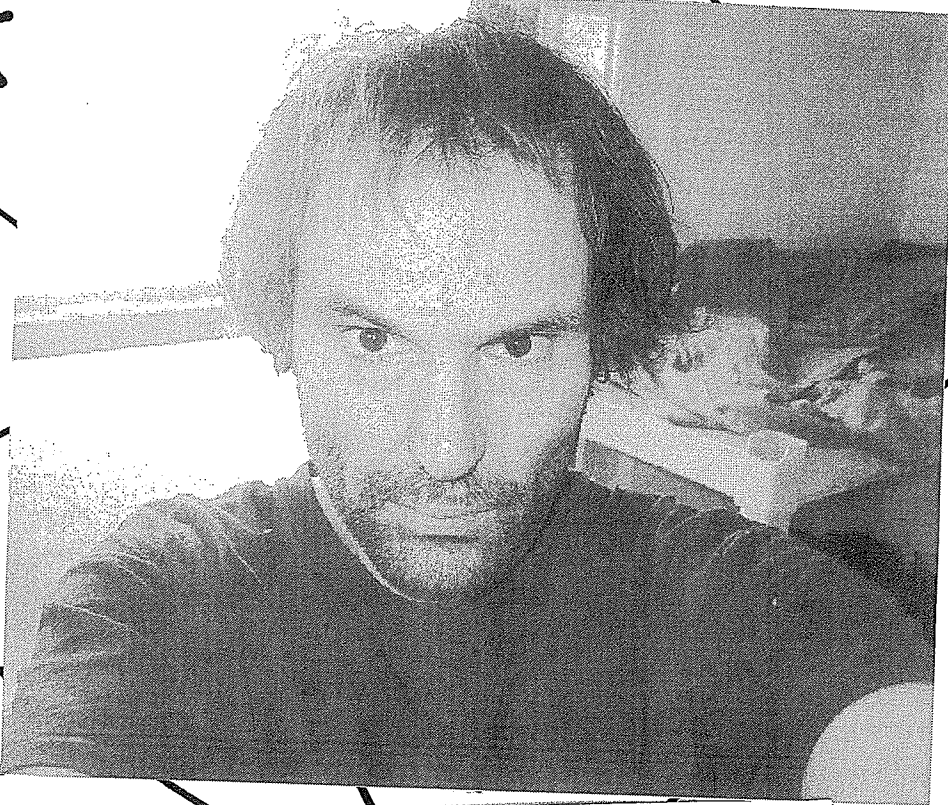
Allen Kaprow, *Taking a Shoe for a Walk*, 1969, activity presented for 'Allen Kaprow: Proceedings', sponsored by Koninklijke Academie van Beeldende Kunsten. Photograph: Wolfgang Trüger. Courtesy: Allen Kaprow Estate and Hauser & Wirth, UB Art Galleries

Inspired by Allan Kaprow's *Taking a Shoe for a Walk*, this is an activity that promotes health and community. Non-participants are welcome to watch the ~~X~~ Annual Jamestown Shoe Walk from their porches, driveways or other vantage points.

2nd

Take your shoe on a walk through Jamestown! ~~from 10/10/19, 11/10/19, 12/10/19~~ from ~~10/10/19~~

TBD! in later issue.



...I tink I ad a drem on'night where ther was this publication ... called Craving The Center. I'd make it an alt-rag for a suburb sprawl called Centerville where I hang my hat (and dream) and I even made a STATEMENT OF PURPOSE fir it

but

I also like the phrase- the sound of "Faux Wood Paneling" and I already had these pages accumulating since April '22. So, here is issue 1 of Faux Wood Paneling, which is a real show of vanity (I'm modest) or just words and texture reduced to- aha, LIT.

I had no idea, but Facebook pal and actual mad-person B.C. Miller died back in April and I wouldn't know until the Fall. Like a lot of people who end up reading this, I venture to guess, he had a relationship / interest in Richard Meltzer. Not sure if that was 10%/90% or 30%/70%, but I want to dedicate this ream of pages to him- and I dedicate two pages to him, specifically. (or WHAT) (B.C.) It's also dedicated fully to Liberty, the members of The Richard Meltz er

F an c lub

and

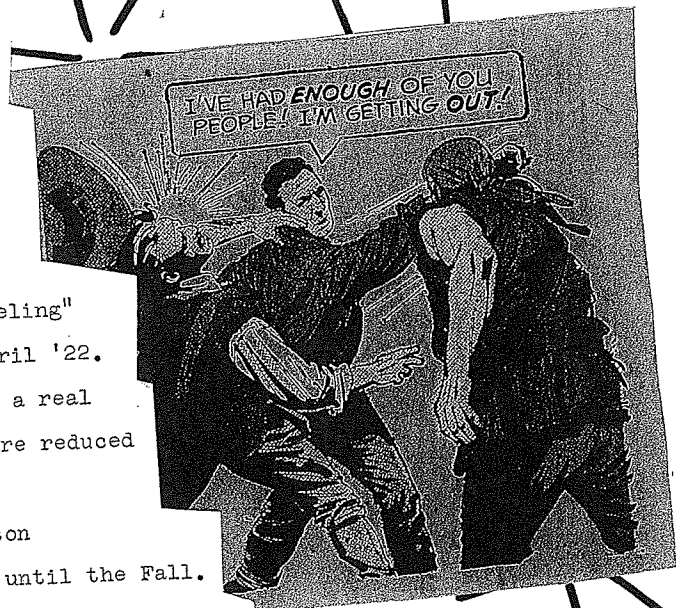
friends in Japan, Washington, Oregon and Ohio (and elsewhere).

WILL THERE BE MORE? We all know about Supply and Demand...

and we want "A World That Don't Exist" !!

- Best., Wade T, @thegoodmarty

February 2023, Centerville



SOME STOCK LETTERS FOR CREAM

Hi CREAM Staff!

I love Aussie bands like
King Gizzard and The Chats.
Love seeing that stuff- they
got real good records, almost
TOO many, but I try to keep up.
MORE AUSSIE stuff please!
Like King Gizzard.

-Stephanie P

CREAM STAFF,

Mike Schank (correct spelling?) died of
cancer a month or so back. I rewatched
American Movie 5 times since then- his
CDs are DUE for reappraisal (ie reissue
(\$\$\$\$\$\$)) - Midwest Connie Voltaire

Hey Cream,

The Peaches article/interview was
nice! Saw her in ~~Columbus~~ and she was
Columbus
better than ever! First time seeing her
~~but~~ but some folks had seen her more
than ten times. I saw and heard why.
The most professional and SLEAZY
show, simultaneously (sic) I HAVE
EVER SEEN! I watched a Queercore doc
on Tubi because she was the main
whatsitcalled, screenshot preview,
but she was only in it for 2 minutes
max. Oh well. See her. -Lacey, 25

CREAM? Really?

You want money for a subscrip-
tion? You only cover NYC and Au-
ssie shit! LA too. No midwest
hardcore (or anything) whilst
boasting Detroit roots etc etc
Lame, tepid gloss *hic*

Roger Greenberg (drunk)

CREAM re:ageism

Paradoxically rock is an old thing
and a youth thing, but I just would
like to see some variation - young
writers and geezer writers. Pitchfork
had a slew of writers exit to bring
in new blood - have you seen old P-fork
reeviews? Maybe you can hire an old
(but not dead) P-fork writer?

Let me know... Koko, Seattle

to Cream, NYC

that bit you had on the Ronnie
Reagan shooter was pretty cool,
I think he is still selling t-
shirts? no shows though. still
would like to see that guy,
genuinely.

really, matthew, 34

All The Way Up To The CREAM Editor:

First, thanks much for the Online Archive. It was worldly and informative for about two days until I received a dreaded error: a 504 internal server gaff of some kind. Sad day :(

I operate the Richard Meltzer Fanclub on Twitter, so, having an archive like a quasi-microfiche would prove to be indispensable for gathering ephemera... I'll check the world-wide webpage tonight again and hope for better results.

FRESH CREAM however is still up and running last I checked (25 minutes ago, 11:09am Saturday June 4th)- a "Patti Smith is Important" book? Sure, okay, no contention there from ME, but can't you leave that blurb for the necrophiliac vultures at The Rolling Stone (est. 1967)? They ain't had a lull in publishing to my knowledge, just a steady decline into irrelevance. Going back aways, ditto for that Big Star bit: "50 Years Later--Pretty Good!" -ha! haha! w? respect to Bell and Chilton? More like w? condolences?

There has been a fresh perspective: Dave Carnie on Glass Animals. Question, like Question: was this requested? Assigned? Or did the staff o' CREAM just feel like punishing this dude? AND YET, he turned in a funny (and informative) piece taht (like "that") shortened these soul-sucking monikersto

ASS GLAM,

ASS GLAMINALS

...and the story was made up of personal anecdotes. Nowhere near hype, nohow. Nicely done.

Brit-post-punk-revival-revival... a xerox of a xerox. Wet Leg have been the LEAST groan-inducing in my mind, but I just know that one song about the chair and the beer. They really tapped into SOMETHING there.

Ashley and Ahmad: Americans? Profiles on Twitterverse suggest MD and NYC so I'll just say support American Hardcore and *shudders* American Nu-New Wave Spiky Rhythm Arty Punk. Not that I gotta say that ...

and I don't mean Parquet Courts.

PC ANAGRAMS:

crust parequet
precut quartes
Proust racquet
racet sprout, ahem, racquet sprout
ascot prut quer
a corrupt quest
racquet stupor
ac torque turps
apt cur quoter
S
carp rust torque
ar cots quer tup

Best,
Wade T Oberlin
@thegoodmarty

The Richard Meltzer
Fanclub

Another letter to the people of GREET:

Thanks for the interest in my first letter, feel free to use in whatever way you see fit, but only under any circumstances.

I had some story ideas too, to deviate from the norm:

1) NED - Where are they now?

Ned released an album in 1973... what are they up to? Are they alive? Dead? What was the deal with Ned? They were not bad by any means ... maybe just bathetic.

2) HEAVY MOTHER - Catch em' before they SPLIT! Heavy Mother rules Bloomington, Indiana, or more likely they are just real swell an' well liked. They got a record coming out on FEEL IT that is sure to be a sensory experience paired with Dragon's Milk and a ham sammy in a hot role. Like "roll."

3) INTERVIEW WITH MY DAD AT 60

He once took 7 dudes in a pickup truck to see AC/DC -heck, he stole his 'rents mobile to go! Sometime later he was a trucker, and his driving as in "driving" tunes consisted mostly of Bachman Turner Overdrive. He enjoys "Man On The Silver Mountain" by Rainbow, but that's where his liking of Rainbow ends. His advice to young people who want to rawk? Get a trade.

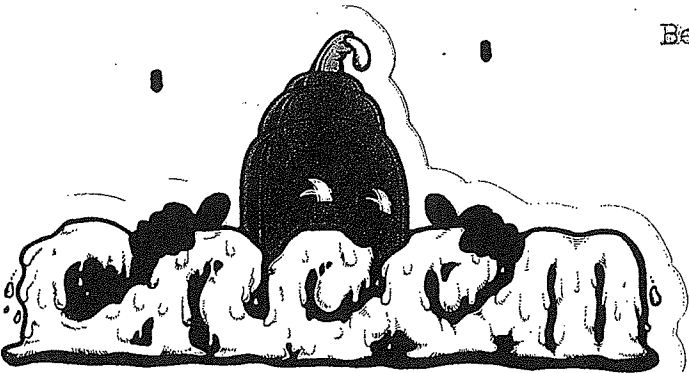
4) The Story of Claude Bessy Is In Spanish

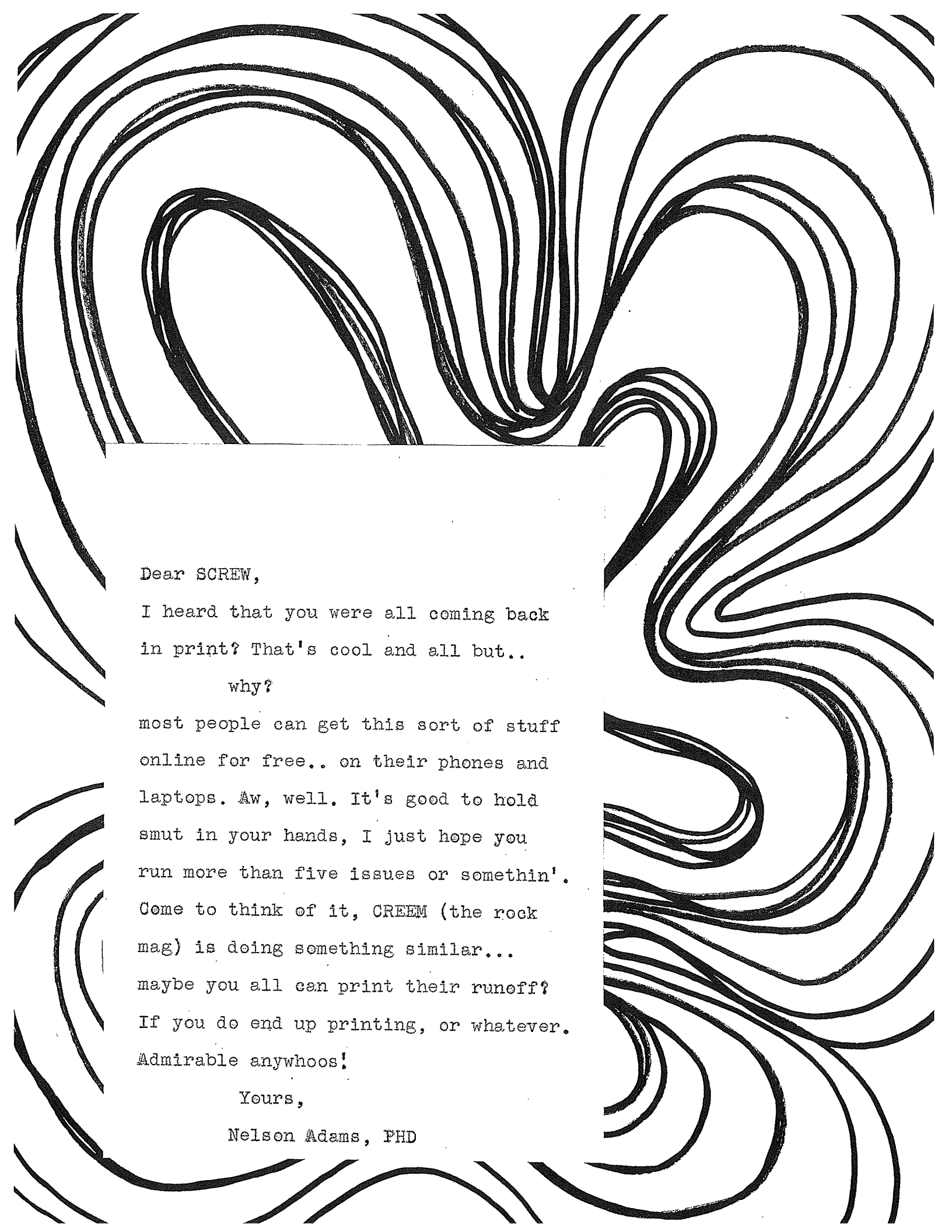
...who wants it in English for all us monolinguals who can't read so gud (or type)? Ivar Rojas wants to know! The book also contains many, many pix by Philomena Winstanley- you ever see The Decline of Western Civilization? Then this is required page-flippin8- agh I did it again. Ahem, "required page-flippin'" without which the world may really END.

Anywho, if you need a Midwestern correspondent I'd be happy to ass -isssst- Thanks for the archive onlive and the edifyin' Fresh Creem.

Best, enjoy the extra prints,
Wade T Oberlin
@thegoodmarty

6/9/22
(gleep)





Dear SCREW,

I heard that you were all coming back
in print? That's cool and all but..

why?

most people can get this sort of stuff
online for free.. on their phones and
laptops. Aw, well. It's good to hold
smut in your hands, I just hope you
run more than five issues or somethin'.
Come to think of it, CREAM (the rock
mag) is doing something similar...
maybe you all can print their runoff?
If you do end up printing, or whatever.
Admirable anywhoos!

Yours,

Nelson Adams, PHD

Music

Daniel,

SAFE ended up being a good flick, although the YouTube rip left a bit to be desired. Cape Fear was also a solid choice, maybe moreso as that was viewed on Amazon's streaming service. As far as Paris Is Burning is concerned, I've only seen it in pieces. Halloween? Caught it at a theater last year, seen many times though.

I've enjoyed your reviews and interviews about as much as I have your music/album art, and it is an absolute PLEASURE to play out the Concealer record and the Twins loop-tape. Very nice.

I- I I I

I got no idea how to talk to you.
To quote Norm MacDonald in ref to Bill Hader, "I believe ... that Bill Hader... is ultimately... unknowable."

BUT I do know the so-called "career arc" to a slim, SLIM degree. Watersports and your most recent vocal/piano/organsoundgusher- the live version on Soundcloud is all we are blessed with? Besides the Kahee Jeong excerpt, anyhoo.

I've been reading The Billy Strayhorn bio "Lush Life" recently and it's so inspiring- And I guess I think of Lady Gaga covering it, and how things circle back, how we get the spins.

OH- the AA story for VICE I also found helpful and illuminating. Years back I was a sponsor, drank black coffee while a friend went under court-order. Under military orders, too... Now I get my rounds of rebounds.

Question 1: do you wright any fiction?
Question 2: do you get hung up on types?

Well I suppose that's it for the time being.
Just sayin', love the music and writing and dialogues, big time. Explanation point.

Sincerely,
Wade T Oberlin

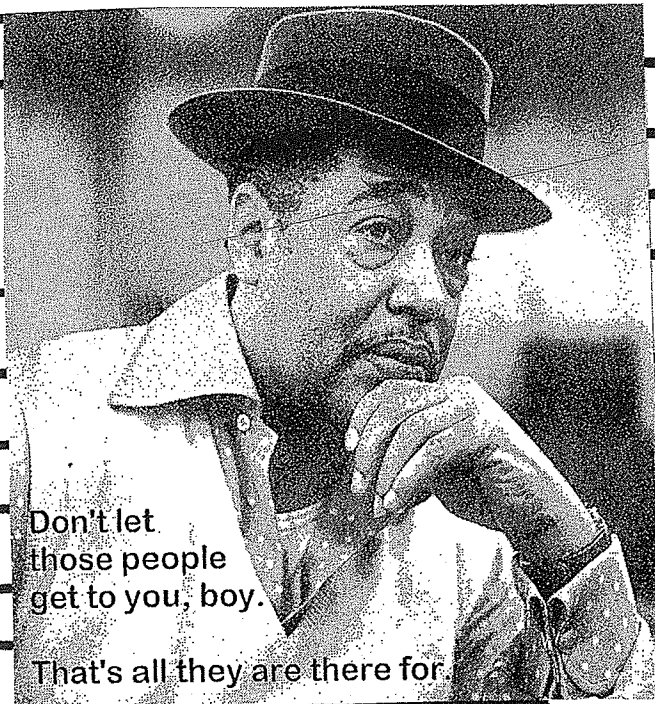
4/17/22

Duke Ellington and Billy Strayhorn
Richard Meltzer and Charles Fox

I was at Sideshow last night with Liberty, where there was a modest amount of art and a good mix of music, comedy, slam poetry, etc; but the best part was the free books- literature, educational, young adult varieties.

My finds included "TURTLES - EXTINCTION OR SURVIVAL", a special jazz issue of "THE ANTIOCH REVIEW" and "SOCCER DUEL (like DUEL)" by Thomas J. Dygard.

The turtle book is check-full of excellent photos (some are of turtle eggs and hatchlings) and Soccer Duel has a great cover... both are marred and taped and stickied with library stamps and still contain Date Due cards and slips, hints of adhesive.



Don't let
those people
get to you, boy.

That's all they are there for.

I'm of course particularly interested in the Jazz Issue though, released in 1999 with what looks to be mostly essays but also at least one play and some fiction, it seems. Flipping through, there is a play where someone would play ~~Lele~~ Louis Armstrong!

But simply 6666 seeing the name Strayhorn was enough to keep the untarnished Antioch Review. It's not from a library, and is most likely unread as of yet.

I'm still reading Lush Life, and since I started, Richard had told me about Mercer Ellington's book on his father Duke, and Charles told me that he had TOURED with Duke in the 1970's! Story goes, Charles was on tour with Ellington's band in some capacity, and they were to play a private party in or near Pittsburgh. Duke was getting ready in a house, upstairs I think, and some white guy approached Fox and said "tell Duke to get his ass out here"- Fox was at a loss on how to say something like that TO Duke. He headed up-



... -stairs to where Duke Ellington was preparing himself. A full suit (a tuxedo?) on a bed, Duke in the bathroom straightening his hair in a mirror. He wore a plain white tee or a plain wife beater... Fox took him in with his eyes. Duke was built like an egg atop two skinny legs. Fox eventually made his way into the bathroom and sat on the toilet lid, placing his hands in his hands, at a loss still for words.

Duke, without looking at Fox except perhaps peripherally, said, and I paraphrase here but Fox can tell you better, "don't let the world get you down, or get to you, kid, or son."

I ought to record Fox and his story- I need all the details if I'm gonna relay it to Richard! Also it's a hell of an encounter.

SOMETHING I LEARNED A COUPLE DAYS AGO

You know the Cows and Beer EP? Die Kreuzen? Hardcore from Mil-wah-kee? Sure you do... NOW QUICK, name the label it initially came out on!!

Give up? Version Sound ring a bell? If not that makes total sense to me- I had no clue that Version Sound was a thing (and figured TouchandGO or some other Midwest institution put'em out but eh) but the joke was on me... Version Sound put out a lot of hardcore tapes and a fistful of 7" rekkids from the cultural hub of... Xenia Ohio. Believe it.

Yes, they may have made their way over to Yellow Springs and inspired for greater things, but when they went and did things, it was out of a Xenia PO Box. Yessir or maam or what-have-you, check out Version Sound on Discogs and be AMAZED, cuz I was!

But my research abilities did NOT stop there (no way) because hey, The Xenia Library was OPEN and they have a whole newspaper archive available at my fingertips. And there was an article from 82, 83, featuring Robert "Bob" Moore and Allen Wallace. That's "Allen Wallace" and "Bob Moore" if you wanna Google em'. They seemed to have released some high-energy wonders and then promptly (like "promptly") dissappeared (like "disappeared") into aether.

I intend to dig a little more into Version Sound- I didn't even get to mention the Xenia-based NOISE zine yet! I've seen some copies on a couple blogs- blogs that also wonder where these SW Ohio HC legends may be. Let's hope they are OK.

Recording label is local effort

By TOM VONDRUSKA
DAILY GAZETTE staff writer

Yellow Springs is widely known as a center for culture and the arts but its impact on the recording industry has been minimal.

Until recently its main contribution was being the home town of Richie Furray, a member of Poco, a band popular in the late 1960s and early 1970s.

Bob Moore and Allen Wallace are trying to change this, in a very small way, by locating Version Sound in Greene County's center of the counter-culture.

But over the years the counter-culture has changed and Moore, 20, and Wallace, 18, are symbols of the change. Change and freshness of ideas is what the two men say their venture is about.

Version Sound is a record label and offers bands the chance to get records pressed and distributed with almost total artistic control, Moore explained.

Since first getting some bands he liked onto cassette tapes to send around to friends in 1981, Moore has helped with the distribution of three 45s, three 60-minute cassette tapes and has plans for releasing 10 more titles by June.

Moore and Wallace are also working on an album, a compilation of psychedelic bands, a form which has seen a resurgence in new wave bands. Other compilation albums are in the works, he said.

Their method of doing business with bands is simple. Each puts up 50 percent of the money needed to press a record or to produce copies of a tape. Half of the finished product goes to the artist and half is distributed by Version — insuring each gets 50 percent of the profits.

Moore notes that it is an unusual way of doing business but said it is the one way he likes to do business.

Small independent labels such as Version are growing because of dissatisfaction with the major record producers, Moore said. Many people are looking for music that has not been tailored to mass market tastes. Music which still has the freshness of creativity and spirit.

"The commercial labels got so big they started telling artists how to dress or how they should sound. Any Version Sound band has total

control over their sound and record covers," Moore said.

Wallace, a student at Antioch College, said Version's interaction with bands is similar to what he has found in the classroom. "It's two-way education with both the teacher and student learning. It's not, 'Here's a record that's sold 20 million.' You get something out of it."

While both men freely admit their roots lie in the Punk Rock-New Wave emergence of the last decade they want to avoid labels as far as Version is concerned.

"There's no attempt to divide or classify," Wallace said.

"It's all music. We want something which hasn't been done before — electric, dangerous music — something you just don't hear about on the radio," Moore added.

To point this out, Moore talks about a Dixie and jazz group he is currently negotiating with for the distribution of their album.

But most of the bands the label has handled since Moore first got in the distribution would probably be classified as belonging to the New Wave. Wallace, however, said that beside being "nasty label," the categories of music are beginning to break down. "You really can't call this rock anymore."

Moore agreed. While first being interested in what he called hardcore Punk — extremely hard, fast-driving, loud rock-and-roll, he said his tastes have shifted to more experimental forms using synthesizers and other electronic devices to create music which is greatly varied in tone, tempo and texture.

What the new forms of music did, Moore said, was create a situation where he and others were able to sell their products. Since the New Wave rolled onto the scene he said there has been a virtual explosion of independent labels such as Version nationwide.

In a recently published catalog, Wallace said there were over 1,500 different labels listed. Of these, Moore said, maybe 500 are truly serious ventures.

What has developed is a network of small labels drawing off bands in a given region, Moore said. The network not only extends from coast-to-coast, but across the sea, Moore said he personally has received correspondence

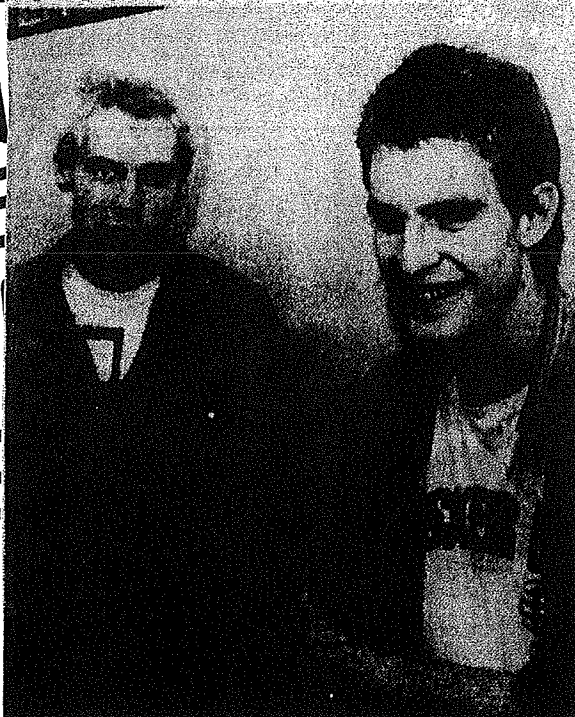
UnoDosAves Rocks The House Well- Is It A Crime?
5 JUN 2022

Wade T (that's me) and Liberty Lord make up UnoDosAves, the HOTTEST record players on the scene in Dayton, Huber Heights, Kettering, Moraine, Riverside, Miamisburg, maybe not Germantown or Trotwood (vs) but they are (we are) UP THERE: SO HOT that no social media of them exists, and they (we) took store credit! There is a mix you can find by us (them) on Mixcloud, and it kinda shows what U.D.A. are alllll about: bein' various.

Being eclectic for the sake of being eclectic? Nah- it's more like eclecticism out of necessity... like here's all our (their) interests unfurled. No niches here, no solid sets of 7" soul records (only clusters) or 4 on the floor house tunes (unless sounds of Frankenstein or Orsen Welles "War Of The Worlds" is crawling all over it) 69 love songs (only have the CDs of that one) ... it's new and old and what is old is new again, or played at the wrong speed, or has a lot of surface noise, and the newest of the new is ~~is~~ so ahead of it's time that people dance to it unconsciously or LEAVE IN FEAR because that's new for you, and that's why UnoDosAves is hothothot cuz' you get the whole gamut of 19th20th21st Century feelings and timbres and rhythms, or say, most or half. And even the mistakes are all good... needle scratches, jumps... left/right speakers going out completely... the occasional "bad mix" that goes on far too long, a transition that maybe should not be but ~~if~~ and it's room filling, and you can't help but lock eyes with the nearest individual and say, or mouth rather, "whuzgoin'on" ?

UnoDosAves: have love, have decks (turntables), will travel.
-Wade T

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from England, Italy, Finland and West Germany.

Locally the music has found an outlet on WYSO's Around the Fringe show on Monday afternoon and other shows devoted to the new music. Moore and Wallace have also been attempting to get their own show on the Yellow Springs station, a show they say would highlight music from other independent labels.

"While the major labels have been stagnating, the alternative labels have been flourishing. We can sell 1,000 records a week to other distributors," he said.

And the major record companies have taken notice of the situation, buying out some of the large independent labels.

"It's almost part of this to remain small," Wallace said.

"The idea is not to become a very serious business.

"It gets hard when you get opportunities to make large amounts of money," Moore added.

"I don't want to classify this as the great American business venture, the protestant work ethic or the John D. Rockefeller story," Wallace said. "We don't plan to make our living at this. We all have other jobs."

The idea, Moore explains, is to develop a collective of musicians and other people all working together. Maybe, he said, it will develop into a foundation supporting the arts. He said his dream is opening a recording studio in connection with Version.

"I don't want to get too tied down. I might want to go out into the woods to live for a couple of years," Moore said.

HAPPENINGS:
at a glance

Louis Prima thru Tosches,, Howlin'
Wolf thru Meltzer

It must have been 2016/17 when I got a J-C-B at Vortex Records in Kirkland WA, and I got it through liner note prowess. There is a rekkid by the Super Super Blues Band, see, and R. Meltzer wrote the liner notes (you can read them in the anthology A Whore Just Like The Rest)... around my third or fourth visit to Vortex I chatted up the owner Darren about the SSBB album, which he for reasons unknown had hanging on the back wall. Eventually I fetched the art piece and removed it gently from it's frame, and sure enuff, R. Meltz. I was offered the job of sorting and pricing son, soon thereafter.

It had some good days, that tenure.

- One time Christgau ordered a Hoagy Carmichael CD (Buttermilk Skies) and on another occasion, I even set-up a pretty large buy from a volunteer of KSER who was set to leave Everett for India. And a number of good turns for meself... CDs, records and DVDs. No laserdiscs but believe me, Vortex is sitting on a mountain of them.

Best finds... Roscoe Mitchell, Phranc, Fabulous Stains all come to mind. Best misses? Meredith Monk cassettes.

Just last year in OHIO, Libby an" me watched a Louis Prima documentary on a whim, and NICK TOSCHES was a LOUIE-history guy. That grabbed whatever fleeting attention I had. It was revealed that Louis died from a brain tumor or an anyerism... a week later, we watched an equally good Howlin' Wolf doc, and it ended much the same: death by something in the ni, eh, noggin, and it was odd to have those viewings in sequence.

- Ah, Louie Louie-man Eddie Flowers initially posted someting (the c-onfounded doc itself) that made me want to see it to begin with.

The Tenant - Monkey See, Monkey
Bad Optics

An FYE in Silverdale- I'm vague-ly aware of Roman Polanski. In regard to the Manson murders. But I find my first flick by him in the shelves and take the plunge. The Tenant was the flick, and I was hooked.

Living in Everett, offsidies really on the Navy base, The Tenant on a Toshiba or HP laptop- I forget which exactly -I was drawn to the nightmare-expat situation the film exuded... Polanski plays lead himself and things don't go well for him. A year or so later, I'm in the pacific on the USS Abe Lincoln, escorting the director of the film "Abraham Lincoln, Vampire Hunter" through the bowells of the boat to the starboard side lower enlisted smoke pit. We light up, and to fill silence I ask if he has seen Polanski's Tenant... "The Tenant," he said, "is the reason I wanted to become a film director"- oh yeah.

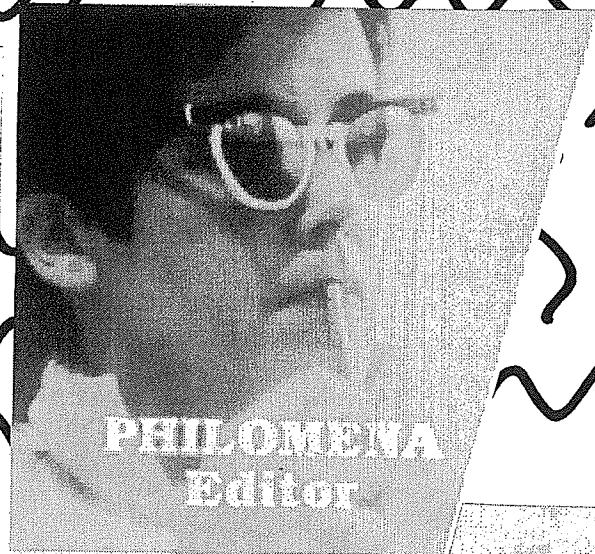
Back in Everett and I'm living life like it's golden, until the dream went darker, and a very real hostility (xenophobia?) (almost certain locals-only) came to bloom. There are many instances of tension, too many and too convoluted for a horror flick, but I can carve them down to three or four distinct moments. My fate may be better than Tarkovskys, but in the end was it all in my head, was it a mere nervous breakdown?

Nah- check OEA's last full length and any amount of Bad Optics- go for the latter though, it's prog-punk as elemental hostility. Sound you bust your head on (and words, too) - like that anecdote of Lester Bangs vs rock n' roll and R&R is the blowtorch- yeah - Bad Optics video for Turnscrews is The Tenant condensed into 21st century death-culture ferment. You can enjoy it- you don't know them, haven't seen em' too close.

5/19/22

Philomena, Ivar, Richard and Me

HOLY MOLY how cool was it to re-introduce Philly and Richard after something like 40 years! Ivar and Richard met for the first time too ... Ivar wrote the book about Claude Bessy that I had translated by Hunter Lang last year. Great book. Feral House did NOT want to publish it however I am plucky and realize that it's more of a journey- good to have everyone meet-up.



Ivar, in his youth, was in a band called Aerobith and they do / did the best cover of "Electrocute Your Cock" on the planet. Richard did it himself- twas fast and good. Ivar had told Philly prior to our meeting that I had dressed up as a giant bunny rabbit and after that, well, eventually I showed more pics of my time as a bunny. Richard also dressed as a bunny once, in school actually... I was more inspired by R. portraying a mall-Santa, nay, a flea market Santa in actuality.

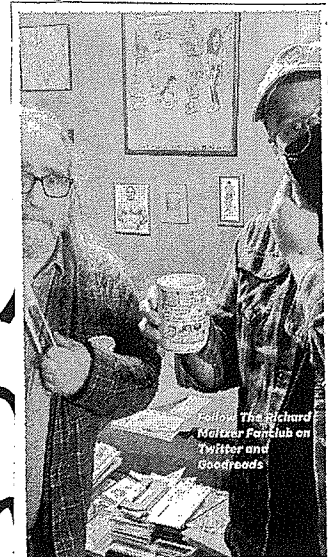


Philly was in Spain with Ivar but she headed back to Bolivia. She has lived there for about 15 years or so, and thinks she will die there. Richard believes he will die in Portland. Will Ivar die in Spain? Will I die in OHIO? I still got some laps left, god willing.



Before Ivar and Philly joined the Zoom call, Richard talked about how he had just seen Princess Bride for the first time on his 77th. It "didn't give him nightmares" so it must be okay. Also some talk about Andre The Giant, Samuel Beckett and Ernie Bushmiller (look them up all-together, or two at a time) and by the END of our call, he said thanks. Glad it was a decent idea I cooked up and followed thru on... next idea? How about getting this CLAUDE-BOOK PUBLISHED IN AMERICA!/"

FIN



Plays pretty for baby!
Music corner

Wade T

PAPAS FRITAS - Afterall

This has been ear-worm-of-the-year for me... a perfect rock song from a "woulda coulda shoulda" Boston band in the Nineties. Nice chorused voices, great chunka rhythm, tays-tee solo at the end, and a fine, underproduced (just right) video to accompany the tuneage. Enjoy on YouTube.



RICHARD BERRY - Louie Louie

I first knew that I shared a b-day with Anton LaVey and Vincent Gallo... but it really is best that I share the date with this world-wonder. His version is the one that kicks off JJ's Coffeeland Cigs- u know it. Been going thru many versions but The Sonics and The Kingsman, yeah.

BIG AND RICH - Save a Horse (Ride A Cowboy)

My girlfriend knows all the words. If you want to see them, they cost about as much (almost) as Sir Paul McCartney.

The BEATLES - Magical Mystery Tour

I thought I enjoyed White Album most. My mom? Let It Be. But I went back to the well (YouTube) and found a vinyl rip of this one... later, bound for a rock show (the literal kind) I put it on for my Ma and we sang along to the whole thing from Jamestown to North Dayton. My co-worker Stephen lost his mom last year, and he sez "get your time in when you can"- sound OK to me. Ma always had Beatles and Beach Boys on. We can probably get stoned in various ways and spin these platters.

...or maybe we can see Ringo, yet!

CECIL TAYLOR - LOOKING (SOLO) is playing and it demands that I type so buckle up buttercup! Not much new to say but what will be new is Halloween 2022 (right around the corner, mate) so GIT REDDEYYY for that. I gotta write a card for my pal VEE to include with a CD I got him- it's signed by Doug of Living Colour... oh GEEZ Libby just left the kitchen after an assault of fish-stench went up her nostrils. She keeps trying to eat fish cuz there would be health benefits to eating salmon (or whatever). It has to do with hair on the noggin. THERE HAS GOT TO BE A BETTER WAY! Simply.. I'm being filmed at the moment - scratch that - when I vocalize over plane lines it cues people to stop filming. Google ought to learn to do the same. Filming/recording/tracking/getting to know me pretty well. I don't really mind, I suppose- check the TCM, a movie with a woman I don't know or never knew in a campy creeper film titled What's the Matter With Helen? Dunnolt. Clicker, info: Debbie Reynolds and Shelley Long!

She sits with a spatula, the love of my life. Upon a crumbling couch, oh excuse me, it's still sturdy. Just a lil rugged. It's a punk rock couch. A grizzled sofa. A gnarled sofa. Kitty has taken a sudden interest in ME. took a 20 second pet break. okay, aight, Cecil hammers some more more smore, Lib says / sighs "okay" and heads back to our fishy endeavor (dinner), which will also include green beans and mashed taters and cheesy noodles encrusted with DLM-dust!!! YUM! That's Dorothy Lane Market for those that are not in the know. From the kitchen: "Are you ready to eat?" Cecil says theepiaho. "Huh?" Cecil says theepiaho

October 17th, 2022, 8:43pm

Song for Lana Del Rey to sing (Night in the Van)

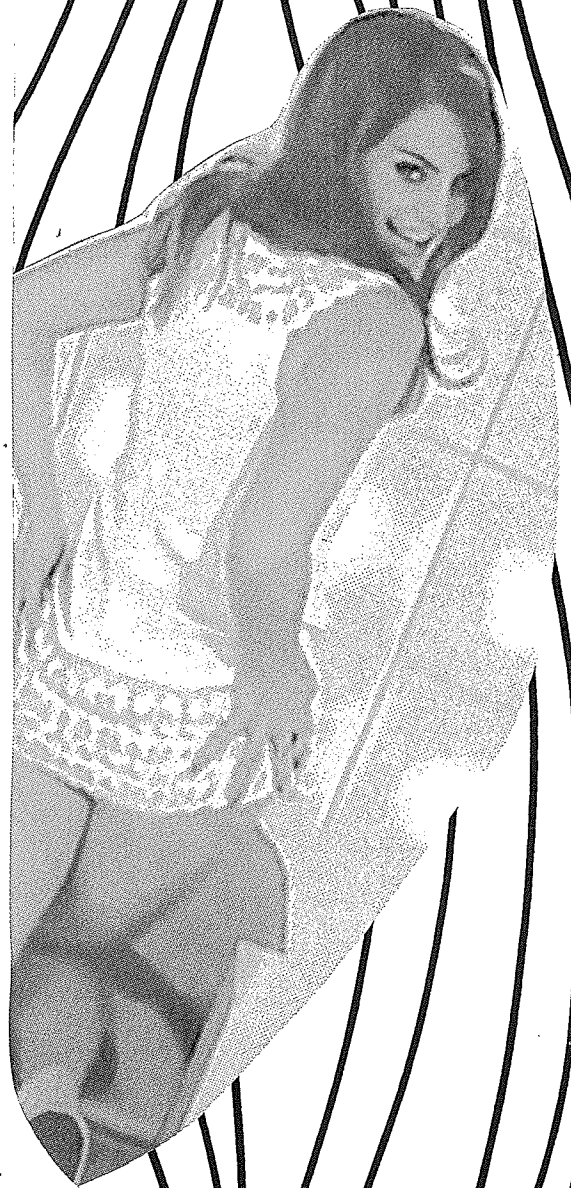
rolling round the countryside
past estuaries and wild fires
your Chevy van flies in grace
in grace your Chevy flies

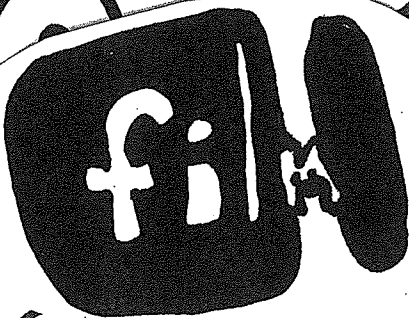
plates and decals wrenched aside
another state and town to glide through
if I had a choice you'd still be

around and doomed
romantics damned
and resigned to

a life in hell, you're in your van
could have been a family man
but you are just a rolling stone
mick jagger all alone
with no one
to recognize you

plates and decals wrenched aside
another state and town to glide through
thee Uplander stays in place
in place the Upland spies
far from this place
by the seaside






He's Gonna Take You Back To-The Past
 To Play The Shitty Games That Suck Ass
 He'd Rather Have / A Buffalo
 Take A Diarrhea Dump In His Far
 He'd Rather Fat / The Rotten Asshole
 Of a roadkill skunk and down it with beer
 He's the angriest gamer you've ever heard
 He's the angry Nintendo nerd
 He's the angry Atari Sega nerd
 He's the angry videogame nerd

Thee Angry Video Game Nerd 2002

"I don't like the idea of "immersion," being like,
 "Oh, I spent all weekend playing this game." I can't
 imagine anything more horrible than spending a weekend
 looking at a screen." - Daniel Martin-McCormick, Kill Screen, 03.01.12

Journalists from all walks cooed over the games's immersion, the marketing scheme,
 the violence, the great American success story. - Masters of Doom, David Kushner

"David Cronenberg's eXistenZ: the abhorrent yuck of what cybershit hath
 wrought, and of what we've been duped into demanding from it... done as perhaps
 the most seamlessly, elegantly-crafted LSD-movie, ever!" - R. Meltzer, Autumn Rhythm

James Rolfe plays the shit because you couldn't stomach it- believe me. He's taken a hard road
 as an entertainer who induces Schadenfreude. He seemingly leads a life of painendurance to the
 utmost and maximum. And he is largely successful. The Angry Videogame Nerd thrives on YouTube
 as well as on podcasts and apparently in the gaming arena- I have not gone beyond the "Tube"
 but that is what we are doing today (a Saturday, first snow of 2022 in Dayton Ohio), November 12.

Some Questions- will they be answered?

Where did James first acquire these games?

James Rolfe voice c'mon, they came from childhood, the internet donations...
 I guess I should watch every video...

James is an amalgamation of skills: animation puppeteering, filmmaking and pantomiming.
 The Angry Video Game Nerd character has a need to complete to WIN, and the frission of
 this act allows for outbursts of physicality and purposeful scatological effects.
 Fifteen! Plus Years of AVGN. The drive goes back to childhood. Poopooeeweevomitus.
 Emeritus! At this point the AVGN is other hands... videos are more simply made and his
 likeness is weaponized into actual video game products- bootleg and official.

Dreamcast? LJN (toy company which made unplayable games, nearly unplayable at least) made
 it's way to Dreamcast. The Spirit Of Speed. Autopilot Video Game Nerd - Seaman -
 may be The Nerd at his best (alongside Big Rigs Action 52, horror games...)

Episode 200: "How can I do this? How can I live up to the massive duty that has fallen
 upon me?" - James Rolfe on LJN overview and retrospective, a sort of
 microcosm of his zany mission... duty equals "doodie" after all.

typed on the Smith-Corona Cougar Deluxe

November 12, 2022

S. Baldwin and John Flynn present The Primer

Life Against Dentia, like Dementia, by Joe Carducci is one of my Bibles. Chock full of the profound and the nigh-understood, like understood. And like a Bible, I come back to it often for enlightenment or at least some direction, propulsion... and each time, like magic, I'm presented with something that seemingly wasn't there before. In this case, in the first week of June, the gospel said to study the films of John Flynn: words I had passed over many times in the opening self-titled essay!

(like cold)

I had a common cold this week (no covid, I don't think)- like a garden-variety cold that kept me in bed reading and watching and itching. The books; aforementioned LAD, Light In August and Moby Dick. All-arresting material for sure, but the TV drew me in more- I just let my researchin' self take the wheel and played-out a bunch of John Flynn flicks.

I kicked off with what I thought was The Outfit, but Tubi was confused and I was watching another movie dubbed The Outfit from 1993- the OG and unrelated flick was mid-70s fare. So I finally find it on some other streaming media outfit and it's Robert Duvall and this other guy- Joe Bob? -I recognize him from flicks like Black Dog and I THINK 007 Goldeneye. Also a woman named Bette or Bets, short for Betsy maybe (I was full of Been-a-drill)?

The movie kicks ass. RD is a no-nonsense bank robber who seems to instinctively know his way around every layout in the film. He robs every lowlife, working his way up the food chain until he can't no 'mo. It ends with the Outfit smilin' and laffin', minus Bets cuz (spoiler) she got shot and died. She was so close to getting out! Great move. *****

I guess she sorta did...

I continued on to Rolling Thunder which after the fact I found mega-fil-dork Quentin Tarantino named a video company Rolling Thunder Films cuz he liked it so much- things start off slow and lugubrious but eventually this main characters traumas are shown and things heat up (does torture turn you on?). Eventually a band of miscreants shove this guys hand down a garbage disposaal and wastes his family, all over a box of silver dollars! So our man recovers and gains a hook in lieu of hand, and also gains a groupie-girl who will do anything to help him (except double-digit murder- another veteran pal (Tommy Lee-Jones) helps him out in that regard.)... the films crescendo is a hail of gunfire in a Texas warehouse. Again, *****

Three more, leaving the 70s, in my delerium "research" project... Brainscan, which I saw around age 10, but had no idea it was Flynn at the time. Most people would probably miss that point. It's Ed Furlong playing a hyperviolent virtual reality game. Let's just call it *****!

The last two were late 90s/2001, maybe pre 9/11 flicks starring the blank and blue-eyed Steven Baldwin. Or is it Stephen? Anyways, the two flicks, Absence Of Good and Protection, feel like unfinished pieces made for TV. And made for TV they were, but unfinished? They are abruptly ended thrillers but they have neat qualities about them- mostly S. Baldwins stony approach. When he shows emotion, it's scary. The first film, S. is a cop, while in the second he's a powerful mob guy in witness protection. Both are free 2 view on Tubi and YouTube respectively as of this writing, and combined 2gether- *****!!!

7 Jun 2022

5/4/22

DOUBLE FEATURE: A Room With a View and Neighbors

Tuesday night, no beer-league and so I'm in Centerville and HUNGRY. So is Liberty. We order Mexican yums and hit the Woodbourne Library for thee entertainment... about 10 DVDs/Blu-rays make the cut.

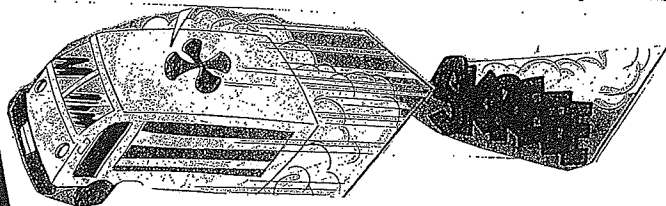
To choose over fajitas, I request 2 numbers, 1-10 and 1-5 and multiply the chosen numerals... 8 and 4. First up is A Room With a View (my choice) and it's good. Am I more like Cecil or George?

PROBABLY Cecil with hints o' George. Cecil points out a "triple split infinitive" I believe. NOW... it's time to randomly, non-selectively, unconsciously CHOOSE another flick(s) NEIGHBORS is the choice, the chosen Blu-Ray!

Seth Rogan and another actress - I don't know her, Aussie - are a couple living next door to a frat house. Franco's little brother and Zac Efron (I only know him by name) lead the bros next door. NOISE is the main complaint. A baby (Seth Rogan's baby) munches on an unused condom. Mushrooms are eaten, raves are had, stuff is ingested; it's a party movie but no Louie Louie is played. Next up... NEIGHBORS 2 and TED!

Ambulance - Donnie Darko and his brother rob a bank and then hijack an ambulance (the titular ambulance) which happens to contain a policeman they shot and an EMT- getaway driver and cop share blood type and IV, Darko is the more unhinged of the two bank robbers (his brother-man is robbing a bank to pay for his wife's experimental cancer surgery/therapy). Michael Bay romp with lots of action but unnecessary zooms and drone shots... C-grade LA chase movie that can't hold a candle to Friedkin.

Big Bug - French film found on Netflix which for some reason or another did not see a theatrical release here, shame because it's colorful, nicely paced, fun and funny. Yonyx, a group of robots with a terrible fascist streak, are making humans into circus performers on their own TV shows... humans in upper-middle crust France (Paris?) don't seem to grasp the situation until they are trapped in their own Alexa-esque prison of a home. It's up to the older service robots and androids to aid the human beings, and it's up to the human beings to trust themselves and each other as well as their robo-sympathizers to escape their situation. Lots of sexy humor and humanity in this one, would recommend!



the want to revisit old films, old flicks, to recapture the feeling or surprise... is fairly unnecessary if the film reflects a past moment better off forgotten or put away, for some reason... Creative Control for inst'. Here is a flick that shows what delusions and being disillusioned is all about - and the cold "here's how" of delusion... bad-faith. First watch? In the grip of delusion. Second watch - aha! Just left delusion-ville. Third watch? Couldn't make 20 minutes. All-good, but all-over. So then I put on something with less semblance to my have-dones or goings-ons.

Other examples? The Tenant, probably. Lived, breathed and exclaimed "this is IT" - seen it 4,5,6 times. Greenberg... this one has a bit more hope, less fatalistic, more fun, but hey, seen it. Repeatedly.

Three examples should be good, I 'spose. But that was films? Yeah? How about YouTube, or some written material?? Alrighty...

Daniel-Martin-McGormick cooking a burger, Charles Carrel speaking against the celebration of death, Don Jolly on the self-destruction of 2016 (slow) and the importance of serious literature (which is what you make it). Sometimes, I'll make a music mix for Mixcloud and incorporate hitches, spokes and pieces-parts of audio from films or interviews... it's way of saving them for posterity or to repurpose them, do away with them... in case they are done away with forever, original sources, GONE. Then what? so much ephemera MEANT TO BE GONE AND YET I CLING TO IT - this bunch of words themselves are also a way of perpetual attaining, attaining, clinging, clasping, perhaps even amalgamating, stitching... comprising a gestalt to ward off some very real threat. I have seen it. Something with good intentions and propelled by hate.

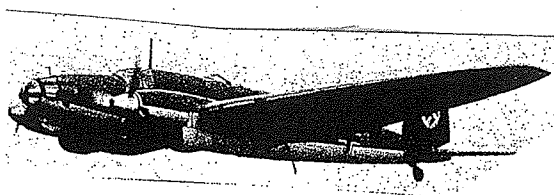
There is plenty of text that needs saving too... pdfs and print outs. Much of it is my responsibility. Mine alone... it could also be neglected in digital burn and wipeout. And I can have asserted fragments still.

5/4/22

BIRDMAN and NEIGHBORS 2: the Double Features Continue!

Emma Stone. You may know her from "Superbad" or "Easy A" or "Zombieland" or "Cruella" or "Crazy, Stupid, Love" or "La La Land" or "The Amazing Spider-Man" but she is also in "Birdman or (The Unexpected Virtue of Ignorance)" which Steven Rea of The Philadelphia Inquirer calls "**** One Of The Best Films Ever"! And she is IN THE FILM! I saw Birdman in a theater near my first apt. as a civilian... I rented out an attic from a Sri Lankan woman who taught mindfulness. I saw it with some people. I liked it, and liked that it was smart and literary (Raymond Carver is part of the plot). It's still good.

NEIGHBORS 2 picks up some years after NEIGHBORS left off. It's more of the same but the focus is on the opposite, fairer sex (who also wanna party) (and smoke weed). Results are diminished... not even the potty-mouth of Chloe Grace Moretz could prevent us from seceding and playing Fortnite instead. More of a party I guess.



4'33" / Olivia

I was driving to work today and saw a sign outside the Maharaja Food Mart and Gas Station that used to be a Newport Ciggy Ad... but large letters now overtook it: an emblazoned 344. Of course, I flip, turn the Chevy around and perform 3'44" by the petrol pumps- what a performance it was.

PLENTY of traffic my own feet on gravel planes flying overhead the occasional sliver of music a number of vehicle doors closing birds singing (I wish I knew what kind- I can find out) and to close the crescendo a firetruck rode by.

I recorded 5'46" seconds in reality, but immediately after I took photos of the area and whilst THAT happened, the clerk of the food mart (The Clerk of The Maharaja) approached me and asked what I was doing. "Recording Sound" I sez... "Customers have made complaints that you are blocking the pumps... you can park over in Parking Space X" etc etc. I hop in the Uplander and take off

...

Back at the station I review my recordings and boy they are good! They now live on Soundcloud under my Wade Oberlin account (I also have a wade oberlin acct, underscore.). I also finished another sound-piece, an edit of Olivia Rodrigo's "Good 4 U" bridge over some sound recordings, field recordings I did last year in 2021 circa-April at Thistlewood in Xenia... more birds and LOTS of melting snow falling off the roofs and fences, power lines...

Very pleased with my aural pastiches.

Poetry

MISTER GALLO

We saw Chan Marshall
at The House Of Blues
but we just saw Buffalo
'66

you liked it, and the song
but no more digging
at Gallo remains
in YouTube holes
for you.

ONE THING HEAVIER

We see Heavy Mother when we can
That's me, you or Billy
But sick of Jazz & Ribs
and ill in bed resting
I got the call from Mark
that the date had come.

Dressed in seconds left you
to take up a shovel and bury
Tonka six feet under, he said

Some coffee and summer heat
the sweet dog laid in the house
and Mark set the task of digging

Philip Maxwell Lord
brother and companion
took it well
Lord

we wheelbarrowed filled pots
dirtfulls of buckets
upheaved a crevice beneath a shady tree
of Max's choice.

a small procession held
an old friend in a blanket
laid to rest.

After seltzers and porkchops
I came home at twilight.
Heavier than Eddie
in Cincinnati
(whom I forget about
all day)

URREVERANT

I never pressed

pen or pencil

brush or marker

too intensely

or made concise

trails to

twilight steppes

I sat

Wade T Oberlin

4/16/22

I'M OKAY I'M OKAY I'M OKAY I'M OKAY I'M OKAY

im making his favorite
pasta fazool
because he loves the king of cool

i keep the ingredients stocked
this time its halloween pasta
bats,spikers, pumpkin goul
as if christmas never happened

at this point, the recipe is predictable
im comforted by its routine
king of cool



I'M OKAY liberty land

i am uncomfortable with how ungri ungrounded i am.
fragile frigid little thing
anxious about my performance
as if i will fall into a dakr trap u
unable to breathe
what is the worst that can happen.

its the theatre,honey.dont be so self consious
conscience
conscious

i was conditiene d as a child to understand that my value approval
apraisal
depends on my performance.
the world believes this.

everyone else probably feels like they have succeeded but their
jobs stop there.

i am unconfer table with how ungrounded i am.
i dont even lknew how to sepell spell uncommnnmmfortable

i was made to love and be loved.
r that is all i know of truth
i want to be grounded in that. in love. inged. in myself. in god wit
in god within me.

I OKAY
OKAY
Y I'M
I'M OI
OKAY

The columnist

6/11/22

TYPEWRITERS and TYPE WRITERS

It's been a minute! Lots happened: Eddie Flowers finally came to Ohio and Liberty, Me, Danced The Louie Louie (that's "Louie Louie") at Half Baked in Columbus. It was a fun time! Eddie posted a long story about in on Ebook but what pertains to ME besides ME GOTTA GO was an issue of "Groovy Comics" (#3) which apparently Eddie had back around 1970. I gave it to him on a whim, and it turned out to be a MINDEFUCK (his words). Meanwhile, R. Meltzer (rhymes with Seltzer has turned 77 and we had an interesting synchronicity as weelll... I got a rekkid called Breathe On The Living that R. has a bit on entitled "The Valium Restaurant" - it opens with a dedication to Ron Stander, a boxer born in Council Bluffs, Iowa. Funny thing is, I sent a video of this rather obscure recording his way and it turns out Ron died a month ago to the day of me sending his dedicated poem-vid. Kinda strange. Lots of ways to mess a head up.

Recently (more so!) at Beer League in Jamestown, discussion turned to typewriters. Many were in favor, though I'm the only one owning a Smith-Corona, or anything. Only Matt seemed to consider owning or operating a typewriter to be childish or hipster-like. He has the clout though- Beer League is at his house! He has his own forge!! Tried to convince him otherwiz, but MATT WILL-AMS WILL NOT HEAR IT!^e,

But that's what High School Pals are for, for real- being for real. At least in Jamestown, OH!

5/2/22

OLIVIA RODRIGO on HULU, CAT POWER in CLEVELAND

Commodifying Sadness like Luke The Drifter ain't new but what's so good about the "new" anyhow? Chan Marshall has been a fave singer/gtr/performer for so long that her set, a very spare lineup performing half-songs and patchy medleys did the trick... twas 'nt bombastic musiq! Just fine.

I eventually figured out that Chan's late 90s/early 2000 breakdowns were a so-called gimmick, but so what? It still happened afterall, like wrestling. You wanna spoil anything with capital T-T-ruth? Art is what you can get away with, spawning deception and belief. Solong as noone REALLY gets hurt then hey, thank for the memories!!

Covers Tour- dig it. LUV it. It's easy.

The SOUR album is pretty good all the way thru! Each song is sort of the same but different. The Disney/HULU documentary (use air quotes) touches on the process behind the magic of the making of this humbling auditory experience.

There was a talk show of Olivia and I believe Conan maybe where she said that her mom was into Motorhead (use umlaut) and I think that's truly the truest most true and truthful thing that she has probably said on camera. But that's not in the HULU Home Presentation... You know she wants to RAWK-she has in a way taht Paramore and Avril Lavigne have, or Rhianna. Fine by me.

THINGS TO AVOID SAYING WHEN ON A STAGE

1) "we are on social media"

yes, you are on social media.
please take thhint ...
this combination of words
completely demystifies what-
ever you and your band had
brewing. it turns boners
inside-out... it makes
girl parts as dry as death
valley. The solution? Here's
one, at least: print your
information on some slips
of paper... the color of money.
At the end of your set, simply
TOSS bllls of shredded paper
off the stage. On your way out,
leave bundles of the stuff
in bathrooms, smoke pits,
stairwells... at the bar.

You'll make a better impression,
and the right people will be amused
by your play. But best of all,
your show goes off without the added
hitch or hiccup of "follow our
soundcloud, bandcamp, instagram,
whatnot. Save it. Invest it.
Print is on some greenbacks \$\$\$

2) never say you messed up if you make
a noise or play off-time, or whatever.
mistakes can be the most enjoyable lis-
tening experience for some audience me-
mbers. I reccomend laughing instead.
Hopefully your band mates share a sense
of humor about thes sorts of things
as well. Obviously, just have fun.
don't apologize.

3) that's all for now. I suppose I would
end by saying avoid reference to the m-
odern, like say last year's modern,
when performing something that could
be eternal. It sullies the magic.

Whip-Smart or Smart Alec, Freaks
and Geeks, Ghost World, PseudoBohe-
mean Losers!

"How was, were The Blues changed
(transfigured) by electricity, by
Tesla? Rememer watching Crumb? Two
moments stick out: 1) the series of
drawings depicting the peopling and
subdivision of American territory..
2) Crumb's photoalbum of nothing
but powerlines. Much can be implied
or rather inferred here... music
business was all sheet music before
the advents of recorded media and
radio... folk musics were not tin
pan alley or any leftovers from Eur-
ope. All in the last 150 years or so
it is easy to see- musical honesty
was a single microphone and a country
or blues person. The ability to rec-
ord (document) was overtaken by the
want to record (depict)- recordings
today are lies. They aren't merely
recorded documents no-more. It's
all meticulously edited and fussed
over, and hardly ever comes close
to any musical reality. Any style,
genre, or auditory experience is
sullied so-long as you want a glimp-
se of reality. What is left is prefe-
rence of illusion of musical perfor-
mance. Thank GOD or the altruist pe-
ople who post the musical field rec-
ordings of people, folks, titans,
forces of nature who did it for
REAL.



etc...

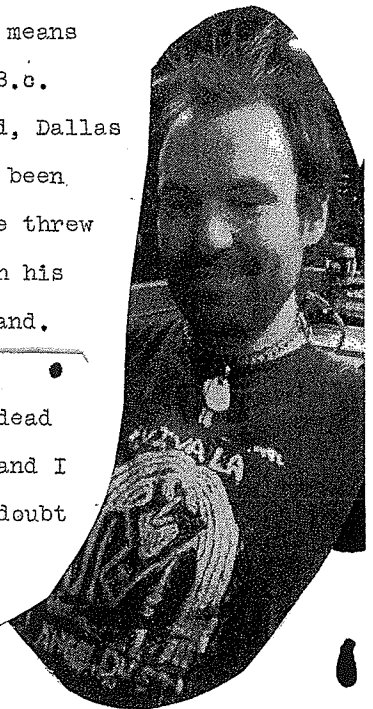
Brilliant bastard B.c. Miller is and has been deceased since April 2022.

He will most likely be forever remembered by strangers as a racist who assaulted an Afghan gas station attendant / manager in South Portland.

Google algerhyth, algorithms will keep these stories attached to the name "Brian Christopher Miller"- but not B.c. Miller. That's the name of those who knew him in person and on Facebook, people like me receiving crucial kernals of punk rock and world history, much of which I still need a shovel to dig through, He was generous but dense, with a quick turnover in posts, his own jargon dominated and so much self andur-reference pervades his page- what the hell would he go on about? Life in Portland, Europe, Portland again and some more. Funk. Machivelli, or Machivalli. The Princes, we all were his Princes, young and old, except the folks who said "keep me out of your stories." B.c. held grudges. B.c. held and threw out convictions, and he let you know that bad just means bad. Could evil just be evil? What is beyeng or below evil? Something B.c. beyond would piss on. Lessee: Family Fodder, Joe's German record list reviewed, Dallas (which I have not investigated yet) Alf (ditto) and heroin... have not been near, but much respect. Physical altercations- no stranger! I avoid. He threw jojos at a nerd (and the whole heat case got shoved). He did radio with his out-of-state wife who is not , ahem, who is the local lit-hit of Portland.

Maybe. He had a girl named Nellie, and another girl, maybe more. All dead I think, save for Jennifer Robin. B.c. has been dead since April 2022 and I found out mere days ago. He died unsung it seems, to strangers, but I doubt it'll stay like that. No. Yes. He will be whispersung. B.c. will.

Wade T- Centerville December 2022



SONG FOR Liberty to sing
s solo

CAKE - End of The Movie, MINUTEMEN, #1 Hit Song

SONGS to sing together: BLURT - Empty Vessels, Sea Of Love, Loie Louie u

SONGS for me to sing: NATURE BOY (Eden Ahbe), CHINESE FIREDRILL

albums that I have gained most by same named artists

lana del rey - 4 or 5, cat power, 5 or 6 or 7, john coltrane, maybe 6-10, blue oyster cult, 4-5, james brown, 5-8, miles davis, ??? but they are many, saccharine trust 3-5 (lost one), (maybe two) - scritti politti, technically 2 albums and maybe 6 or 7 singles, but albums I have on multiple formats.

EDIT: Daniel Martin-McCormick records... Ital, Mi Ami, Relaxer.

EDIT 2: DMM records - 15 or so. AECC records: gotta be 10 maybe.

December 7(?) 2022, I think.

He hands me a Kool-Aid drinky drink

from his family fridge and it's the kind that's in a silver pouch, like Cap-Ree-Sun... I pocket it as we all head out the door and cram ourselves into Libby's Mazda. On our way to the Dayton Arcade, fun and food, Rion sez "you know a Cap-Ree-Sun pouch has the straw-hole right above the dot of the 'i' but the Kool-Aid pouch puts the whole right into the top of the 'l' - the ell - and sure enough he's right. They coulda put their Kool-Aid straw-hole above the Kool-Aid 'i' - but that would be an offset pouch-hole, offset for the straw.

At the arcade, the Arch-Aid, the Arc-ade, Luke was selling records, and directly across a fellow named... Ron? He mentioned his store being down the street? Anyway, he was selling records and there was some decent priced AC/DC so, I picked up the one with the title about wanting blood, or having enough blood, the one with "Whole Lotta Rosie" and "The Jack" on it... songs B.c. Miller (Brian Christopher Miller) analyzed among many others in Ben Scott's rep-er-twah in "Ben Scott: Prophet Of Damnation," an essay on Joe Carducci's blog The New Vulgate. And this is important, WHY? CUZ B.c. must be the most unsung dead guy on the planet earth right now, and it'll be years (if ever) until his works are at least more than whispering about. Anyway, that purchase is for HIM and I'll spin it soon and drink a beer to the fella. Now a pome:



The Jester, 1905.

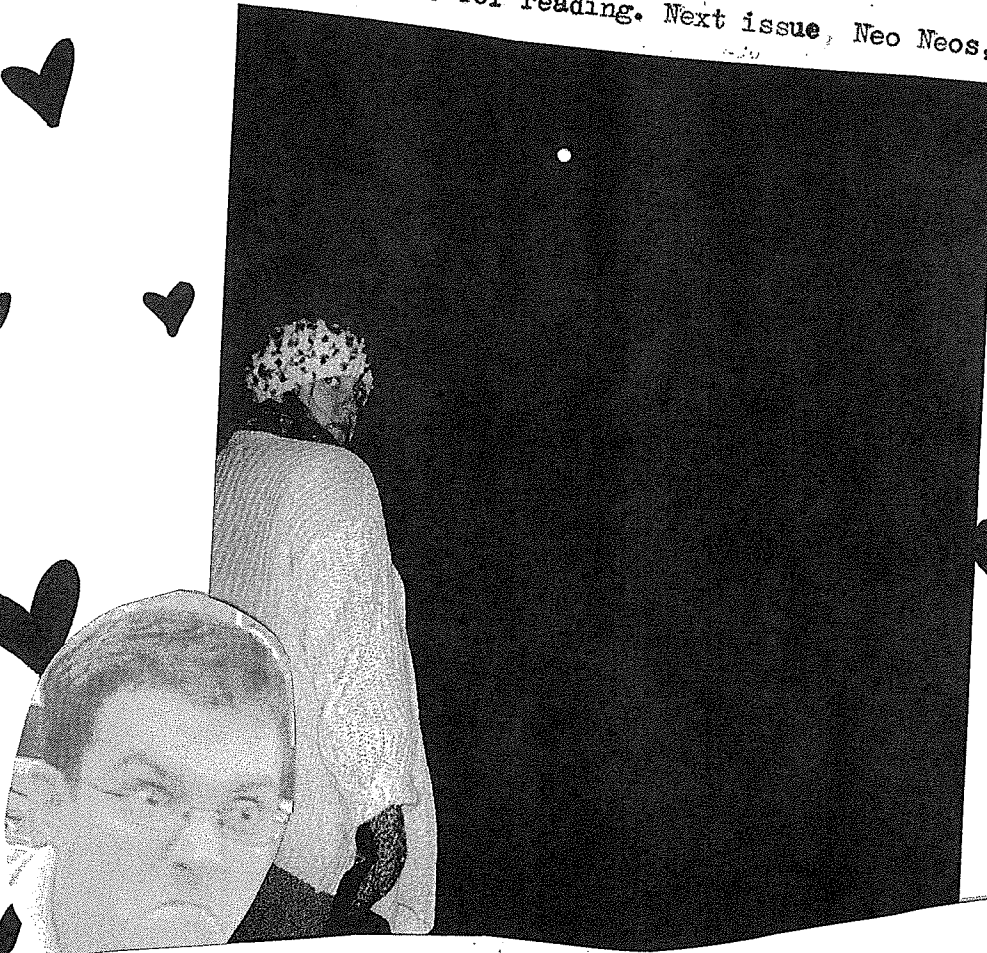


if you'd like to contribute
or comment: wade.oberlin@gmail.com

Burgers in Portland
Burghers
(you know the type, politico)
knew
orig. from Syracuse
you
or elsewhere's got
burnt
no candle for you
like
I got torches lit
crossed
for Axis, Allies,
electric
Alf and
wires
Australia

IN-CLOSING!

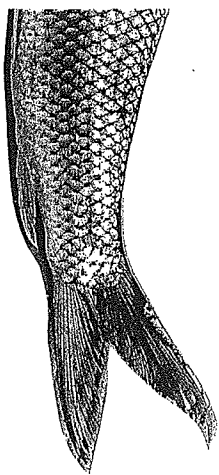
Thanks for reading. Next issue, Neo Neos, Heavy Mother.



Let's mop-up.

I don't know what the second issue looks like (I just don't) but I'd sure like to have one. I have a few music pieces that I'm setting on- they were sent out to a couple mags but nothing. They are okay- I also got a good bit about working at KFC as a teen and another one about... uh... if you are interested in having something printed please just ask. I'll do it. I'll buy you a beer or give ya some money, petty cash... please enjoy some "art" and catch you next time:





Some More Stock Letters To Green
 CREAM!

Did you get my interview w/
 my Dad at 60? It's called

"Un/quivical Knowledge"

and it's a very accurate trans-
 cription... he saw Bon Scott

on his last American tour date.

Pretty cool. I also sent off

an overview on the band

Heavy Mother from Bloomington

that I'm fairly happy with-
 looking forward to their

full length LP! I don't
 even live in Indiana.

I just like Eddie Flowers

and his band rocks. Mark,

geetar man, he's leaving to

Mexico for a stint, and he has

a new YT-video cll'd "Dr. Ray -

Tuesday" that is a total sad-banger

... that's all I got to add for

that, I guess.

Best.

Wade T

@thegoodwarty

The Richard Meltzer

Fanclub

We
 are
 potato

**HEAVY
 MOTHER**

eat

-ers

SPUD
 -s



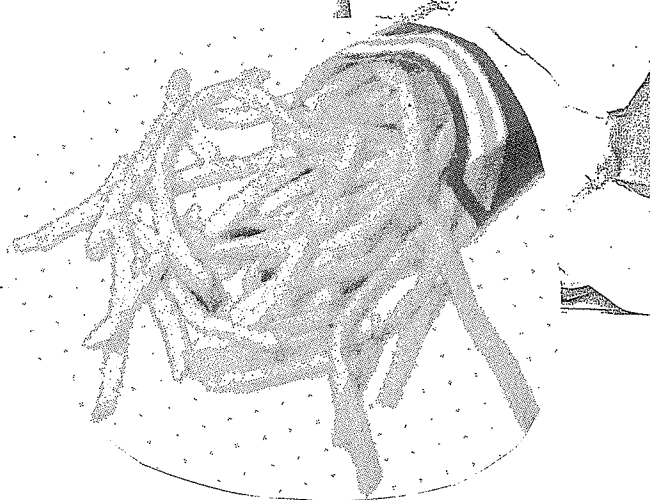
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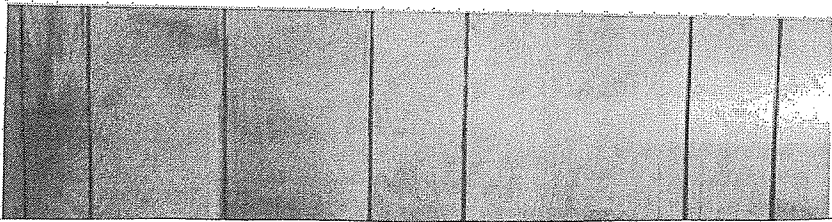
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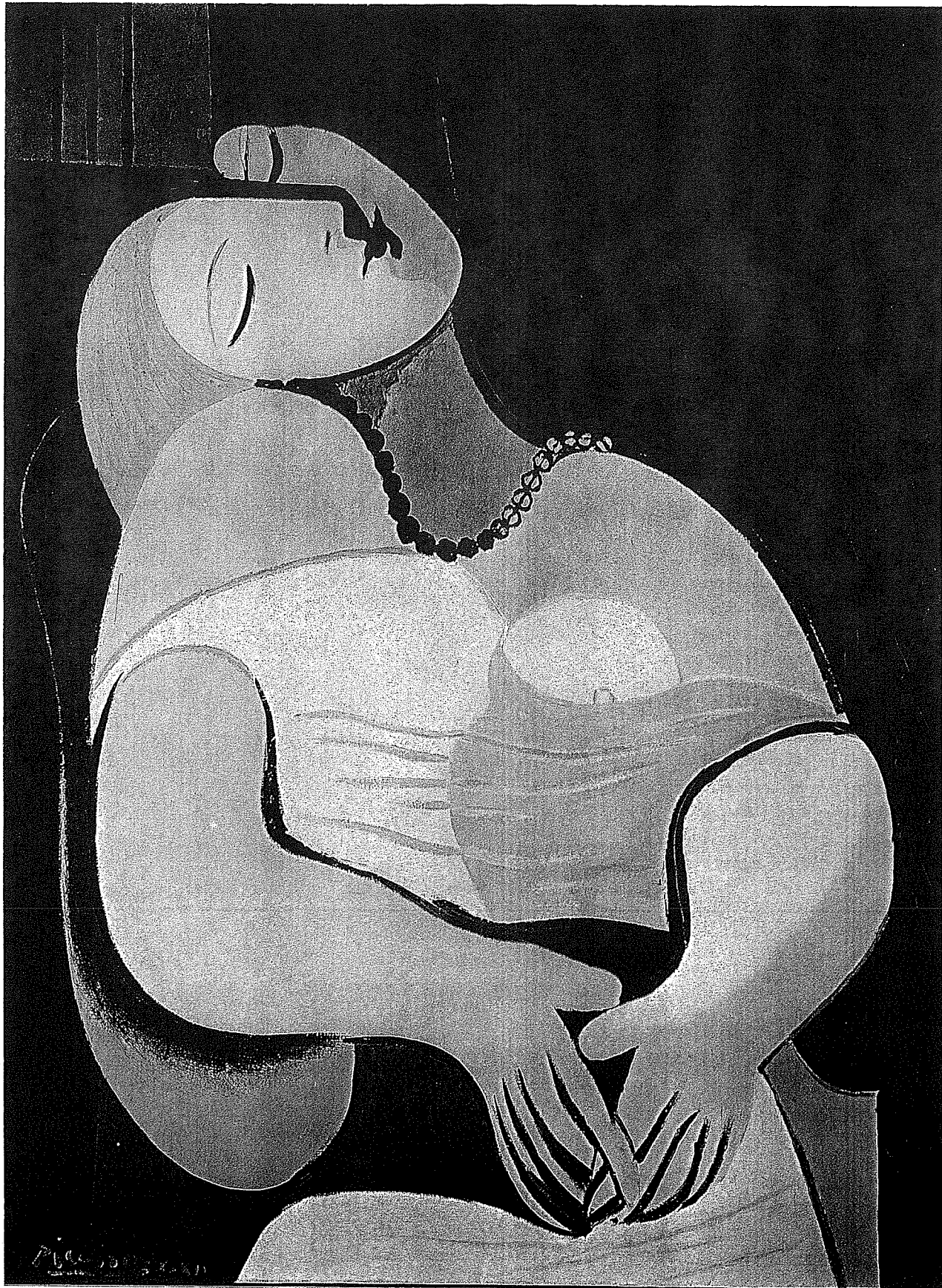
FAUX WOOD
PANELING



2023



tornado //



COLLECTION MR. AND MRS. VICTOR W. GALT, NEW YORK

FAUX WOOD PANELING.

#2

HEAVY MOTHER

MODERN MUSIC! FEATURE FILMS! HOMEMADE GAMES!
and ONE GREAT GUEST! Do yourself a favor, per favor,
and READ ON!

eo Meos

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order at fauxwoodpaneling@gmail.com



or, send 10 bucks and shipping info to:

Wade T. Oberlin

PO Box 211

Wilberforce, OH, 45384

(US and Canada
only ... but talk
to us!)

NOTES ON FAUX WOOD PANELING #1!

(0) it had no page numbers

Gregory Ego
and shoe

(1) the next Annual Jamestown Ohio Shoe Walk
~~also~~ also coincides with the next Jamestown OH
BEAN FESTIVAL (or Fall Festival). BE THERE!

(2) Stock Letters to GREEM are over, WE are
now accepting letters at this address:

Wade Oberlin

PO BOX 211

Wilberforce, OH, 45384

(3) Last time, contributors comprised of
myself and Liberty Lord... this time?
We add Zack (Rupert) Thompson and
*R*I*C*H*A*R*D* *M*E*L*T*Z*E*R*
to the fold! Fanclub admissions
are pending, and welcomed.

Fudge w/ shoe

(4) Faux Wood Paneling #1 is gettin'
a second run, if you missed it.
This issue is even more better
if you got BOTH. A pair. And oh yeah,
we still want "A World That Don't Exist!"
(explanation point added - Wade, SW Ohio)

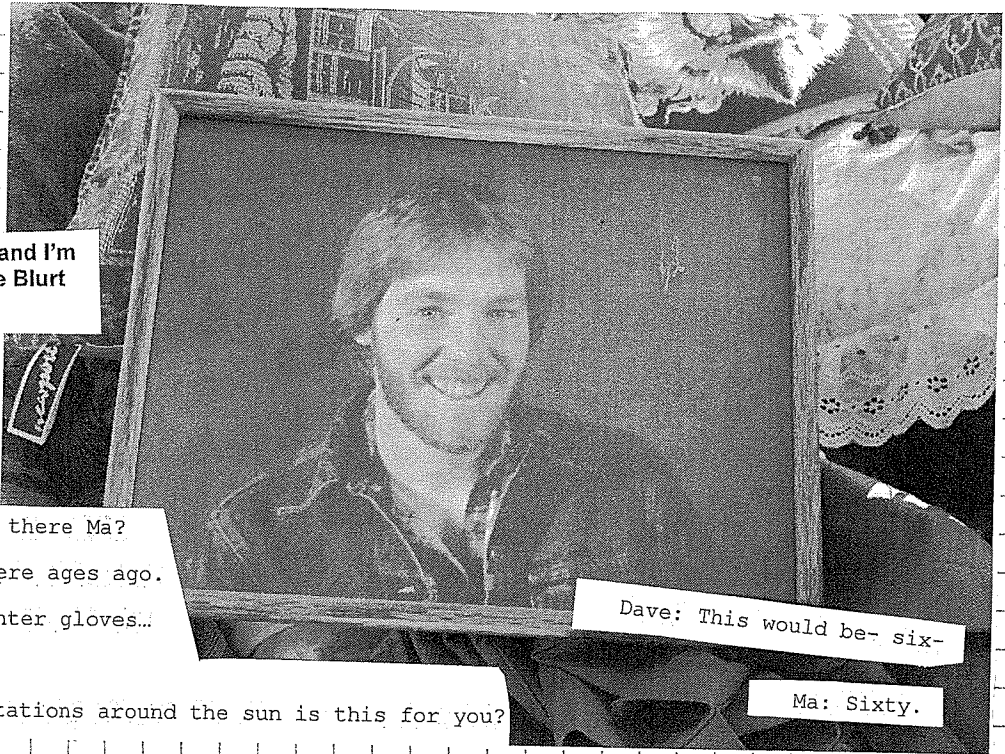
Sound Waves?

MY DAD AT 60 – UNEQUIVOCAL WISDOM

by Wade T

[voice memos on my iPhone 7 begin recording from Jamestown, Ohio, June 7th 2022, a hot rainy day and David Oberlin's 60th b-day. The family dog huffs and a tortured electric fan keeps us all cool in an old Brick Federal house that he and my Ma call home. Dad agrees to go on-the-record for CREEM, and mom approaches me with something as I begin questioning...]

I asked him some Rockroll questions and I'm gonna transcribe the interview- maybe Blur or Arthur will want it??



Wade: What'd you got there Ma?

Ma: You left these here ages ago.

Wade: Oh yeah, my winter gloves...

Dave: Um, alright...

Wade: So how many rotations around the sun is this for you?

Dave: This would be six-

Ma: Sixty.

Dave: Yeah, sixty.

Wade: Six-zero, huh? Wow. That's pretty intense. How do you feel?

Dave: Uh, like I'm thirty.

Wade: Like you're thirty. That's good... around 30 was Van Halen a pretty big deal?

Dave: Van Halen was a big deal before I was 30.

Wade: Mhm.

Ma: Van Halen was a big deal when we were 20.

AC

Dave:

Wade:

Dave:

Wade:

Dave:

Wade:



Right.

Nice. Okay.

First concert?

Yeah.

AC/DC.

Mhm.

DC

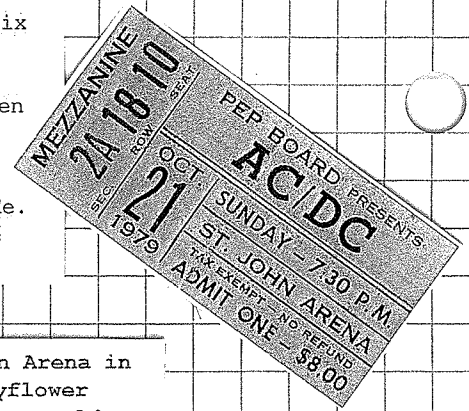
Dave: Ummm, yeah. Would you like me to give a description of what happened?

Wade: Please do.

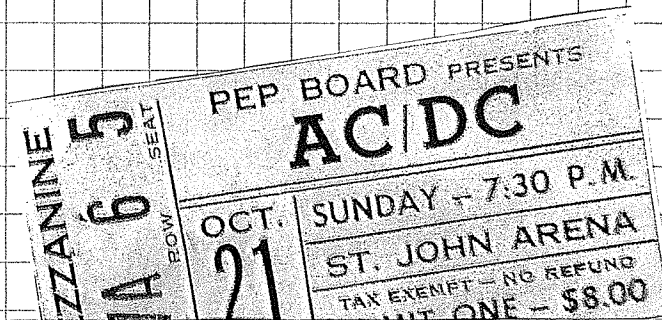
Dave: All right. It was down at St. John Arena, uh, Ohio State University, and my dad wouldn't let me go to a rock concert. I was 16 years old, and I made up my mind that I was old enough to attend a rock concert, and my buddies bought tickets.

Unfortunately, all their cars crapped out. And I was the only available transportation to get us to the concert. So, I had a pickup truck and about six buddies; two rode in the cab with me, four were in the bed of the truck. I busted out of the house, went to the concert expecting that when I got home... a huge amount of personal injury would come to my body [laughter by all] when I confronted my dad.

Well, apparently dad realized at that time that I was pretty much on my own- and we did see a good concert. We were right up next to the stage, on the side. And, uh, that was my first concert experience. AC/DC with Angus Young and the rest of the original crew. Bon Scott was there. Yeah.



[On October 21st, 1979, Scott played his last US show at the St. John Arena in Columbus, Ohio. His final concert was on January 27, 1980 at the Mayflower Theatre in Southampton. Bon Scott died on February 19, 1980 at 33 years old. - sources: ac-dc.net, societvofrock.com]



Wade: Nice. Very cool. All right. What about one song that I think would be your theme song? Correct me if I'm wrong: that would be Rainbow's "Man On The Silver Mountain."

Dave: Um, I'm not a huge Rainbow fan. Or, Ronnie James Dio... I just liked that song. I mean, it just kinda like hammers-ya. So I like it.

Wade: Yeah. It's one of the big ones. And then, uh, for those out there in [Faux Wood Paneling] world who might not know, one of Ohio's greatest exports is The Michael Stanley Band...

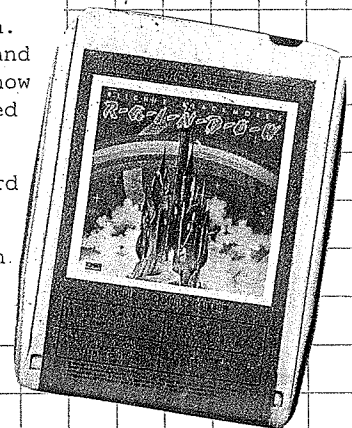
Dave: Absolutely. I never got to see Michael Stanley Band, but I'm a huge fan. He was big. My older brother was going to Miami University in Oxford, Ohio, and I guess he went to a regular concert series that they had there, and that's how I got interested in Michael Stanley. Uh, I think he is just totally underrated and had some absolutely, really, good music.

Wade: You used to be a trucker too- what were some of the best tunes you heard in the middle of the night, pounding down the interstate?

Dave: Bob Seger, "Roll Me Away..." um, Bachman Turner Overdrive "Rollin' Down The Highway." Um, Molly Hatchet "Flirtin' With Disaster..."



[laughter by all]



Dave: Ah! I knew I blew the speakers out on those three tunes.

Wade: If there's any show that you could catch or any group that you could see in this next year, who do you think it might be that you would actually leave the house for?

Dave: My concert going days are over. And amazingly, they all want money to go to a concert and I'm not willing at my age to part with any cash to-

[Ma interjects]

Ma: Was it McGuffey Lane we ended up going through a tornado for? [Carroll County Fair, '83]

Dave: I wouldn't go see McGuffey Lane. They're probably all dead by now. It's just some new band members.

[laughter, Dave turns attention back to me]

Dave: You going to edit this? I hope?

Wade: I will, yeah. Okay. So, uh, I guess, uh, one last question- for those about to rock, what do you, uh, recommend?

Dave: Well, from my generation, I mean, they're all fading away. All those good solid rockers. They're all dying off. I don't know if it would be a good-

Wade: Oh, I meant like, "for those about to rock," how do you recommend them rocking? Like people. Like, your idea of rock and roll is maybe going in there [points toward his fabrication shop] and making some, some stuff out of metal...

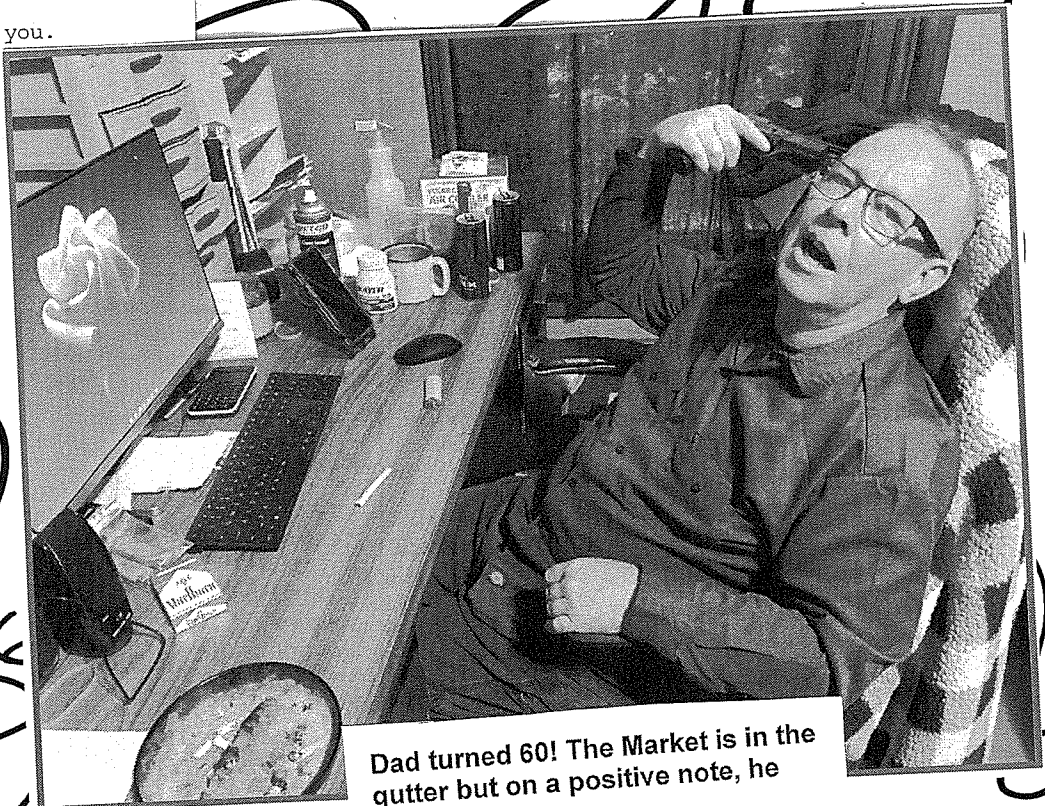
Dave: Okay. You want to rock in your world? Get an education, not necessarily a college education, get a trade, get a skill, something that the generations that are coming up now are seriously lacking. You can print your own money if you have a skill in a trade. 'Cause there's always people that need for things to be done... nobody today really knows how to do anything, although that's a pretty general statement, because there are some, uh- I'm pretty lax in my computer knowledge, and there are kids today that really excel in that area, but everybody is going to need a roof on their house. Everybody's going to need plumbing work done, HVAC, electrical work. These are all skilled trades. You don't require a college education, but, people are going to need those services. So I would say if you're going to rock in the future, rock out with a trade.

Wade: Excellent. Any closing statements?

Dave: Wade, my son, I love you.

Wade: Love you too, buddy.

Dave: Okay.



Dad turned 60! The Market is in the gutter but on a positive note, he "feels 30."

The Connie Voltaire "Dream Interview"

NEO NEO
NEOTYPES



"Do'n' Noth'n'"

NEOS UNIT 02

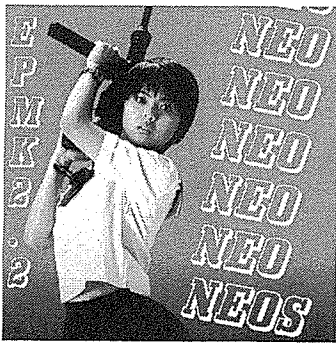
IN PUNK FOR THE CULTURESET

NNNNNNNEONNEOS

NOT A DUDE - THE BONEHEADS - I GOT POWER - KOOL GUY
ICE CREAM - STRANGE CIRCUS - GUILTY - UNIT 02 - COKEHEADS
SIRKLE JIRKIN' - TOTES AWKY MOMO
LIFE SUCKS AND THEN IT DOESNT - I LOOK LIKE A JEW

ANOTHER LABEL 2016

6



It was at this point that I, Nelson X. Adams the Second, concluded that Connie, as a lark, was in fact playing-slash-relaying their own music from their very own soundboard, in a jesteresque fashion that flash animation websites put forth around the turn of the century- that pranksterish sort of tool that typically sported Arnie Schwarzenegger quotations. Do you know what I speak of? I feel like you do. Flash animation was hugely popular, as were prank phone calls, although they were and are steadily going out of vogue...

My cellular phone vibrated in my left pant pocket.

A missive, containing a link to a YouTube film, from Connie: "Angry Man With No Arms Destroys Hotel Lobby"

I could not stand for this tomfoolery any longer.

N: "Connie! I must protest! Let us conduct a proper dialectic!"

C: "mockingly* ^{PLAY VIDEO GAMES ALL DAY, SO GO FUCK YOURSELF!} DO you even know who the Crucifuc- are? They're from, uhh Michigaaan..."

N: "I'll soldier on: Mister Voltaire, you are something of an Eric Dolphy of 21st Century Messthetics, per se. I could elaborate but I shan't. Instead I ask, what is to be expected of the Neo Neos and Neotypes after many albums and a prolonged absence? And what is this group... Killed By Clapton? Is this in poor taste, considering Sir Jeff Beck's recent demise?"

^{Hey, stop touching me! Eh-it's} C: "You could send uuhhhh- a tweet.

^{not funny! Leave me alone! My name} to my publicist. ^{isn't Cocky *crying* Go AWAAYAY"}

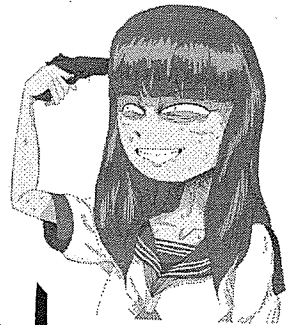
Again I must restate the obvious so you may follow: this may be Connie's voice, but these particular vocal pieces were lifted from prior Neo Neos outings- you could hear instruments clanging, crowd noise -not once had Connie Voltaire spoken to me in the present time of the call. This, then, had been a most disingenuous yet ingenious interview indeed. It would continue until my waking life intervened...

recorded at mat's in their spare time

NEOTYPES

LIVE

THE VERY BEST OF NEO NEO



N: "I know your discography well, and don't bother with the next line: I do in fact have a Discogs.

Furthermore, if it needs to be made clear, the final quote you supplied was from One Night In Basement [sic].

C: "God Wants Me To Run / But I Don't Think He's There / He Wants Me To Believe / But I Don't Really Care" --

N: "Ah, yes. 'Tanya The Evil.' An excellent song, poetic and true. 'Get The Neo Neos' was my favored record under the Neo Neos name, but it has since been superseded by 'In Punk For The Culture Set' and 'One Night In Basement' [sic] if truth be told. What makes these records fresh and yet familiar are the samples, the plunderphonics, the bits and pieces of detritus you have cobbled together from film and radio broadcasts, the internet... your trivial meisterwerk of palimpsest-du-rock. And the "I'm Single!" itself! Woven from such a rich tapestry of rock and roll history... you covered Mingus once, and under your own pseudo-name released ENTIRE Kinks cover-albums...

C: "So what? If you don't like it, go to the back."

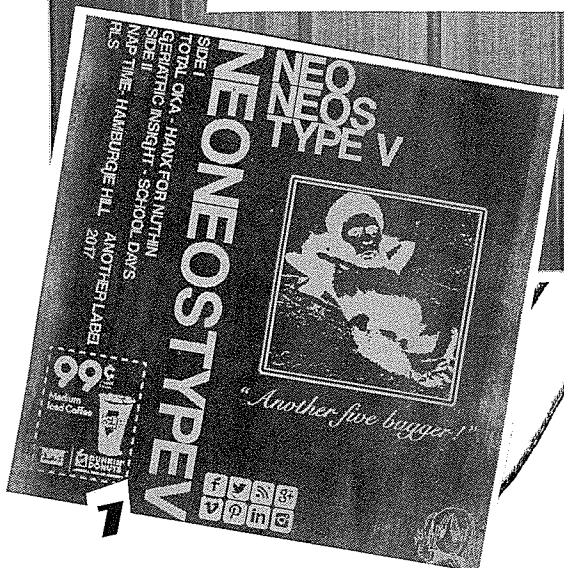
N: "...But I do like it."

C: "Are you single? You, with the tucked-in shirt? It's a yes or no question. You're single? Okay what's your phone number? Mine is 651-8234-..."

N: "..."

C: "..."

N: "This is going nowhere, hastily."



And it went no-more. For I awoke with tears in my eyes, knowing that the interview was farcical. I lurched from my slumber and my bed, walked stonily to my living room, cracked open my laptop, Soulseeked Connie's entire discography from username:heterooclitrix and had a listening party for one. On a couch. Ennui settled. At least I'd have the music, the racket, this essential din, which is also readily available on Bandcamp.

...this story was written by The Report Of The Week under an assumed name, between McDonald's and Wendy's "Running On Empty Food Reviews," respectively.

I discovered that Connie Voltaire of the Neo Neos and Neotypes, a rock music project out of Minneapolis, has a song about you! In the style of The Germs, or The FLESH EATERS, the vocals are largely unintelligible without lyrics. When asked, Connie provided the lyrics thusly:

<https://vedicardi.bandcamp.com/track/the-report-of-the-week>

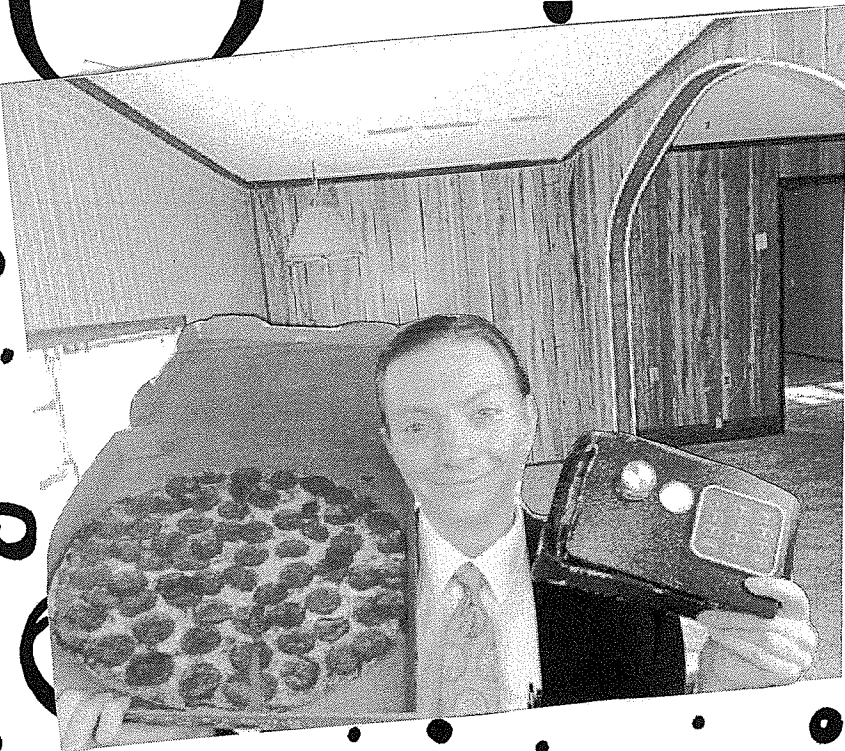
Welcome to running on empty, food review
Welcome to energy crisis, energy drink review

Pizza good and pizza bad
Pizza and energy drinks that i had
Tell the people everything i know
Playing with shortwave radio

Straight from the mouth of the man
In the suit yeah that's the plan

Hot wings and wendys too
I cover all the food for you
Eat it all on camera
For your viewing pleasure
Thanks giving blowout
Christmas blow out

Every day is a blow out where i am
Excellent food, I'm the man!



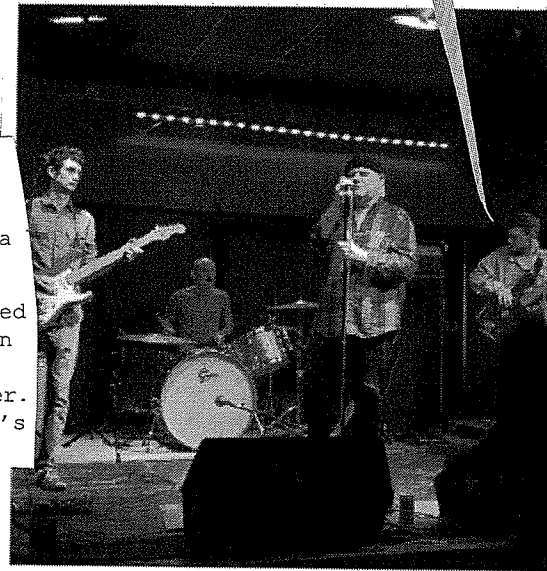
Heavy Mother and Eddie Flowers!

RAWK! ON!

by Nelson X Adams

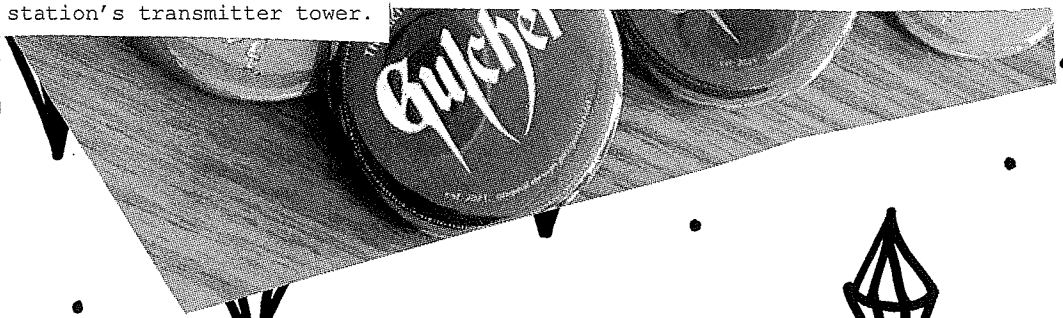
Heavy Mother are made up of three young gunslingers and ole' Eddie- he's not quite Mister Natural, beard-wise, but see the twinkle in his eye? That's the resemblance! That, and his rants, yelps and diatribes about all things under the sun- most of which are collected in his Facebook feed or said right to ya via a mic and a PA... Mister Natural ought to have that setup too.

Anywhoos, Heavy Mother have been playing around the Midwest, they're homebased in Bloomington, Indiana and they serve up hot plates of rockroll goodness. In the year of our Lord, 2022, this kind of head banging, hip swaying and damn-it-all encompassing muzik is hard to come by. Gotta seek it out, partner. They got plenty of covers; the once-ubiquitous Louie Louie and Eddie Holland's "Leavin' Here," (R.I.P.) are but a couple. Original chunes spawn outta riffs from 7" platters caked in dust and beer, like "Gant Jam" (probably).



Live sets that should set the record straight. They ain't Cheap Trick but a) who is? and b) that's A-OK!

Seen em' three times! Twice with my gurl and once with step-brother Willy. More often than not I danced silly dances and laughed and I got drunk. Lady smoked reefer (Hoosiers- weed is not legalized in any capacity, yeah?). On the first such occasion we crossed the state line from Ohio, Bloomington-bound thru a massive rainstorm... by the time we were thru dancing the night away at The Bishop, the thunder had passed but the damage wasn't done away with- lotsa trees blocking the only roads back home for the night. No hotel, so we roughed it in a parkin' lot and fitfully slept in our car under some religious AM radio station's transmitter tower.



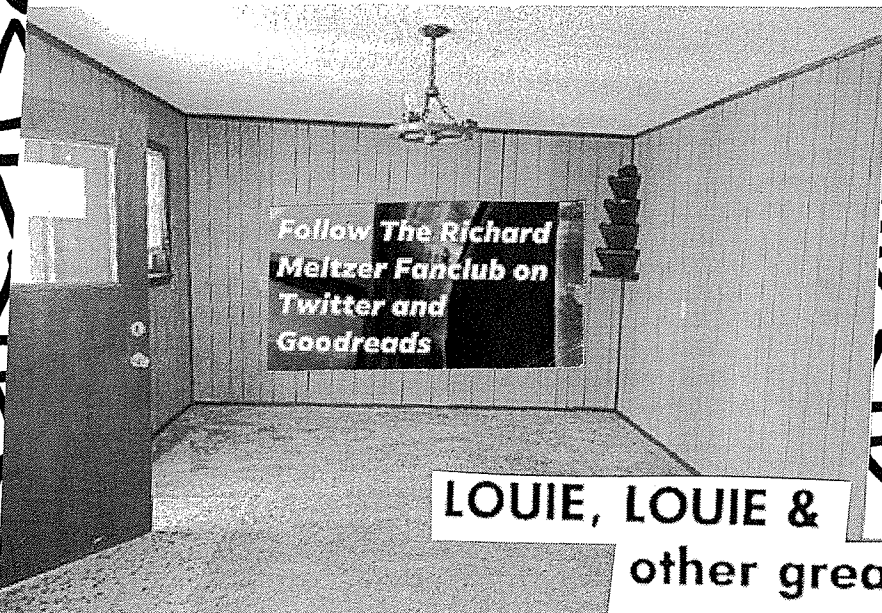


Second time? Well, for THAT event Willy scooped me up in Xenia, OH and whisked me off to Indianapolis. Step-brother: an ex-eighteen wheelin' machine of a man with some dip in his lip, got us in on time and under budget- he grooved on the sounds. No dancing, we bobbed heads maybe, and he's stone sober see, so I started drinkin' durin' thee openers. Me, I took the opportunity to drink about a sixer o' Dragon's Milk and blacked out while the Heavy Mother Orchestra reportedly went into Louie Louie. That was the SSP set, actually... hey Ma, I can hear myself on the recording!

In conclusion, this here groop is sort of a Frankenstein Monster of Midwestern arouasers Circuit Des Yeux, ABC Gum and The Cowboys- not sure if those units are ancient history or not, but Heavy Mother is NOW and for all-time. They even have a proper record coming out around December-ish, on FEEL IT Records.*Keep an ear craned. And hey, Eddie has a BOOK on the way from HoZac, this real swell publisher in Chicago. It's gonna kinda be like Eddie's own "Get In The Van" but it's NOW baby, and it's Natural! Bits and pieces are available on his Fbook feed, and heck, I'm even in it! You can end up in a R&R tale too (anything is possible) if you go see him- maybe. Ya gotta socialize. So, to coin a term, "act quickly."

*this has happened! where will they be in Decemben '23?

Wait, you wanna hear about the THIRD time? Listen to The Gizmos, read some R. Meltzer (rhymes with Seltzer) and step out of ya dwelling- git HEAVY!



**LOUIE, LOUIE &
other greats!**



Wade T's Trooly Stoopid Flexi-Dust Mix!

I've had a lot of fun seeing Eddie and his newish band Heavy Mother around The Midwest- I have a tape of Crawlspace to share as well but it was too noisy... I blame my Behringer setup. So I opted for his Wax-Lip-Dub stuff. I also love Ted Milton and Blurt so he got played. Connie Voltaire and Neo Neos, great band/project out of Minneapolis. SPOT of SST notoriety died this past week and I chose this single over SST shtuff that people know and/or love. I also got his CD on Upland (which I posted to YouTube if you are interested) and his bit on Upland Breakdown (which is ALSO on YouTube) ... great dishwashin' music.

The rest- have you heard? Artifacts comp from Virginia, a flexi... Some Portland bands... Aerobitch (featuring pen-pal and book writer, IVAR, from Spain)... and a ZickZack single from Deutschland.

Anyway, enjoyment!

Wade

Artifacts (Virginia "Garage" Compilation featuring Titfield Thunderbolt)

SPOT - Too Wise To Crack 7" (one-sided beat-mon, RIP)

Neo Neos - Sailor Suit and Machine Gun EP (full thing)

Blurt - Uzi b/w Headhunters (Improved Sequence, was supposed to get the CD from them, took a year and a half, but NO COMPLAINTS)

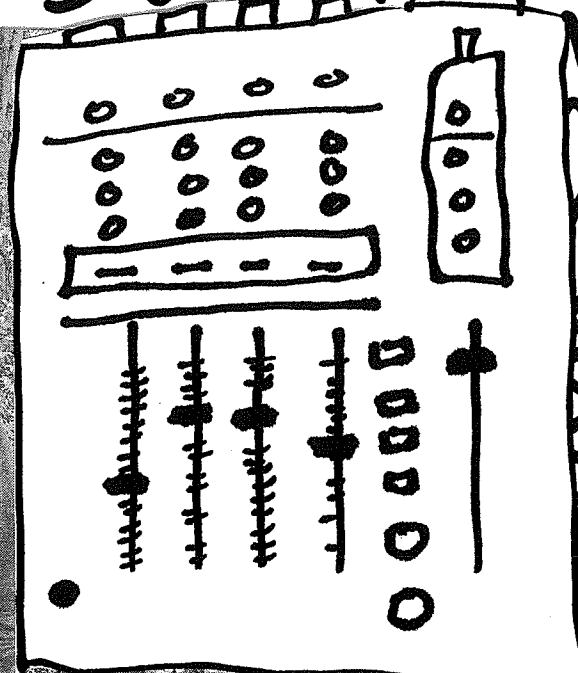
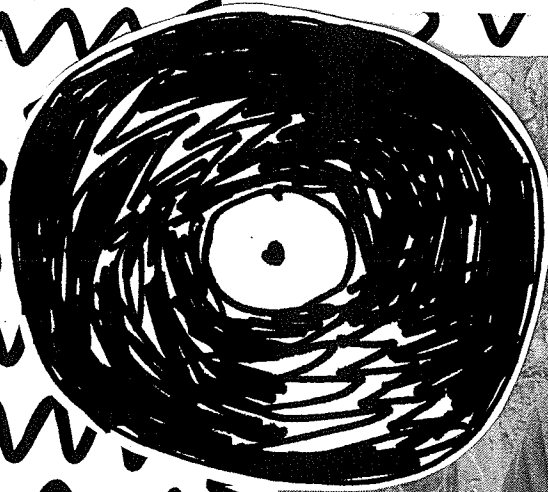
Ted Milton - Confessions of an Airplane Farter b/w I Don't Want To Go Poo Poo!

Eddie Flowers & The Wax-Lip-Swamp-Dub (nice, ALSO, see Heavy Mother, Feel It rekkids, etc) ...FULL

The Portland Edition (Side 1)

Aerobitch - *covers* of Angel Dust (Venom), Orgasmatron (Motörhead), Electrocute Your Cock (Vom)

Aus Lauter Liebe - Pingelig b/w Das Tor Zur Welt



Listened to @derekmonypeny's "The Hand As Dealt" double-rekkid and bonus 7" of Sun City Girls' songs.

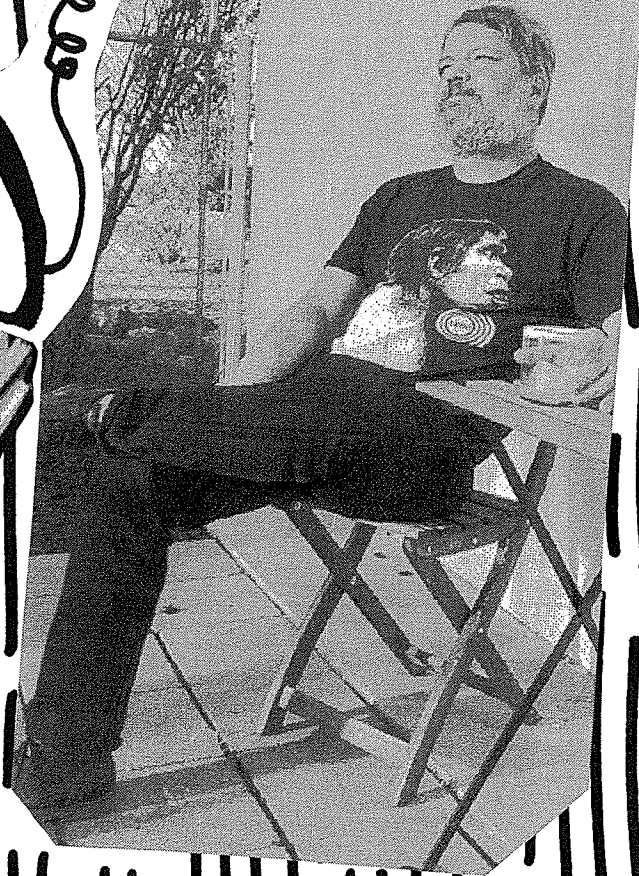
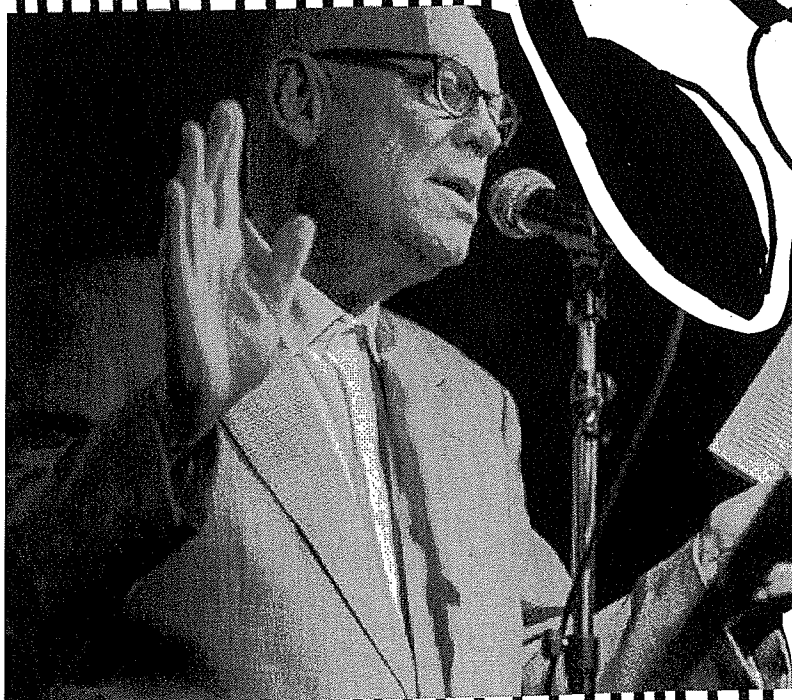
7": a best-ever field recording of a most-various musical culture

A: Cluster with Kevin Shields!

B: *ripping cardboard, drive-by shredding, buzzsaws, din*

C: #gulcher

D: Halendrone



TM

Ted Milton

4:39 AM

To: Wade Oberlin >

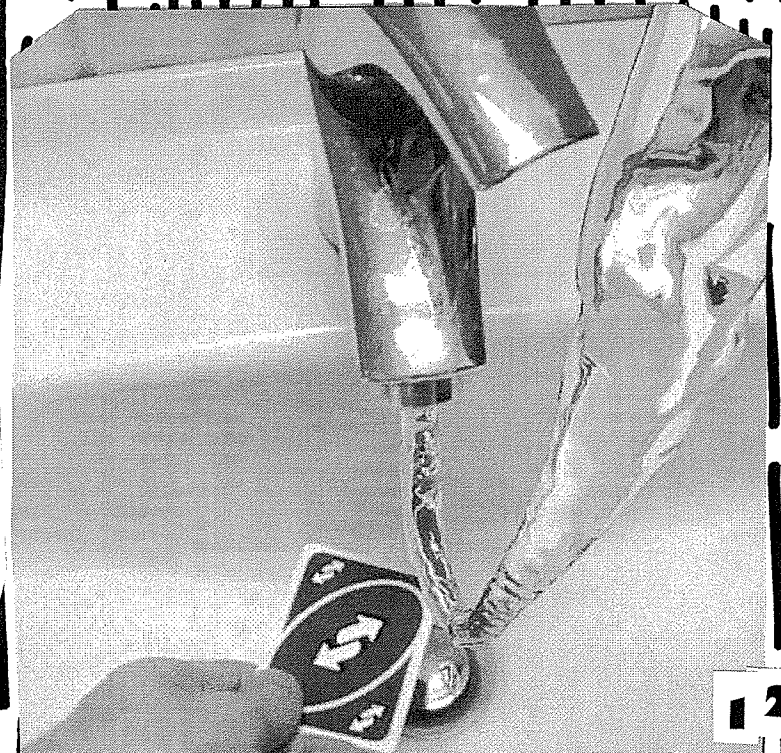
Hey Wade! Paypal me £22 - that covers the cost of The Textbook & postage - & I'll don PPE & head for the post office...

Cant say I listen to much radio except to keep abreast of the latest terrifying developments - I prefer to read - & listen to music in the evenings whilst being thrashed at Uno by my nine year old son -

Sounds like you have an interesting gig!

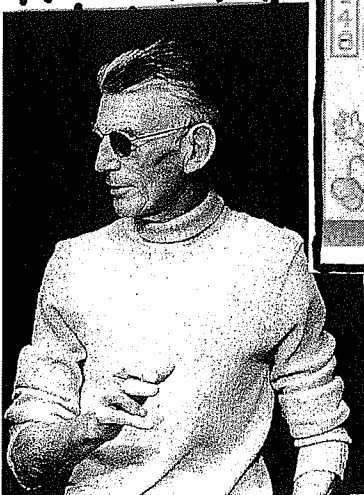
Stay Well!

Ted



Hope all is well, and Be careful in your Uno endeavors!

SAMUEL BECKETT MEETS ERNIE BUSHMILLER



... via R. MELTZER

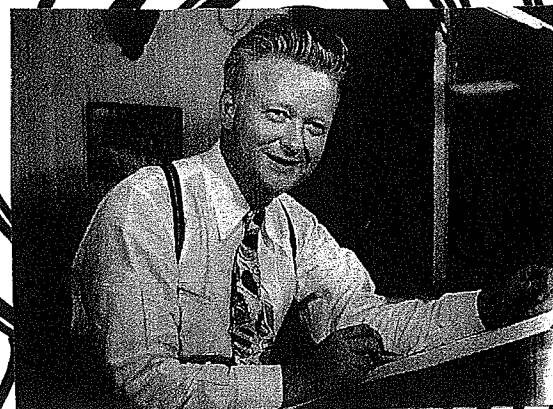
Frame 5 itself could generate a full Beckett treatment:

ASSGAME

or:

THE UNASSABLE

Final frame: NOT I NOHOW.



Hello again ☺

Hey ♥



TABLE OF CONTENTS (better late than never)

Considering all the concern over page numbers in this issue, I sorta jumped the gun and gotta do it on.. yeesh, page 15. First page is an ad- second page, shoe walk info, some notes. Lessee, third page begins the music section... "Uniquivicol, er Uni, Unequivocal Knowledge"- followed by what I think is "Hardcore Palimpsest" on what has to be page 6, 6 to 9. Both of those are (Neo Neos VS TheReportOfTheWeek!) three-pagers. Then there is the Heavy Mother piece (they just got written up in WIRE of all places) on page ten and eleven. Some smaller guppies on thirteen and fourteen, a mix I made (it's online- free) and bits on Ted Milton and Derek Monypenny. Then there wasthezinestealin' centerfold with MR. WONDERFUL, Richard Meltzer! Yaaahooooo! Music and ~~more~~.

MUCH more!!!

Coming up... the story of THIRD BAG, a foray into the furry-adjacent, some film reviews and comix. That ties into some books and obits.

I had a dream that FWP would actually just become a mag of obits.

That's kinda like Rolling Stone or half of the Xenia Gazette, y-

-a'know? It's May-Day, but I got no boss, union,

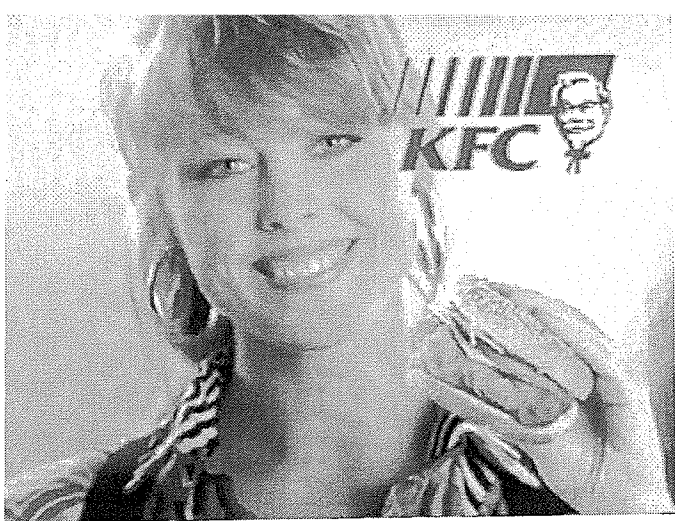
or deadline. The second issue here has been

made mostly LINEARLY, and it shows.

Novel though, maybe?

1 MAY 23

Niya



Memories of KFC in the latter part of THE NOUGHTIES
... in Southwestern Ohio

by Wade T

Fall, Winter, 2005 it must have been. The Dishwashers had complete control of the radio, a formidable boom-boxpumping out Dem Franchise Boyz, Shop Boyz, some buttrock I can't recall totally, but almost certainly played- the Papa Roach tree of X-Fest and The Blitz.

One guy had a cell-phone that he claimed couldn't be broken if thrown closed, it must have been a flip phone or something, but I took the bet, and tossed it aimlessly..

..into the large KFC Sanitizer 7000 (the shk)
(aka The Sink)

The phone broke. The guy was crestfallen. He asked me to buy him a new phone! I said sorry, but a bet is a bet

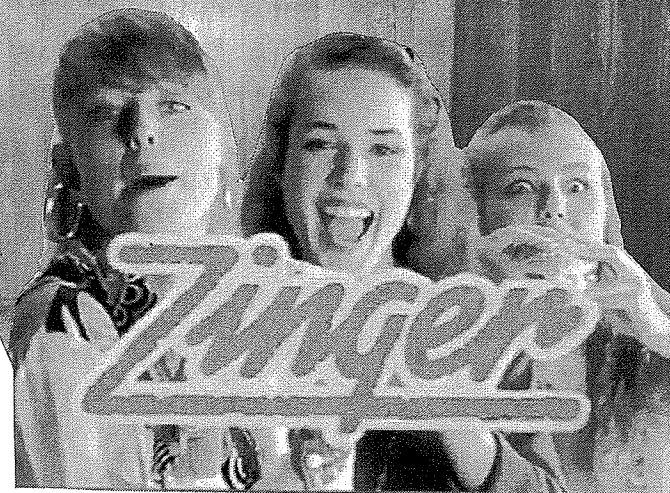
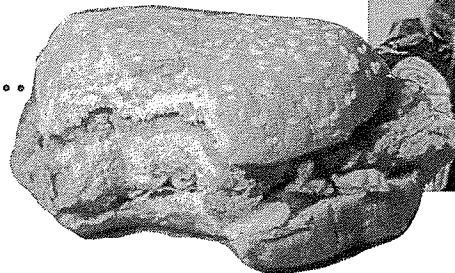
The Freezer: lots of goodies in there. Besides all the CHICKEN parts, some shelves were dedicated to pickles. These were especially apt at sticking to the Freezer walls or ceiling in particular... we HS chicken flunkies loved to toss em" around. Apparently some heavy petting went down in the Freezer too, but I never saw it. NeverMIND the dumpster- that was where 3rd, 4th base and dope smokin' might happen. Depraved, much?

The biggest and most durable synopsis*chunk of KFC was probably an angry customer in The Drive Thru. The girl was asked by some irate man/woman/sub-human to fetch the manager... they had circled back for a Lost Item. What was it? My manager at that tender moment was probably named Steve, and he approached the window and walked into a fusillade of slurs. The PO'd customer hollered (finally(time had stopped)) "WHERE'S MY FUCKING GRAVE!!" ?????

Memory is faulty. I dunno whether they waited, bothered to stay longer for their desired potato topping or just sped off, but either way, they left us all in a hush that you could cut with a plastic spork.

*thedrivethrugirl

*besides my favorite menu items..



bunny
trails

-Wade T

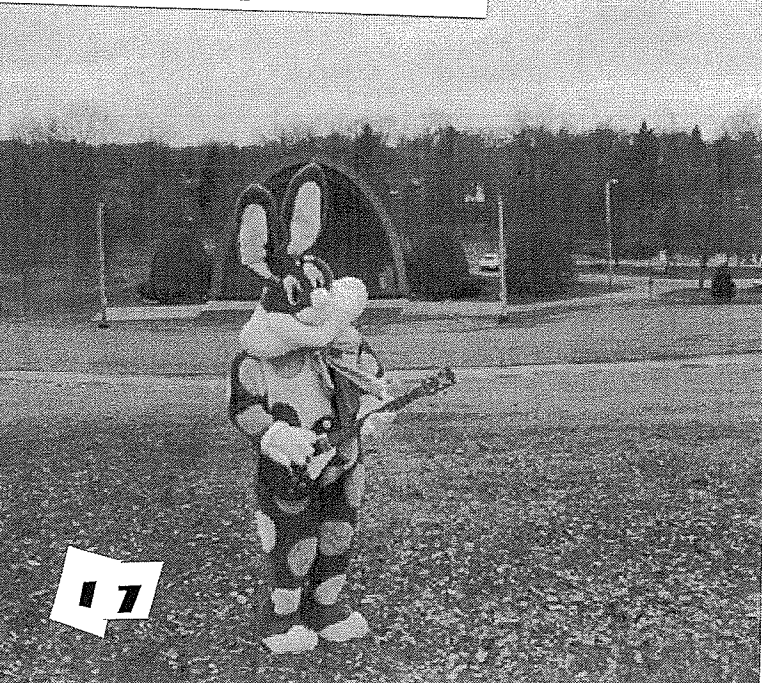
here is another project of mine. Around the same time I started with the book, I was visiting The Costume King in Jamestown, Ohio. It's an eccentric shop, and the owner Cathy King makes all her own costumes. I felt drawn to the giant bunny rabbit

AN ORIGINAL BY
Cathy King

Photos:
Liberty + Zach

outfit when I first walked in, and finally, just recently for my last birthday, I rented it out and took all of these photos.

The basic premise was to go visit car washes but I also went to an old folks retirement home, a bar and





a grocery store. After the photoshoot, my mom found an old photo of my sister and I around Easter time with someone wearing THE EXACT SAME SUIT. I couldn't believe it, I didn't remember that happening, but I must have been drawn to the suit



The Tumultuous Tale of THIRD BAG

ROMEIOVILLE, OH. -- The derelict who invented Third Bag had no clue that the game had potential. It took one guy, a second guy and a whole other third guy, to make it the 6th or 7th largest selling bag-toss game in the Midwest.

Third Bag was the first product and for a long time the *only* product of Gratuity Games Inc. in Romeioville.

The story behind Third Bag and Gratuity Games began in the late 1960s with Rupert Schmeburn, the Dayton character who invented the game and sorta kinda pitched it outside Mack's Tavern and at local comedy shows.

A neighbor of Schmeburn took a few decks to nearby Romeioville, where Billy Swallow, recently returned from duty as a helicopter gunship pilot in Afghanistan, got his sacks.

Swallow introduced the game to his nephews' cousins' former roommates, Bob Parky and Ed Stretchy, during a bar crawl gathering at his Dayton home in early 2012.

'It was a miserable family situation that weekend so we just played game after game,' Parky recalled. 'As we were playing, I got the thought of how it was a simplified version of darts, but with bags and PVC pipe that he cut with a handsaw... anyway, I saw some things could be

added to make it a little more tolerable, like say, portability.'

'As a kid I was biliig into darts. I used to play constantly, every chance I got. No one understood it- darts,' said Parky, now president of Gratuity Games.

Stretchy and Parky decided to buy the rights to the game from Schmeburn and persuaded Swallow, who was still in the Army and stationed at Wright Patterson, to chip in.

In early 2012 they struck a deal with Schmeburn.

'We paid him in the neighborhood of \$800... no, \$850... it might have been \$700 bucks and some cartons of menthols for all rights to the game, which in 2012 was a considerable amount of money to us,' Parky said.

'I got a lot of strange looks, but I did it. ... At the time I didn't know any better,' he said.

Parky had some experience with business startups and had been involved in a number of businesses of his own, in addition to his family's vape shop and collectibles parlor in Romeioville, where he was filling in as a manager and floor salesman.

With the rights to THIRD BAG secure, the partners made some modifications in the game, and Gratuity soon set up shop in the

back room of the Parky's basement apartment -- just behind a place working on the popular game called Cards Against Humanity. But that's another story altogether, and not as good as this one.

Stretchy took a two-year leave of absence from his general malaise and ennui, moved to Romeioville, and began work full-time for Gratuity Games.

To give the impression of a larger company, he said, he used three different voices- girly, tough guy or butch- depending on which department he was representing.

Parky, meanwhile, kept his job (which he keeps a secret, for legal reasons). At night he and Stretchy packed bags of beanies and sawed PVC pipes. The first year, they sold 50 bundles to mail-order customers who learned of the game by word of mouth. ... they collected their first dividend checks of \$3 apiece, as their business senses were still quite terrible.

'We just knew absolutely nothing about the toy businesses and started a trial-and-error process that was very interesting and very rocky. ... We were very silly geese,' said Parky.

They could not get a foot, or any appendage, really, in the door of major chain buyers. Nobody wanted to deal with a one-product company, much less one that stank of weed and their new favorite drink circa 2016, White Claws.



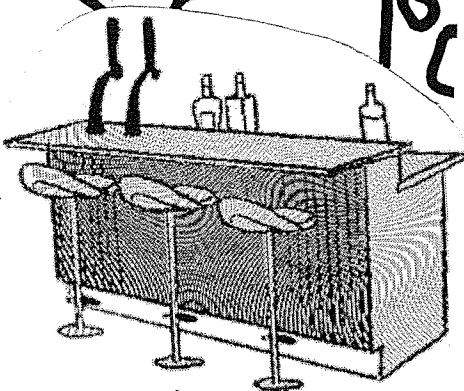
But they kept grindin'.

In late 2018, they donated games to be demonstrated and given away as prizes on The William Paste show, a program with humble ratings that nevertheless had an untapped shadow audience

made up mostly of Public Access Television enjoyers and ironists across the nation. This helped spark interest in Third Bag.

"In fact," Stretchy said, "it was the exposure the product got on The William Paste Show that caught the eye of buyers from Kroger."

Their first big customer in 2018.



'That was the year we really started to see some life,' said Parky. 'We sold around 1,000 bundles- I mean, we we're pooping our pants.

But the floodgates opened the following year.

Parky made a sales call at Kroger's headquarters in Cincinnati. "There was nothing encouraging about the meeting," he said, "until the door of the buyer's office swung open and Rodney McMullen waltzed in. I can see this guy isn't about to place an order, he keeps frowning and asking us how we got in (which was through a fire escape) but I'm still making my pitch when Rod walks in and says, 'How ya' doin', lil' homie?'" Parky said. "So I unstuck my tongue and pitched him Third Bag."

'When I got done,' Parky recalled, 'he was quiet for a while, kinda cross-eyed. Then he said, 'Buy a couple gross-products from these

THIRD BAG!

geeks! That made us. When Kroger buys ... well, a number of people bought it.'

Last year Gratuity Games sold its 87 hundredth deck of THIRD BAG, now the world's No. 7 bag toss game. THIRD BAG is sold, potentially, in 25 countries and instructions are available in 1.5 languages, as it is quite choppy.

Stretchy and Swallow have retired on their profits, leaving Parky to run the company.

"We took a good concept and made a super game," said Parky. 'With tenacity and ... uh, we got through most of the hard times, ha, and, in fact, we may grow into our name, maybe. I thought we had already.' //

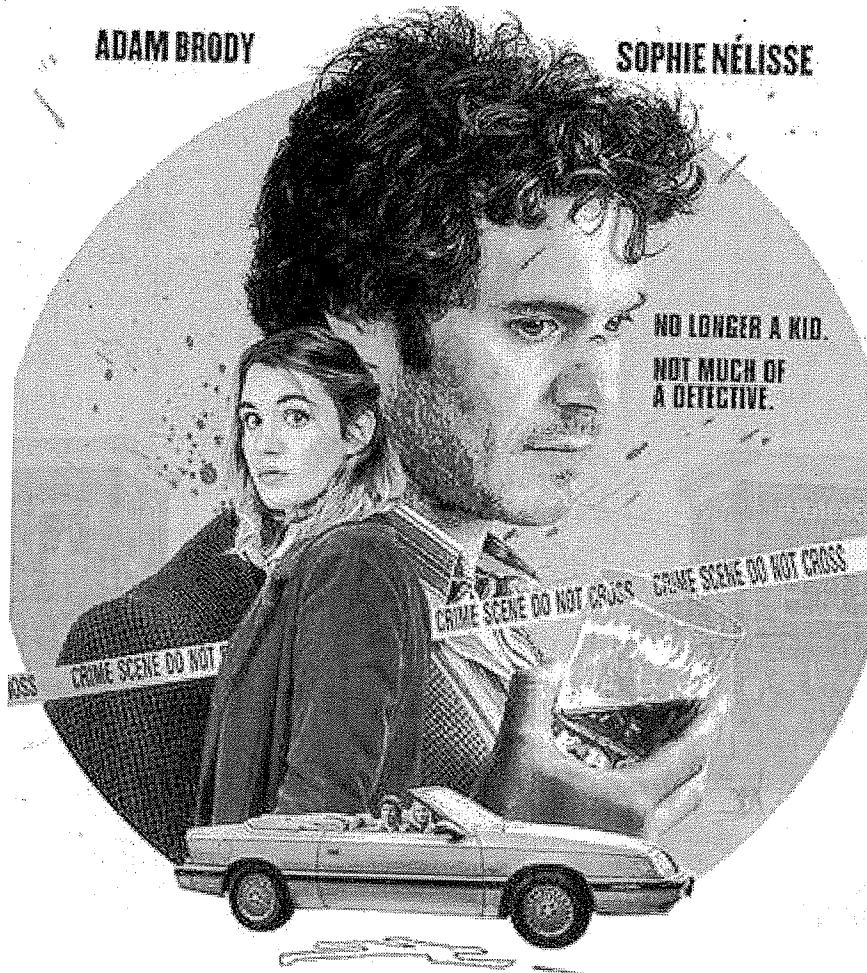
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Film
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The Kid Detective

Sugartown opens up the film. It also closes the film, which was shot in or more likely around Ontario. The film features a sharp cast who deliver fun and funny lines. It's a detective vehicle, and a comedy, in that

ADAM BRODY

SOPHIE NÉLISSE



THE KID DETECTIVE

order? Probably the other way, 45/55. I'd watch it again. Better than Brick or uh, Memento, you know what I mean? Liberty says it's better than Odd Thomas.

The Kid Detective: better than Odd Thomas, Brick and Memento put together, like, EASY!

The Duel at Silver Creek

Joe Carducci said that there was a great scene in this where Audie Murphy- get this -jumps on a horse. Don Siegel directs.

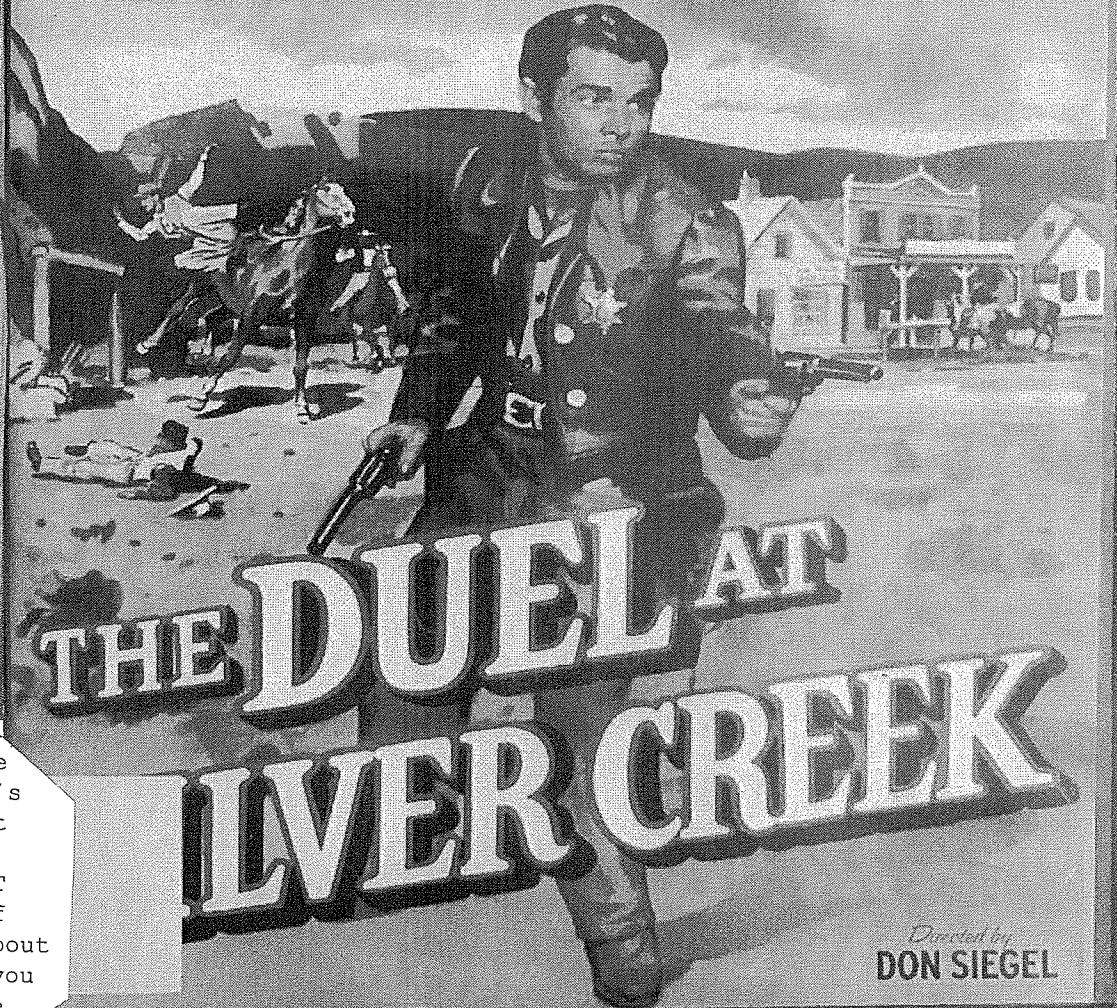


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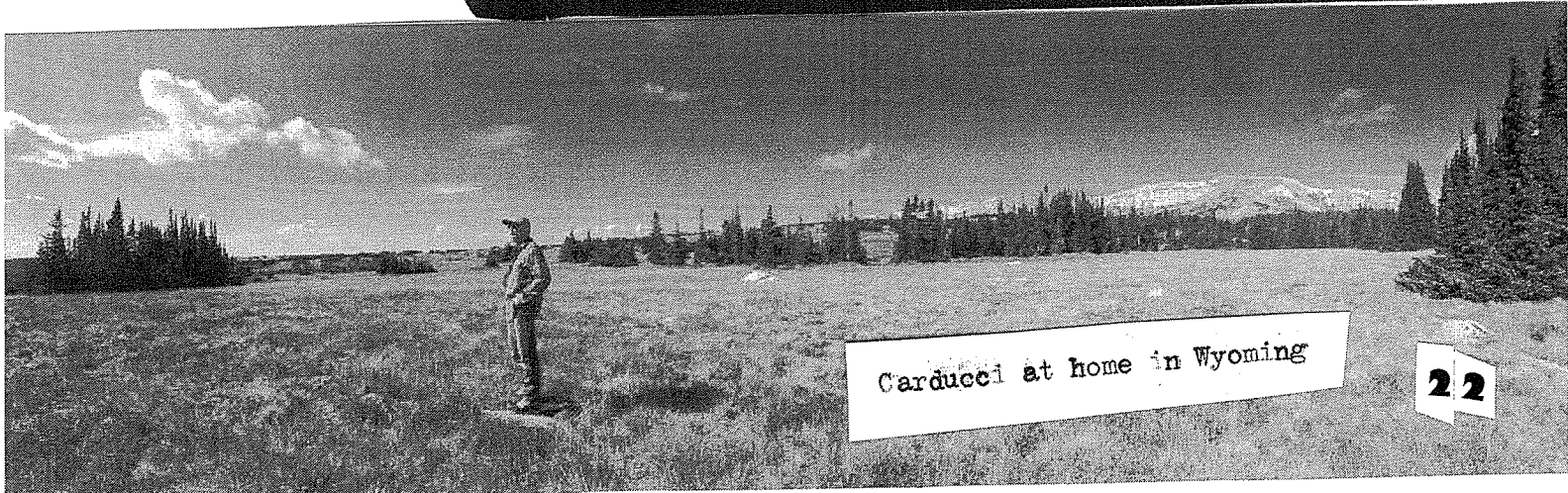
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AUDIE MURPHY



Directed by
DON SIEGEL

So, I find the Blu-Ray at the library and think "okay, let's see this jump." With 2nd unit finesse in the hands of Don, Audie sure enough looks GREAT whether he's hurtling himself onto a mount or doing just about anything else. Best Western you can see next too, dunno, Ride Lonesome or Red River.



Carducci at home in Wyoming

Bones and All

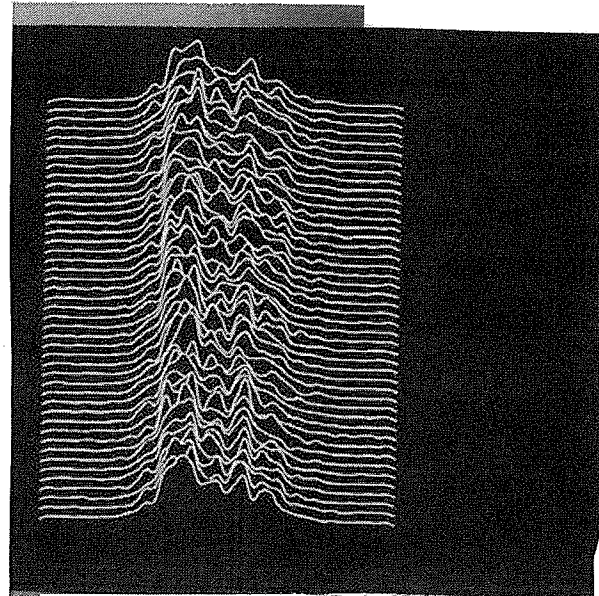
Missed my theater viewing for this one, waited for the Amazon price to promptly drop for a bit of mystifying the Midwest. While it is one of those intentionally hip flicks in the vein of mid-late Harmony Korine/ actual Chloe Sevigny vehicles, it was filmed near Jamestown Ohio in parts, so what the hey.

I love to namedrop, so I'll say that Kristen Lundberg (now a star of many commercials) first clued me into Gummo yeeeeeears ago. Later down the line I discovered the Ann Arbor school of electronic composers, Lucier and Ashley, and their view of Ohio as a place of timelessness, stasis, ongoing private lives. Basically, a faux wood paneled wetland of magical possibility not without some horrors. That's what we got here.

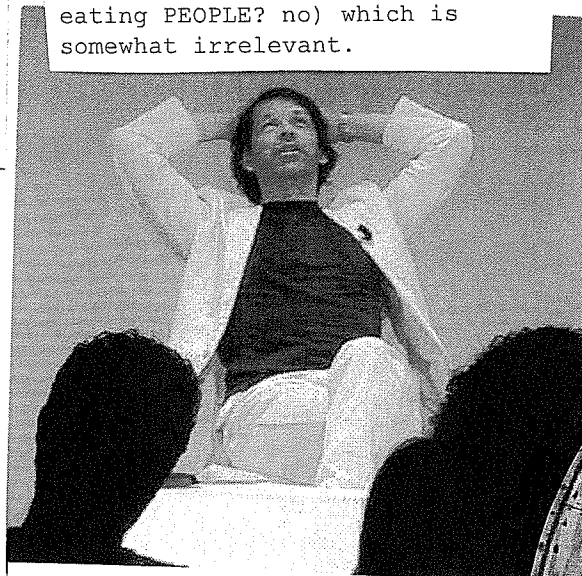
And it is beautiful looking: highlighted powerlines, windy trees, the color GREEN. Some rivers and ferry boats. The Vanity Fair cast.

Certain kinds of trash that can still be found, 1st or 2nd edition books as props. It could have used some mourning dove foley...

EATER is allegory to what? Addiction, desire? Probably nothing- just a novel idea this past year or so. It's a bit refreshing and something that probably won't be repeated ala straight vampirism/zombie. The Merrye Syndrome? Less so. The dialogue is fine though it coulda been lessened, and there was a missed joke opportunity (when she went to camp, instead of being "8" she coulda been "7," boy coulda been "9" . . .)



. . . plus the Minnesota husband having throat cancer (from eating PEOPLE? no) which is somewhat irrelevant.



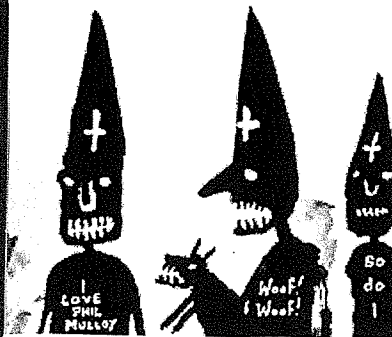
Wrap up, music: Spanishish love theme and moods by Trent and Atticus; the former makes me think of another film shot in Ohio, "The Deer Hunter" and its opening theme. Shards of "Beautiful Brown Eyes," Duran Duran, George Strait and Kiss are used for incidental music, Joy Division "Atmosphere" across some plains. New Order for the same as a reprise. . . didn't Alan Partridge, pardon, Steve Coogan, already accomplish that in The Trip?

Nice looking movie, and you know Peter Saville was attached? Manchester writ-large on the rust belt, Bible Belt, "Bones and All."

So it kinda is style qua entertainment.

INTOLERANCE

THE
TRILOGY

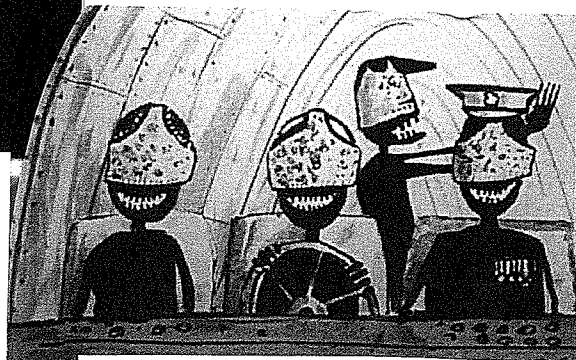


Intolerance (2000)

The Corners Are Glowing, a nice book of essays on animation, featured esteemed writer R. Meltzer on three assigned animators- apparently he would have been assigned MORE, but something something 9/11 happened, and this project didn't continue . . . too bad because he got three good ones.

Oscar Grillo, John Kricfalusi and Phil Mulloy.

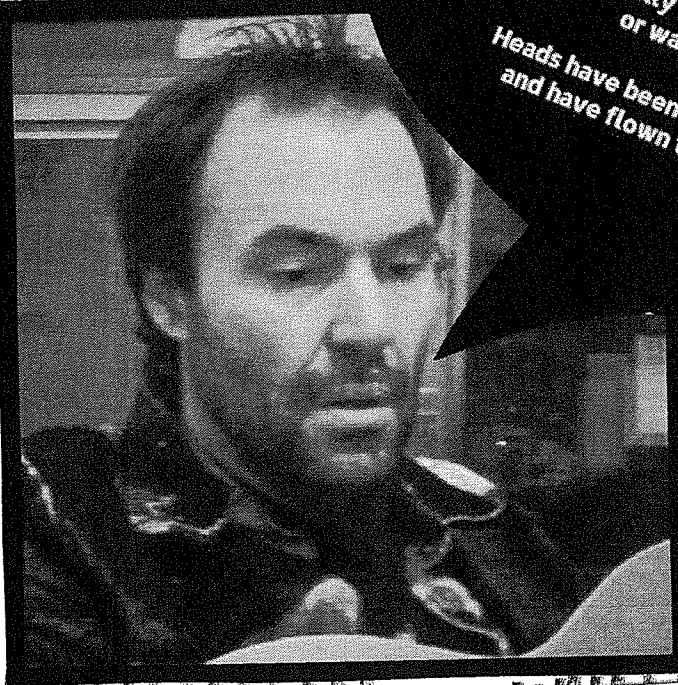
I hadn't heard of them, but got dutifully familiar. Phil Mulloy was stated to be Richard's



favorite living filmmaker circa the time of this writing, 2001... compared favorably to Ed Wood, specifically, I think, for this one, Intolerance. It's pretty nice. Words he used to describe it: vulgar, Ad hoc. Words I'd use to describe it?

It's trashy in a way that reminds me of truly juvenile and now pretty-much extinct Java animations that would pop off on Newgrounds . . . Stick Death, 100 Funny Flash Videos. But framed as art- where would this sort of thing premiere? Wherever, it's slightly (way slightly) more elevated than all-that.

B.C. Miller at the movies!
 Less well-known than SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION
 is SPONTANEOUS HUMAN DECAPITATION,
 described by a witness as "like a champagne cork flying off a bottle of blood".
 Usually the victim is under deep stress
 or watching a really bad movie.
 Heads have been clocked at 10,000 miles per hour
 and have flown the length of 10 football fields.

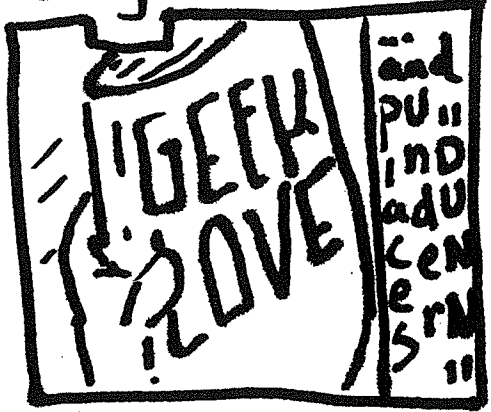


Kettering...

at Second & Charles,



Liberty orders a new copy, and returns...



BOOKS + COMIX!

Some notes on this issue you hold in your hands... this one consisted of me and ME ALONE! BWAHAHAHAHAHA!

No. Not at all. Liberty made much of the backgrounds, and was the basis for the Geek Love comic.

Zack Thompson is the creator of Third Bag.



I tested the game with friends and got his say-so on the rulebook and origin story of Third Bag. Try it yourself, if you enjoy BIG FUN!

Richard Meltzer allowed me to reprint his email details on the Ernie Bushmiller bio-comic... swell!!!



... thank YOU for reading. Please message me at fauxwoodpaneling@gmail.com to submit stories pictures comics nuggets or pretty much anything-
bye.

Wade T Oberlin
@thegoodmarty - The Richard Meltzer Fanclub
May 18th 2023



-Wade T

WITH THE DEMISE OF
THE SOVIET FLEET,
WHAT APPEARS TO BE
OUR NAVY HOTSHOTS'
LATEST TARGET?

HERE WE COME

To
fas
she

**FAUX
WOOD
OBIT**



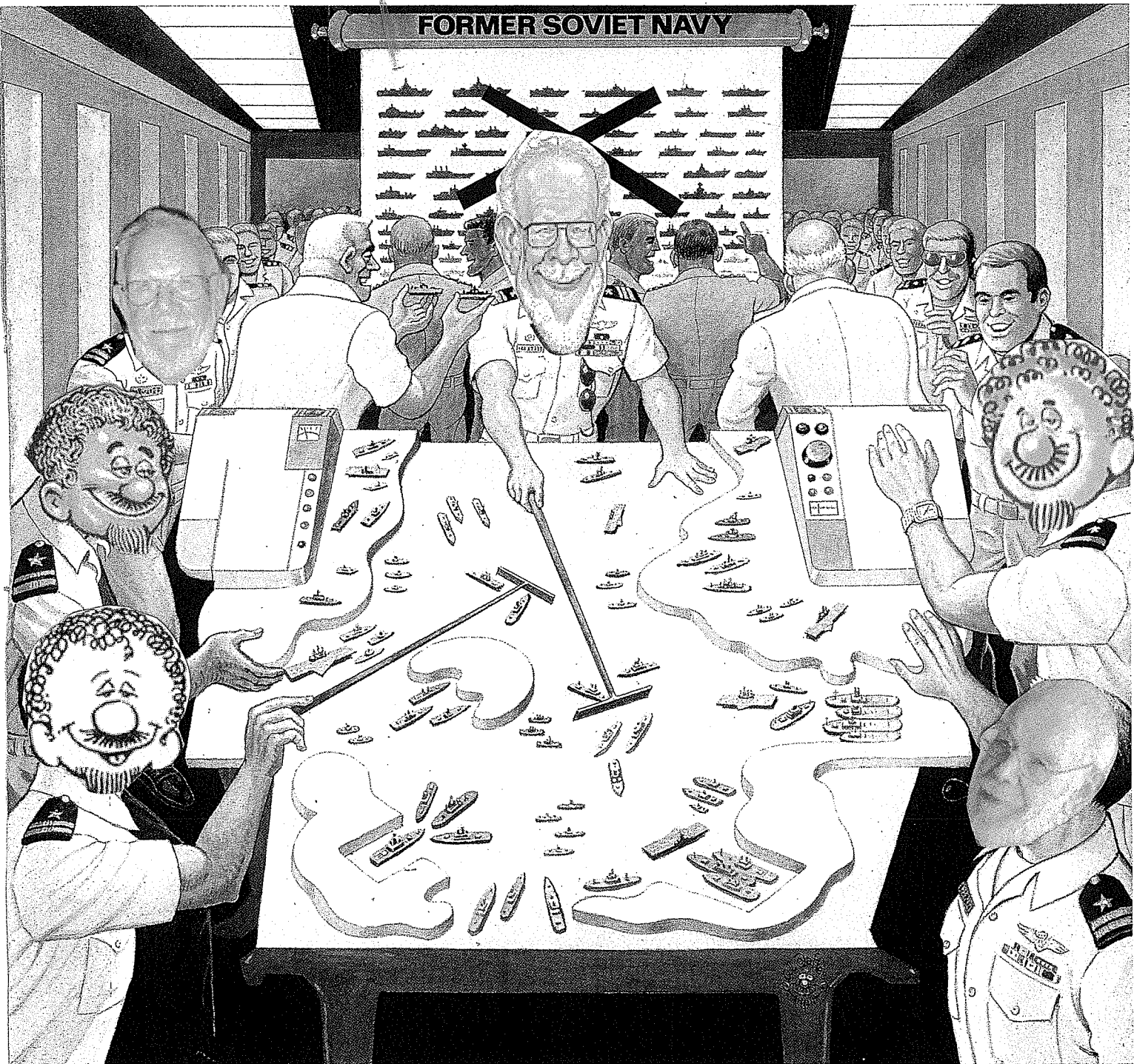
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

FORMER SOVIET NAVY



So long,
Al Jaffee!

FLEET COMMANDERS OF THE U.S. NAVY FACE RE-
MARKABLE NEW CHALLENGES. SINCE THERE'S LITTLE
OFFENSE LEFT IN THE RUSSIAN NAVY. OUR TACTI-
CAL PLANNERS MUST NOW FOCUS ON OTHER DANGERS

MAR 21, /
APR 23!
YOW!*

A▶

◀B

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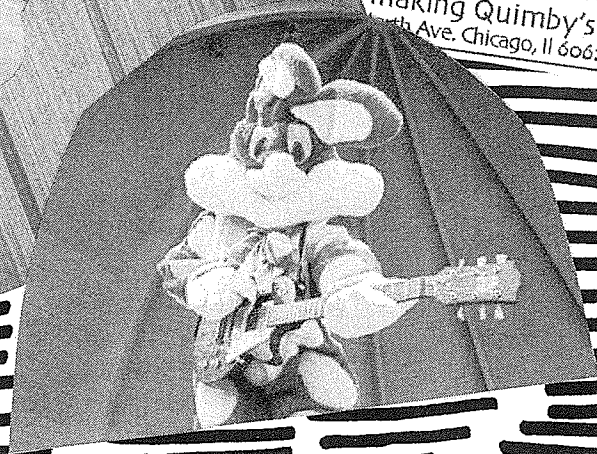
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PROPHET OF DAMNATION



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background from
Steve Hesske

Machan and his Manga-Twin!

FWP is an extension of The Richard Meltzer Fanclub...
for the want of "A World That Don't Exist"
find out more @thegoodmarty on X- W.

Ol' \$-7-\$
That's no way to get published
by Modern Haiku!

Faux Wood Haiku, #1
**GREGORY
EGO**

Gloomy summer day...
But what's this shoved in mailbox?
Faux Wood Paneling!

It's Faux Wood Paneling part SAN.



Key West Elvis with Tori...

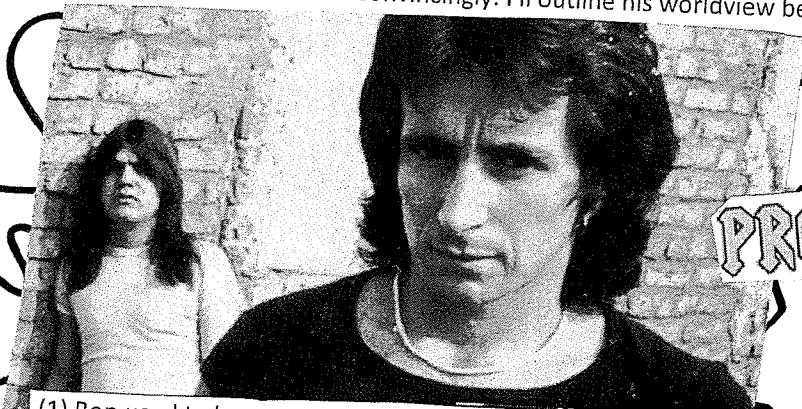
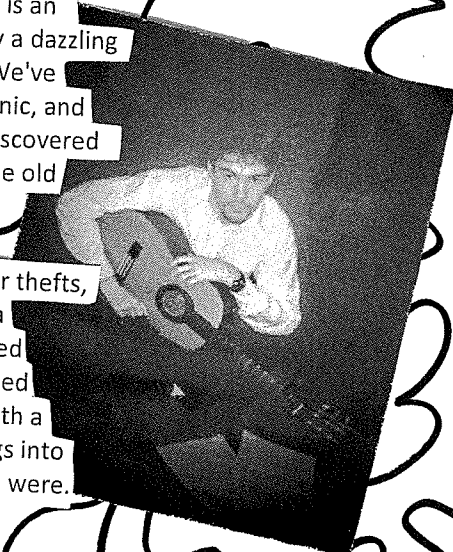


Bon Scott - Prophet of Damnation
A Facebook Mobile Disquisition
B.C. Miller

BON SCOTT

I. (January 23) I'm gonna attempt to make sense of Bon Scott by looking at his lyrics. This is an ongoing project that I'll deal with on a song by song basis, but as a whole his lyrics deploy a dazzling array of techniques that make his badass self convincing and cathartic for his audience. We've gotten used to AC/DC so we overlook what provoked mass manias in concert, a moral panic, and bewilderment that their music could work so powerfully. They threw out the book and discovered volume and voodoo intensity could make them sound really exciting. At the time it left the old school in the dust and caused a lot of confusion over what the hell they were doing.

Bon Scott was a small-time rock singer best known for a pot bust. He had a long rap sheet for thefts, assaults, vandalism, "unlawful carnal knowledge", and was an alcoholic and in certain ways a sociopath. He looked scary, right off the bat. He stood on stage with a confidence that seemed threatening. Then he started singing, and the idea of Noddy Holder possessed by Satan crossed your mind. He got in front of this loud riotous band and punched notes in a blues cadence with a throat full of grit. His sneering tone, his bitter joking tone, and his lusty tone all built the songs into little stories. You've got to think back to realize how far from rock subject matter these songs were. Nobody since has posed as evil so convincingly. I'll outline his worldview below:



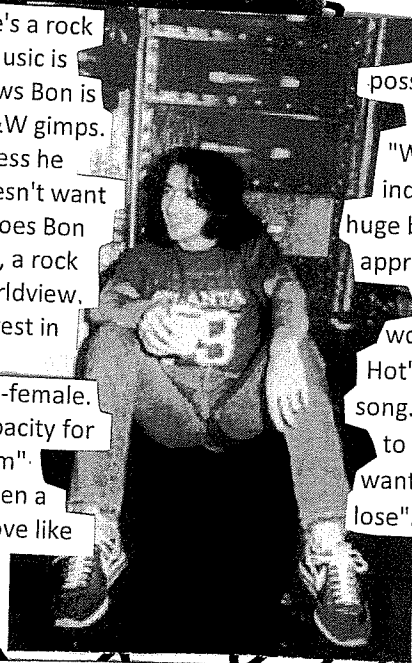
PROPHET OF DAMNATION

(1) Bon used to be poor but now he's a rock star with millions of dollars. Rock music is closest thing to holy because it shows Bon is superior to his fans, who are like S&W gimps. (2) Bon has no interest in males unless he wants to beat somebody up. He doesn't want to hang out with his mates. Never does Bon celebrate hanging out with the guys, a rock staple. Love doesn't figure in his worldview. There's no trace of empathy or interest in humanity beyond:

(3) Girls. By rock standards, he is pro-female. "Touch Too Much" hints at some capacity for human connection. "Girls Got Rhythm" praises them for reasons like: he's seen a million and still wants them, they move like

sin, they make him lose sleep, and they possess rhythm which is a high compliment.

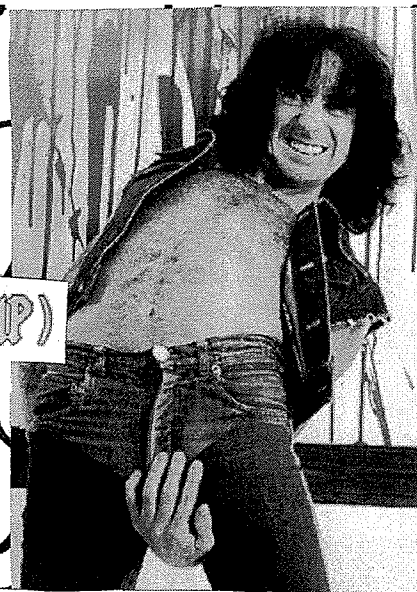
"Backseat rhythm" is erotic but tasteful. "Whole Lotta Rosie" recognizes women as individuals especially if you're chubby with huge boobs. "Shot Down In Flames" shows he appreciates something beyond sex appeal in women, as he is clearly amused after a woman turns him down at the bar. "Get It Hot" might be the closest he came to a love song. It's almost romantic. Bon doesn't want to drink and drive at high speed alone! He wants "A sweet young thing with nothing to lose". "Bend you like a G-string/Conduct you like a choir" is kinda hot.



(4) Hell. Bon doesn't care he's going there and figures it will be fine. Good doesn't really exist for Bon, beyond his own pleasure. He doesn't care about Satan but enjoys reminding fans that rock and roll leads to damnation. He doesn't put any theater into this stuff. Hell may be entirely secular to Bon. He enjoys the hard time his fans will have. Bon expects some status down there: he hopes to drive into it down the highway.

(5) Murder. Not many people admit to enjoying crimes on the world stage. He committed them on whims and felt no guilt over them. He usually dodged the cops, though he'd been kicked out of the army. Maybe he killed people for real? Maybe if his life wasn't cut short. This brings us to the closest he comes to a "justice" song, "Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap". It's "aspirational" and shows a willingness to work. It's written as an advertisement he figures will have massive appeal, the only evidence he cared what people thought. Funnily enough this song is on the radio all the time and nobody thinks it's unusual. It's got one of the most

BY B.C. MILLER (RIP)

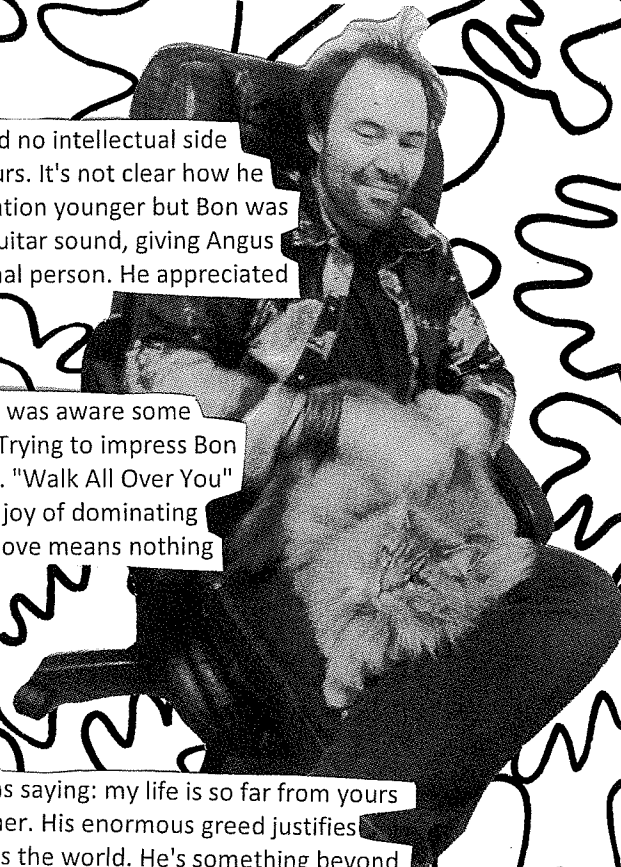


menacing riffs in rock which makes the "hire me!" jingle format even stranger. Bon believes humans want a hit man who is always awake and provides a phone number. More important is price: we want our hit men to work cheap. He gives us a scenario he figures we'll support, as Bon kills a school principal to save a girl "who wants to graduate but not in his bed". In a twist, she rewards him with sex. So he'll kill for sex? Nice to have that option. Another murder he's hired for is caused by "double dealing with your best friend". If you still aren't sold, he says he'll kill women the same as men. "Nagging at you night and day" is one reason.

(6) Bon Scott. Bon's internal life is rarely hinted at. He was shallow and had no intellectual side beyond rock and planning crimes. He liked drinking and having sex for hours. It's not clear how he regarded AC/DC beyond being worthy of backing him. They were a generation younger but Bon was open to new musical ideas. Perhaps empathy was possible with Angus's guitar sound, giving Angus value? There is plenty of evidence Bon would talk about music like a normal person. He appreciated bands he wasn't in. He loved singing and put a lot of work into it.

Bon didn't bother with a "mask of sanity" persona and wanted to be "bad". He was aware some considered "bad" something else and his lyrics try to tell them "bad" is "bad". Trying to impress Bon by matching his chaotic, thrill-seeking lifestyle let him know you were a sucker. "Walk All Over You" isn't about overcoming an obstacle, it's a reminder: he will turn on you for the joy of dominating you. Your motorcycle means nothing. Women have sexy qualities he likes but love means nothing to him and dominating women sexually is "paradise".

"T.N.T." is the closest Bon comes to self-mythologizing. He begins saying: my life is so far from yours I'm like a cowboy on TV. He's not the good guy but he's the winner. His enormous greed justifies every crime he commits. He's public enemy #1, and public means the world. He's something beyond humanity that could explode anytime. It's fate.



(7) ROCK N ROLL. Bon Scott seems to have despised his audiences but considered it worthwhile to remind them he was superior. He might've hoped his songs wouldn't give millions the vicarious thrill of being badass. He considered humanity too weak to live by his code which includes "Bon always wins". Two especially striking things about Bon is his utter confidence on stage and his lack of restraint lyrically in front of the world. It takes some effort to make sense of his message and recognize the sociopathic nature of it all. "Rock N Roll Singer" SEEMS like a "society made me" account of his youth. This isn't a "lets be rebels buddy" tune like usual. It's about how Bon was born with the devil in his blood and earned his place doing the only respectable job. He hated anything boring and that was all of humanity. He doesn't hope we'll improve and wouldn't notice if we did.

He'll do us the favor of separating himself from other singers. His hatred of us is like a law of physics. Enduring us before he willed himself to Rock N Roll Singerhood proves we need songs from what he hopes we understand are different than other songs. Bon liked to see himself as divine wrath in human form.

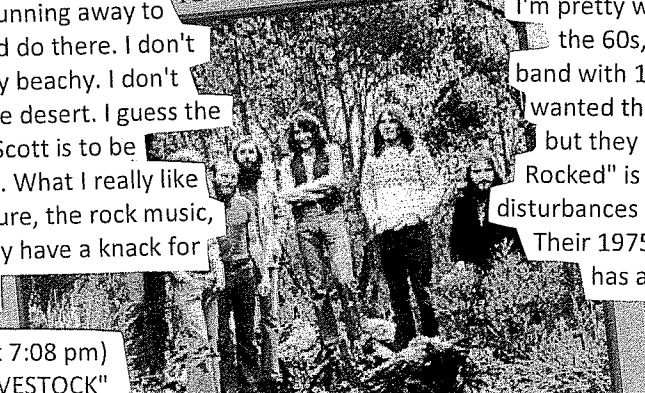
"Let There Be Rock" is interesting as Bon explains Rock as an unfathomable entity born and imitated and worshipped. Bon considered it a sign of our damnation and paired with his "truth" was the source of his power. He relates this in parody of a religious sermon which doubles the point: humanity are fools. Bon's sense of humor is difficult to fathom. There are hints he's amused by songs he wrote but this is never clear. Sharing a joke? Not a priority. "The Jack" and "Big Balls" show what he figured his fans found funny

II. (February 20)

I used to fantasize about running away to Australia. Not sure what I'd do there. I don't drink beer and I'm not very beachy. I don't like long drives through the desert. I guess the accent is cute, and if Bon Scott is to be believed the girls are dirty. What I really like about Australia is the culture, the rock music, and the crazy movies. They have a knack for rock'n'roll and craziness.

Fraternity

Featuring Bon Scott



I'm pretty well schooled on Aussie rock from the 60s, 70s, and 80s. HUSH were a glam band with 10 top 10 hits. Their management wanted them to do bubblegum and covers, but they wanted to play harder rock. "Get Rocked" is a killer early anthem that caused disturbances as kids sang along, "Get Fucked". Their 1975 album "Rough Tough 'n' Ready" has a whole side of cranked numbers.

III. (March 17 at 7:08 pm)

BON SCOTT: "LIVESTOCK"

After the '70 pot bust that broke up The Valentines, Bon started getting hassled, especially by Aussie cops who hoped to trace him to Robert Trimbole, the Godfather of drugs down under. Bon moved to Adelaide and worked as a navvy while testing his potential in Fraternity. They played some hard boogies and some stately Procal Harum numbers, sometimes with flutes. Bon was happiest when they trekked the pre-glam, progressive/pub circuit popular with Australian longhairs at the time. That's when he met his legendary wife, the only woman to put a ring on Bon's finger. Fraternity made two albums which are damn hard to find and I hadn't heard them till recently. One highlight for them was playing with Geordie (Brian Johnson's band) and Status Quo. Bon joined a jam band with the future bassist for The Angels in '73, and soon would set eyes on AC/DC.

read the rest at The New Vulgate for full-on edification.

Reprinted with the suggestion of Joe Carducci (B.c. - do you read?)

The New Vulgate

a new low in topical enlightenment

Sunday, April 19, 2020

Issue #157 (April 20, 2020)

The Valentines

Build Me Up Buttercup

For Just Pennies Each Day

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your ad here!

your ad here!



*You Too Can Sponsor a
Child In a Third World
Village.*

UFO SIGHTINGS: Burning Hard drive OVER TOKYO: Damo Suzuki's Network

BY WADE T.

Damo Suzuki... The best show I have seen in Japan thus far, and on a SCHOOL night too!

On a Thursday (Oct. 24) at the UFO Club, the intimate venue dedicated to underground music akin to the homonymous alien club in London that catered to music-heads time ago, lucky ticketholders patiently waited for the instant composer and ex-CAN man, Damo Suzuki. Then, the main event. The first act, an ensemble made especially for Damo under his Network, warmed up and got into the groove as Damo took the stage, a man of 63 with long graying hair and a worn face. His first band was a JR Train in the red, with Damo intoning free-speak to his passengers. Three youngins' behind the locomotive rocked rhythmically, zapping molecules with a deep, steady bass throb, ecstatic guitar jutting about and a heavy beat backing and bucking. At critical mass, Damo would then GLEEFULLY DERAIL his band into a controlled freakout, the longhair drummer donned in a mawashi



Damo Suzuki's Network
NEVER ENDING TOUR in Japan 2013
10/24(木) @ 有明公園 U.F.O. CLUB

▼ダモ鈴木(ex.CAN) + 下山(Gezan)
▼ダモ鈴木(ex.CAN) + マーガレット廣井 + 豊田茂 + 高野孝介
(ハナハタ所屬) (ex.越中みずほ) (52207)

▼PLASTICZ OOMS

OPEN 18:30 - START 19:30 400,000円 (前売) 500,000円 (当日)

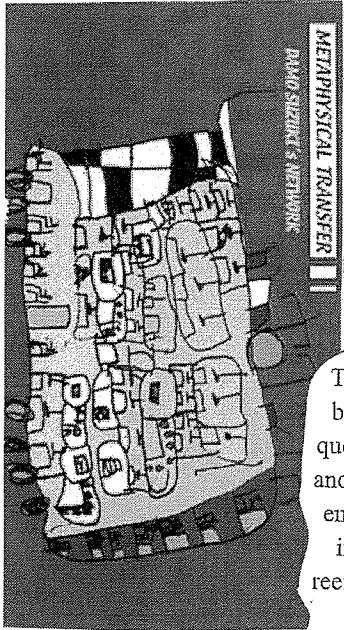
standing upon his kit, bashing away as the guitarist jilted and seized like a man possessed. Bass moved in and out of the groove, eventually landing the metaphorical train cars (at Damo's command) back onto another set of tracks, i.e. another full-throttle, straight-ahead pressure cooker. Fuck! It didn't stop there. I imagined the Shinkansen achieving flight, ricocheting off modern Tokyo-cityscape at Damo and his band's will, finally landing safely someplace close to Earth, relatively unscathed but with carfulls of adrenaline charged passengers left with ringing in their ears.

The first group, G/B/D, left the stage with Damo. I don't remember what played during this intermission. The first group was incredible to behold, real rockers I haven't witnessed in a long while. Seeing the longhair drummer rattle around his kit mid-freakout as Damo created some absolutely interesting sounds using his, uh, mouth was a highlight.

Pere Ubu was played in between sets by the UFO house-DJ. Heart Of Darkness, 30 Seconds Over Tokyo... This was great.



METAPHYSICAL TRANSFER
PARADOXES NETWORK



The act started very free, slowly gaining cohesion as voices began to choral.

This second act was very full, expertly performed, not straight ahead Kraut-damage but rather boisterous, dirty hard rockin' and bluesy. Leaving the id-talk behind, Damo spoke repetitious questions in his made up language as his players derangedly impeded about, hopping and grooving and being generally fucking heavy. They would on occasion become atmospheric, but never long enough to fully immerse themselves in beatless Eno/Cluster/Neu fog... Rather the band dipped in and out, stomping bare savage feet through deep puddles of pure sound and space, only to reemerge with another Earthy rocker. Near the end, Damo took the group through a transcendent, heartfelt ballad... then after a brief moment, the group switched gears to a very abrupt, outlandish extended take that sounded a bit like a sped up, drum'n'bass backed Beefheart "Dali's Car", or a ZZ Top outtake, with his twin guitarists uttering nasally, PiL-esque "Chants".



The results freaked me out, and the girls just LOVED it.

After the second set came to a close, Damo addressed his audience calmly and simply. Then his metro guitarist freaked, and after some rapid-fire thanks in Japanese, ended with the exclamation, "GEZAN AND DAMO SUZUKI MATHERFUCKERZ!"

I never tried to live like somebody else.

And curtains.

to live like somebody else.

And curtains.

It was my first show at UFO Club and it definitely won't be the last. I left the venue totally floored.

My first set with an ensemble of three musicians, Mike and I. Damo's second set was made up of three musicians. He plays with different musicians. In your corner, I

And curtains.

It was my first show at UFO Club and it definitely was floored.

At the UFO Club, Damo performed his first set with an ensemble of three musicians, listed as Margaret Hiroi, Toyoda Shigeru, and Takano Kyosuke. Damo's second set was made up of the hard-rockers Gezan. Damo Suzuki is on a "never-ending tour." He plays with different bands around the world, under the Damo Suzuki Network. If he ever comes to your corner, I recommend you grab a ticket in advance.

and it definitely won't be the last. I left the venue totally

with an ensemble of three musicians.

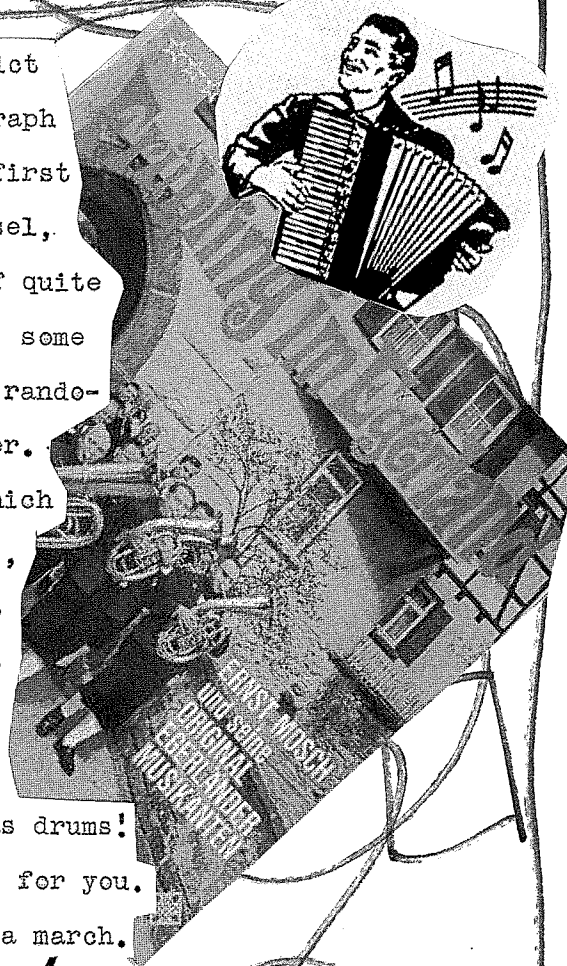
Kyosuke. Damo's second set was made up

over-ending tour." He plays with different

network. If he ever comes to your corner, I

SOME POLKAS, NO RHUMBAS

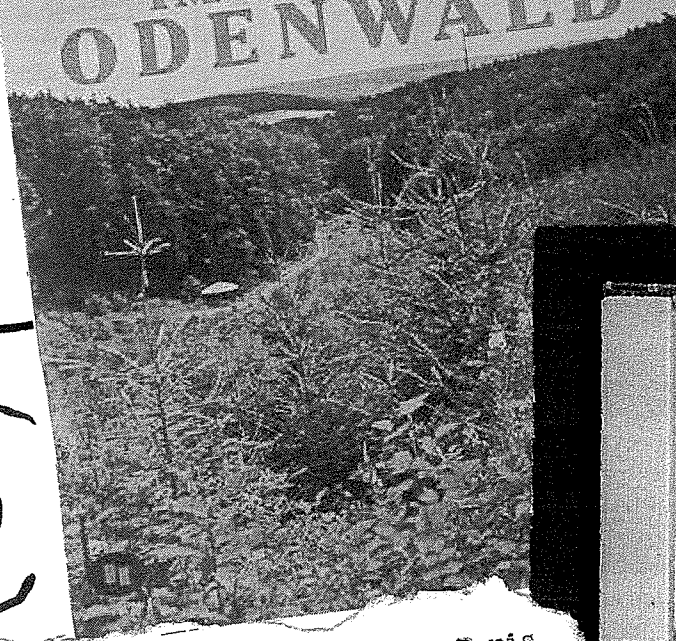
Mein Gott! Liberty and I were walking around the Oregon district of Dayton, and outside Omega Records was a Flatter-pak Phonograph Record Case in ROSE RED containing many many polka discs. At first I was going to ditch the polkas for a simple container, a vessel, but I was admonished (rightly!) and now I'm the proud owner of quite a few platters and a pack for them. July 15, 2023: lotsa rain, some coffee and three polka discs. I only play maybe three tracks, randomsides, for a good cross section of track sequencing or whatever. Up first, "Fruhling in Egerland - TELEFUNKEN - SLE 14488-P" which features Royal Sound Stereo ... track 3, a polka (not a waltz), Einmal nur, a march cadence kinda thing with some male vox but no yodels. I should mention for those that don't seek this out sight unseen, the front cover photo has some guys marching w/ tubas, some brass, but no drums... wait, no, I see cymbals... anyway, drums are clearly discerned auditorily- this record has drums! They are not up front in the mix however, if that's a big deal for you. Next! a Walzer that is not a wowser, it feels like a waltz vs a march.



N, the next one is another march, not too dissimilar from Einmal nur, besides the missing vocal. Cross-section fairly homogenous. New platter, and it's worlds away from that parade! It's "Music of the German Alps (High Fidelity) (Full Dimensional Stereo) - ST10211" and boy does it sound it! MUCH more baroque, and ~~starting~~ with side one I believe, we got yodeling male vocals in Martin Denny ^{starting} extrapolation-in-stereo-verse kinda way, with all kindsa almglocken and hackbrett action going on. To bathroom echo and stilted rhythms and brass, a Bavarian wildman howls! Don't miss out, though I gotta not lead you astray- this was side two all along. A smiling fraulein (perhaps) graces the cover, and I imagine it's her voice in der stereo on track two. Perhaps not- could be another Denny thing, visually this time.

I'm learning that polkas are as various as anything else under the sun, which is to say that they can be familiar and un, depending on things like mic setups, mixing, stereo... Hitherto, all records were not pressed in Germany. Not "IM SCHÖNEN ODENWALD - DK 1014 Stereo" which was printed in Germany. The cover jacket at least. Perhaps the disc, or schallplatte, was also manufactured in Germany. Not marches, not so baroque, not stereo qua stereo, it spins a little faster at 33 and one third, not $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{1}{4}$ but one third. Of course, we can speed all these polkas up until we are blue in the face! Let's try em' on 45 and one third, er, third, 78 and one third... the acapellas on this disc spinning at 78 and one third are of course more "chipmunk"- the name Alvin is Olde English, but the corresponding German name in Old High German is Adalwin and Albwin, which begets Alwin. WAY TO GO ALWIN, GREAT REKKID!

IM SCHÖNEN ODENWALD

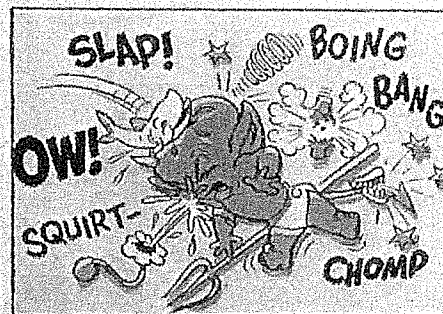


Smegma Live At The New Paris..

"so good it made me want to smoke inside!!"



SMEGMA LIVE AT THE NEW PARIS, PORTLAND, ORG. 1/25/98



SMEGMA IS AMAZON BAMBI, OBLIVIA, MURVED MINT,
DR. ID, JU SUK REAT HEATE. ALSO FEAT.
STAN WOOD, RICHARD MELTZER.

LAST OF THE INDEPENDENTS by Sam Wiebe

331 pages. A prime number. Year 331 was CCCXXI.

331 Binary form? 101001011 to the second power.

Sam was compared favorably to Raymond Chandler...

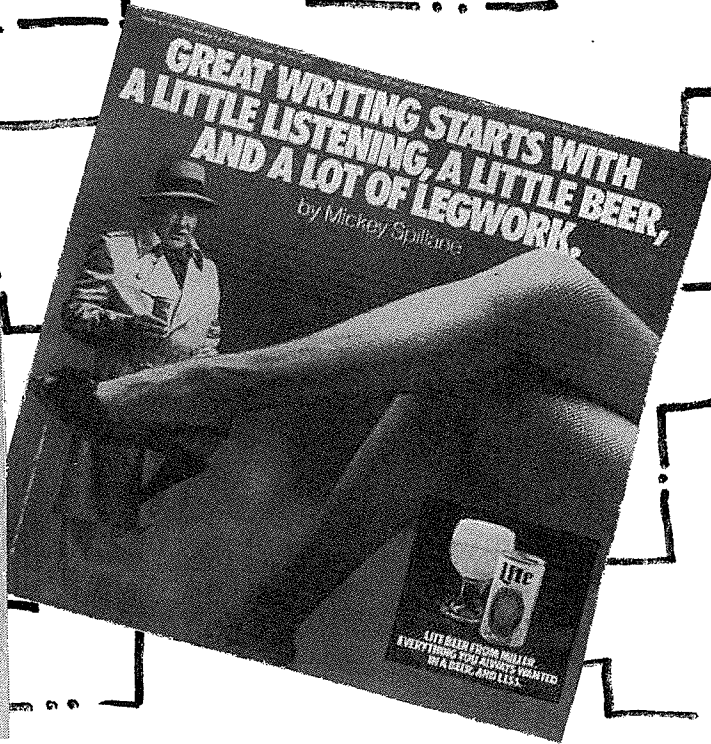
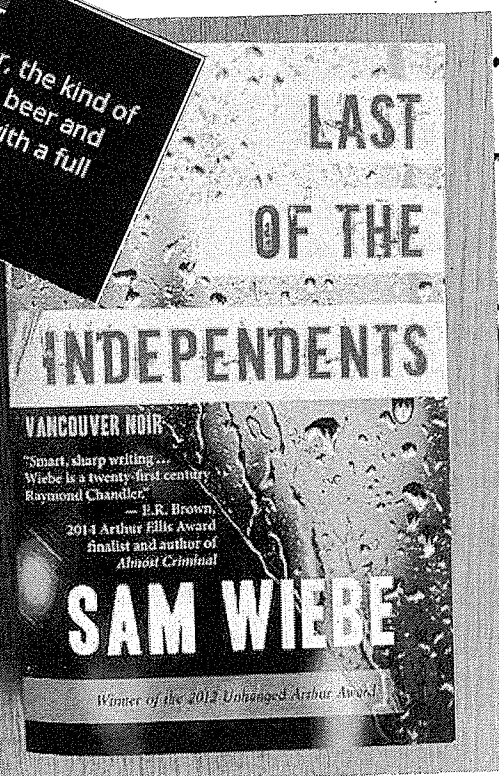
specifically called a twenty-first century

Raymond Chandler and not Mickey Spillane. No, Sam was called a 21st Century Mickey Spillane for his last book, his most recent, but I don't know the page count on that one. He was at least compared to Mickey Spillane, but called a 21st century Raymond Chandler. 2012 was MMXII- 2023 is MMXXIII.

2012- that's when this book came out.

I'm an occasional drinker, the kind of guy who goes out for a beer and wakes up in Singapore with a full beard.

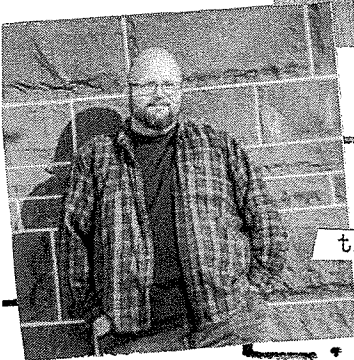
— Raymond Chandler



ALSO, the cover is a winner- who don't like rain on windshields?

You should see the covers on his new ones!!! Prime covers all around.

I can't believe the guy with the bird did the crime!



Joe Carducci

CHICAGO STORIES

UNSOLVED • BULLETHEAD • CITY FINAL • GHOST DANCE

Joe Carducci Takes On Chicago!

I brought a couple fistfuls of books down to Huntington Beach, South Carolina to pass away the time around family, usually reading around high noon in the shade of whatever tent we had set up- home base or beachfront. I can say that I'm a beach guy now- I get the appeal -and that I have liked Joe's stuff pretty much unconditionally since I read R&TPN, Enter Naomi, Life Against Dementia and his sprawling texts at The New Vulgate. I can count on him, basically.

As far as the screenplay books go, Wyoming Stories felt like it belonged to that initial volume of work. David Lightbourne had written the introductions and it felt like Dementia/Vulgate/and-yes-Wyoming fun. The stories were varied, the common theme being locale. It also had this loose post-911 hardness. In David's words, paraphrased, these screenplays brought to mind a sense of feeling that comes from comics and old radio drama formats (I myself still want to try my hand at making a Yeung Girl Radio Drama). Joe stated in one of his more recent post-covid/truth screenplay collections, Western Stories, that he had already played these movies IN HIS MIND and therefore not all of them must be made into celluloid or some digital composite! But it would be a shame if no team in the states transfigured at least a few of these narratives. So, here they are in sturdy bricks, words to read and proselytize and maybe run with.

Chicago Stories matches Western Stories in form, and again we get a great introduction- this time a look at 20th Century Naperville and the papers (Carducci is a voracious reader of newsprint of nearly any source). Then the stories.

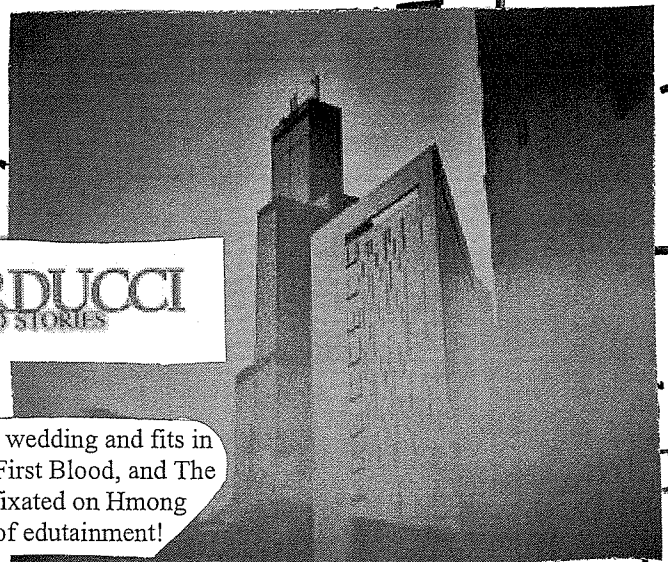
Unsolved seems like it could be pretty easy to execute- a cold case is followed up by an aging detective and some eager graduate students. The story has many wisecracks, mostly taking place in the classroom of a college. The penultimate moments happen on a beach!

Bullethead is a very funny cop yarn that reminds me of the John Flynn film Nails, as well as his made for TV Stephen Baldwin flicks, for their pace if not their characters (including a Commander named Flynn, which is not THAT big of a coincidence...). Also, more scatological humor that I was prepared for!

Speaking of unprepared, City Final acts as a sequel to Bullethead, and while the story starts in a disconcerting fashion for one reason or another, the conclusion is more of a whump than what precedes it. My hands were in the air, and resignation is the operative word. Joe says he "had rude fun turning Chicago's recent troubles into an absurdist cop drama" and boy I'd say he succeeds.



CARDUCCI
CHICAGO STORIES



Ghost Dance, the final story in the collection, allows for scenes of a Hmong wedding and fits in some history to fill out the riverboat action; snatches of Southern Comfort, First Blood, and The Deer Hunter are suggested by my own brain. There was a period when Joe fixated on Hmong culture and history and this is proof that his interest is still strong. My kind of edutainment!

anything else. But this is the Atlantic. I got a

I get called Hemingway although I didn't bring a typewriter or a pen: I saw a bird DIVEBOMB the ocean (!) reminding me of Barton Fink more than

Sneaks bassline

in my head courtesy of Liberty's heavy

Spotify rotation

while I scan the sand for damaged seashells.

Mark is biking up and down the coast and yeah I say I MORE THAN GET THE

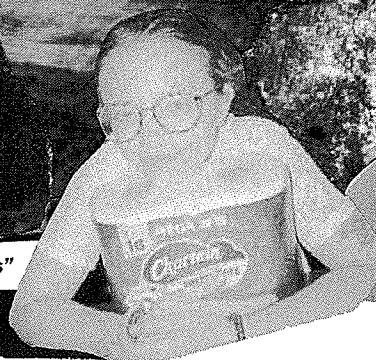
APPEAL of Huntington Beach State Park. Worth the trip!

OUR

FABULOUS



"Spanish moss is actually a form of lichen, which can be likened to a sort of hanging moss"



before we ventured out here, but I figured it was all a con. So I took

the natural L of

spraying myself night and day with **OFF!** and still suffering itchy bites on my feet, elbows, face, back

etc; I'd say you get used to it but I'm sensitive to itches, *always*.

2) storms. Second night in the tent

and we get hit by bone rattling thunder and rain, wind. Our tent didn't flood but Papa Beats' did and

so he had to throw

his back outta whack sleeping in his van-

Maxwell too,

his bed /clothes got soggy

The PROS: 1)

the beach: 2) sno-cones:

3) The Huntingtons- sculptors, look em' up...

"I like to have a sno-cone in the daytime when it is nice and waaaaaaaarm"

megadeaths

The CONS: 1) mosquitoes. I remember seeing YouTube ads promising a way to cause mosquito

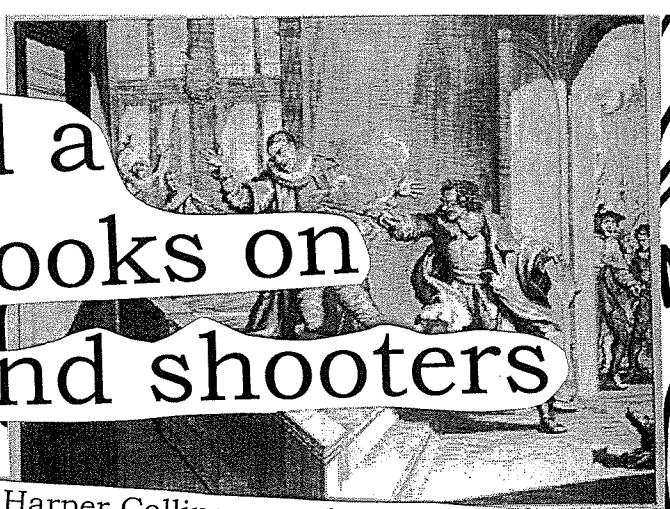
alligators. Plenty to espy. Birds that look like dinosaurs. Camaraderie not felt since Navy days.

TIME

Just off the Mickey Spillane Highway.

Dedicated to Harry Smith (compiler)

an assassin, a bushwhacker, and a shotgun-sniper: books on guns and shooters

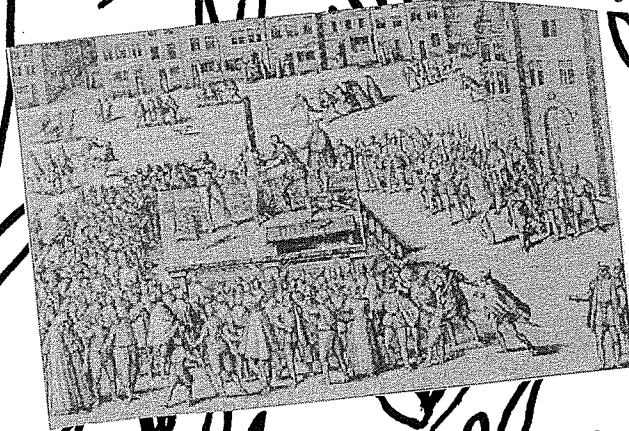


Our first book, the one from Harper Collins, goes back the furthest: the late 1400s. That's around the time of the very first assassination of a head of state with a handgun. Here I was thinking it was McKinley or something.

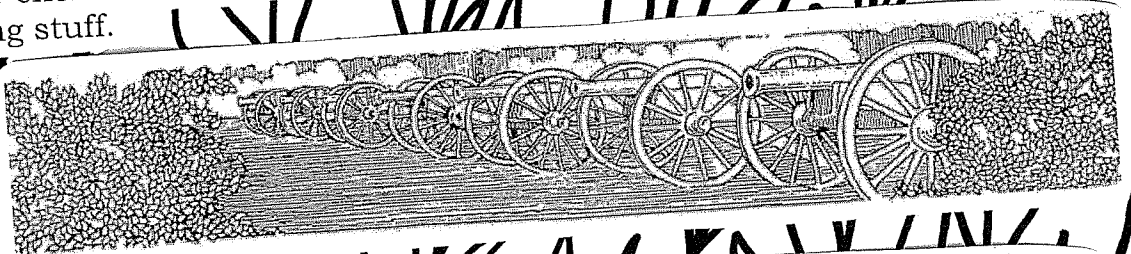
The Awful End of Prince William the Silent

The First Assassination of a Head of State with a Handgun

LISA JARDINE
Author of *THE CURIOUS LIFE OF ROBERT HOOKE*



Lessee, that was 500 years and some change ago? Rifles were not very honed tools yet - much of what the author gives us is background into the whole Catholic Protestant break and all the blood that flowed from that. Also mentioned? An elaborate four-day execution of the shooter!! That oughta convince people to simmer down! The details are given at a less breakneck pace than the other choices here, and there is less fictive leeway, but it's still clear and captivating stuff.



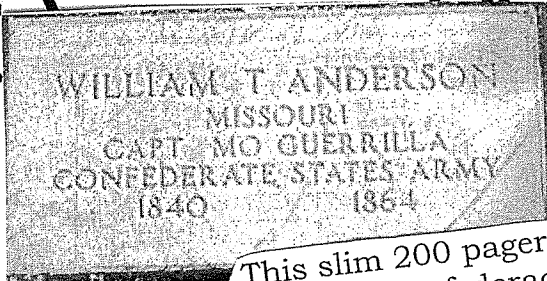
This next one here is about the savage guerilla "Bloody" Bill Anderson, and it be a total rush. Allan Eckert wishes (from the grave) that he could write like this. Chris Stigliano at Blog To Comm recommended this one, and it made for a great beach read. Any text that raises the heart rate is potentially good!

BLOODY BILL ANDERSON

The Short, Savage Life of a Civil War Guerrilla

ALBERT CASTEL
& TOM GOODRICH

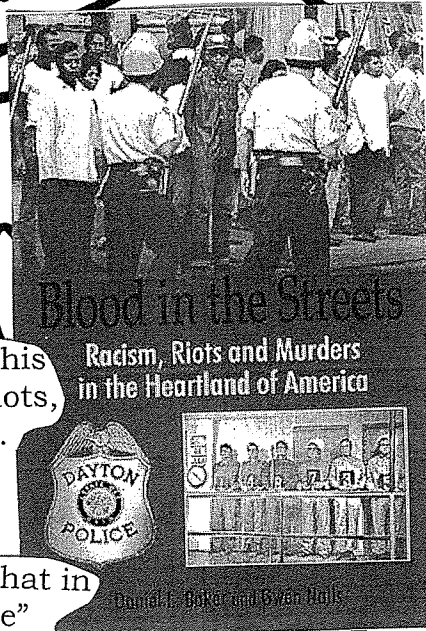
Read about the civil war, bushwhackers and "Bloody" Bill Anderson, Jesse James... so many people in tents, and it was much more intense, and without toothpaste, modern plumbing etc; I played paintball (not pictured) at Black Ops in Myrtle Beach and the ref had a camo shirt on and his name was on the back, and his name was Jesse. I was headshot twice, gutshot and also shot in the arm. Andrew (this was his idea) was a good shot. An interesting experience but I for sure won't go again... not in that heat. Actually, it was the humidity.



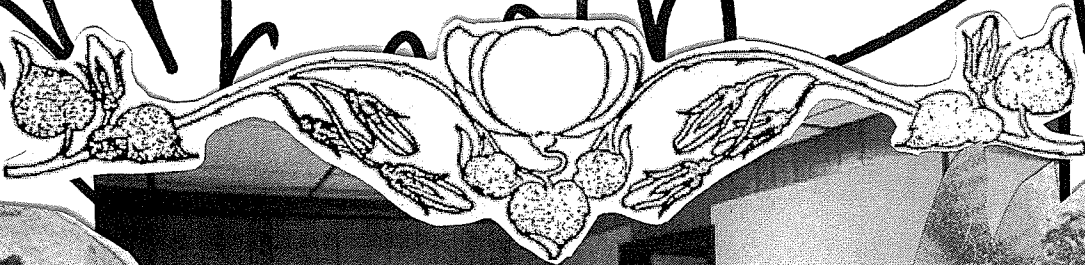
This slim 200 pager places you into war-torn Missouri between the Union and the Confederacy. We get some real frisson in bushwhackers: highway robbers and killers. Billy, Billy's brother, plus some acolytes like Jesse James and some mad scalpers bind together and wreak havoc anywhere they go. At points I relished their violence for violence sake, belaying, patiently, their own tickets getting punched. And most do. This one is from the Kansas University Press.

I hope that these killers are brought to justice.

Daniel. L Baker, a retired police officer of Dayton Ohio, along with his partner Gwen Nalls, deliver the definitive tome on not only the Dayton Riots, but on race-related (mono or multicultural) violence around the Midwest.



One race related drive-by shooting with a shotgun sparks a riot that in turn begets more rioting. H. Rap "Violence Is As American As Cherry Pie" Brown makes an appearance, and shooter Neal Bradly "God Told Me So" Long is buried in a grave section marked "Hope" in a cemetery not too far from me. www.forensicpublications.com



live by the gun, die by the gun,
get printed in fwp #3

good riddance



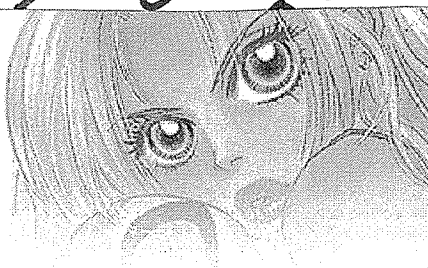
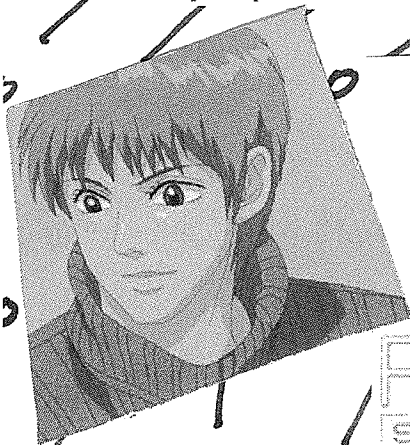
Peach Girl

do NOT watch the English dub!

Some things just stick in your mind, like your mom taking you to Kroger and dropping you off in front of the magazine aisle with the promise of hot boneless wings in a hot printed foil bag as a treat for coming along on her errands. From the racks- plenty! But for me; Electronic Gaming Monthly, MAD magazine, Sonic The Hedgehog comix, and a manga I never took home but always flipped through, Peach Girl.

long hair brushing my face

After a recent back and forth with Connie (Another Label), it was mentioned that it would be in my best interest to review some manga/anime for Faux Wood Paneling, and so, the time to assess the program "Peach Girl: Super Pop Love Hurricane" is finally here.



PEACH GIRL SUPER POP LOVE HURRICANE

Momo is a girl with a tan and a heart- a big deal if you want to date your crushes and not get backstabbed by your fair-skinned frenemy, copycat Sai Kashiwagi.

the sound of the waves in my ear

The boys: Kairi Okayasu and Tojigamori Kazuya, who are not at all alike- the biggest diff is just how persuadable and gullible Toji is when it comes to Sae and her constant tricks. Toji usually bends to her constant whims and threats of blackmail. Toji will be convinced by her lies and with little opposition at that. Kairi, on the other hand, more often than not, presents solutions to everyone's problem, and that problem is always Sae.

Sae- the most conniving and trenchant female antagonist I have ever seen. She makes Lucille Bluth seem ingenuous and aloof. This girl is a calamity—Yufi Kisaragi's All-Creation aimed at Momo's heart. More despicable (and watchable) than the schemes of Annie Douglas Richards on Sunset Beach!



Episode 7, "A Brief Love Sign," is a sea change of sorts. Watched by moi on the 4th of July 2023, it coincidentally opens with fireworks, but for what

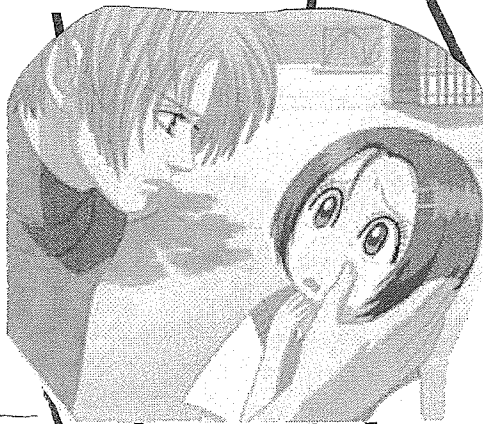
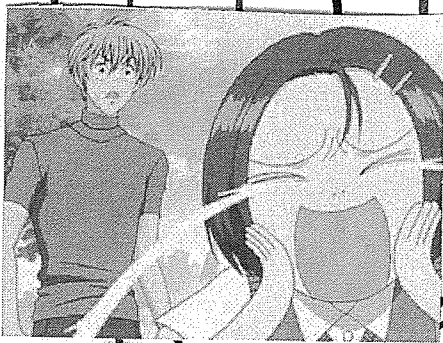
holiday? It must be summer in Peach Girl world because a new school year begins not long after Momo tells a brief summary of events to us. Sae is

diminished, paper in the wind... she even appears more two dimensional in our eyes, flatter than an okonomiyaki pancake.

a hot summer's memory



Of course, this doesn't last more than a couple episodes, with a new male contender taking an inexplicable interest in Sae (Goro Oji, aka Jigoro, an incredibly malleable model who is quickly turned into Sae's meat puppet), willing to do anything for her with hardly any motivation.



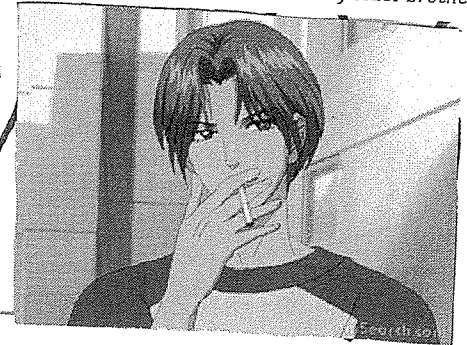
Yeesh, no wonder the fanbase of this show can be so frustrated and compelled- if you thought soaps and telenovelas could show these qualities:

- 1) power of the will
- 2) lavish expenditure



...to the utmost stretches of the writers' imaginations, just wait till you witness Sae Kashiwaga operate in Peach Girl. Some people (and anime girls) must hit bottom and stay, STAY pressed down, for the good of humanity!

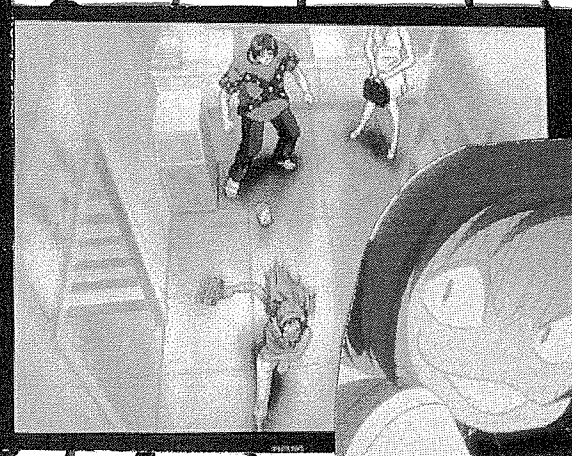
...but then again we have not even gotten to Kairi's hunky (and DANGEROUS) older brother!



GO TEAM KAIRI OKAYASU!!!!



The music (OP and o.s.t.) truly sets all the best possible moods. An immaculate soundtrack with a seamlessness of genre that makes the word genre appear *dumb*. It's available on Spotify- Soulseek does not have.



UTA Fansubs Presents

.hack//Liminality

A FILM BY MASAHIRO MATSUOKA

.HACK//LIMINALITY

In a not-so-recent ^{email} from Connie Voltaire it was suggested that I include more anime in these pages- my exposure to this one came from a HS friend probably circa 2003 or '04, and luckily I hadn't seen much else from this overall franchise besides some gameplay of .hack Infection, a one-player game on the PlayStation 2 with a novel twist: the setting takes place in a fictional multiplayer online role playing game. Anyway, I'm glad my exposure to this ephemera was LIMINAL because the first installment was pretty good as a stand-alone production. I didn't catch the other three parts until recently.

The story: an immersive, massively multiplayer online game (with over 20,000,000 copies sold worldwide) drops players in a majorly adverse way- a handful of people have gone into comas as a result of gameplay. Mai Menase, our protagonist, has narrowly avoided unconsciousness but experiences subliminal sounds as a result of her limited exposure- her gamer boyfriend Kasumi isn't so lucky, and remains in a coma.

Junichiro is a sort of crude self-styled investigator who knows that comas are related to immersion into "The World" and its company (the equivalent of Blizzard or Steam, for instance) ALTIMIT. Junichiro hears of Mai's return to school and tracks her down, asking her if she was playing a game around the time she passed out. He continues to brace her throughout her day at school and during a hospital visit. In between, Mai shares details of her brief time in the microcosm of "The World" to her caring but disbelieving classmate Masaya Makino. Her doctor (Masaya's father!) denies that subliminal messages or sounds are a real thing associated with megapopular online games,

.hack//Liminality

THEN refutes her notions that a game could put Kasumi or anyone else into a comatose state WHILE he unwittingly causes Mai to experience another subliminal tone!

While all this is unfurling, Mai visits an internet cafe, where a quick search reveals that at one point Junichiro himself worked as a high-level developer for "The World" and ALTIMIT, but had unceremoniously left the company. Mai is shortly thereafter accosted by girls in her music group, who all assume her distraction is a sign that Mai is giving up completely on her violin proficiency, throwing away her opportunity to become a soloist.

this screen cap is actually from OVA #4, entitled "Trismegistus..." -heavy.

Being the caring guy he is, Masaya, concerned about Mai's well being (and at least somewhat at the behest of his little sister who also plays music in Mai's section) also

digs for information on Junichiro, revealing that he left the company ALTIMIT about six months prior to their initial meeting. He approaches Mai and insists that she not give up playing violin altogether. Later, in a further discussion regarding music and "The World," Mai states that Kasumi's online handle was SIEG, short for SIEGFRIED, in relation to a Wagner piece that, it is alluded, Mai and Kasumi were familiar with. The subliminal sounds Mai hears are in fact a tuning sound, "A" in the musical language, and Masaya informs Mai that she was making the "A" sound while she fought for consciousness on a hospital stretcher.

They continue to discuss Wagner and "The World" but ultimately Masaya still chooses not to believe that Mai or Junichiro have any business hanging out, or that playing a game can have such severe consequences... heh, and this guy took Mai and Kasumi to the hospital!

Without giving away the third act I'll switch gears to some differences in the Japanese and English releases. Now that I've seen both I prefer the subtitled version on YouTube... the first version I saw was the English Dub on a DVD. However! When I revisited the English subtitled version I realized that I was watching a fan-made sub, so who knows whether the proper sub or the fanmade sub is preferable! I should have noticed earlier when odd notes were showing up on the screen,

(.Hack//Liminality Note: Sashimi is sliced raw fish served with dipping sauce.)

There is sashimi in the refrigerator.
I'll be back late again today, help yourself to the leftovers.

such as this...

(.Hack//Liminality Note: She's using an obscure word for "Collapse".)

It's not collapsing?

and this...

I hear that each .HACK game came with its own episode of Liminality, which is a nice bonus narrative to include with each undoubtedly expensive game release... if you weren't so hot on the game and just had a pal who invited you over that day, you at least had a more than decent anime for the memorybanks so long as it was *this one*.

Feel free to parse out these distinctions yourself if you have the spare time and interest, even if it just means watching the sub, or the dub, and calling it good.

Personally, online games even circa '04 had limited interest for me. No- "The Case of" sorts itself out and leaves tangents open ended. Maybe it's best to keep it that way and play something else. Another friend of mine said .HACK//Liminality sounds like Serial Experiments Lain, but I'm not (*blasphemy!*) familiar with that series. Not yet. I'll get familiar for the next issue.

We
live
in dork
times

B.C. Miller
Apr 25, 2020

Minase
Mai

all 'bout ulillillia

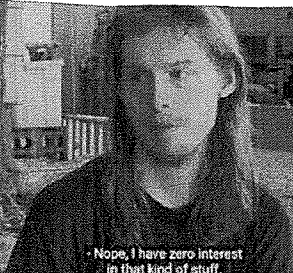


ULILLILLIA DOCUMENTARY - "THE PLATFORM MASTER"

A flood occurred in North Dakota- The Mouse River. People are displaced, lose their homes, but not Nick Smith, author, gamer, and all around great person. I mean, he's a self-taught programmer, a bit of an autistic, and has few social concerns. A joy of a person to follow along- the home and area he occupies feels much like family and friend abodes I've been welcomed into- Midwestern clutter and zero (0!) pretense. Top it off with an eclectic mix of tracks from some of his favorite platforming games, and it's a nice, nice, FREE doc on the YouTube. Get to know ULILLILLIA!



- [Interviewer] So you have no romantic interests?



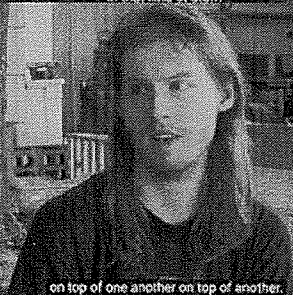
- Nope, I have zero interest in that kind of stuff.



- [Interviewer] Why is that?



- A lot of things, there's so many negatives.



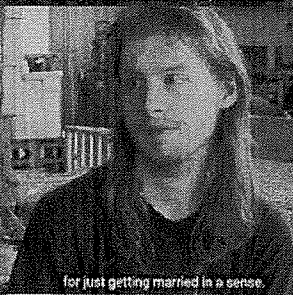
on top of one another on top of another.



- [Interviewer] Like what?



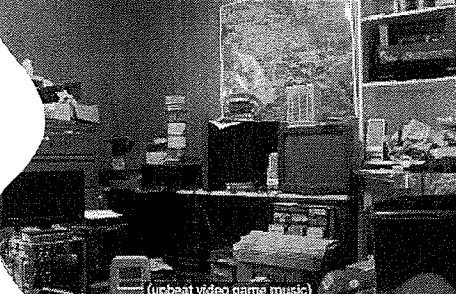
- There's four digit negative.



for just getting married in a sense.



It's so far into negative territory.



(upbeat video game music)



that it almost rivals robbing banks.



Space Monster Wangmagwi 1967



via @stomachchurn on Letterboxd

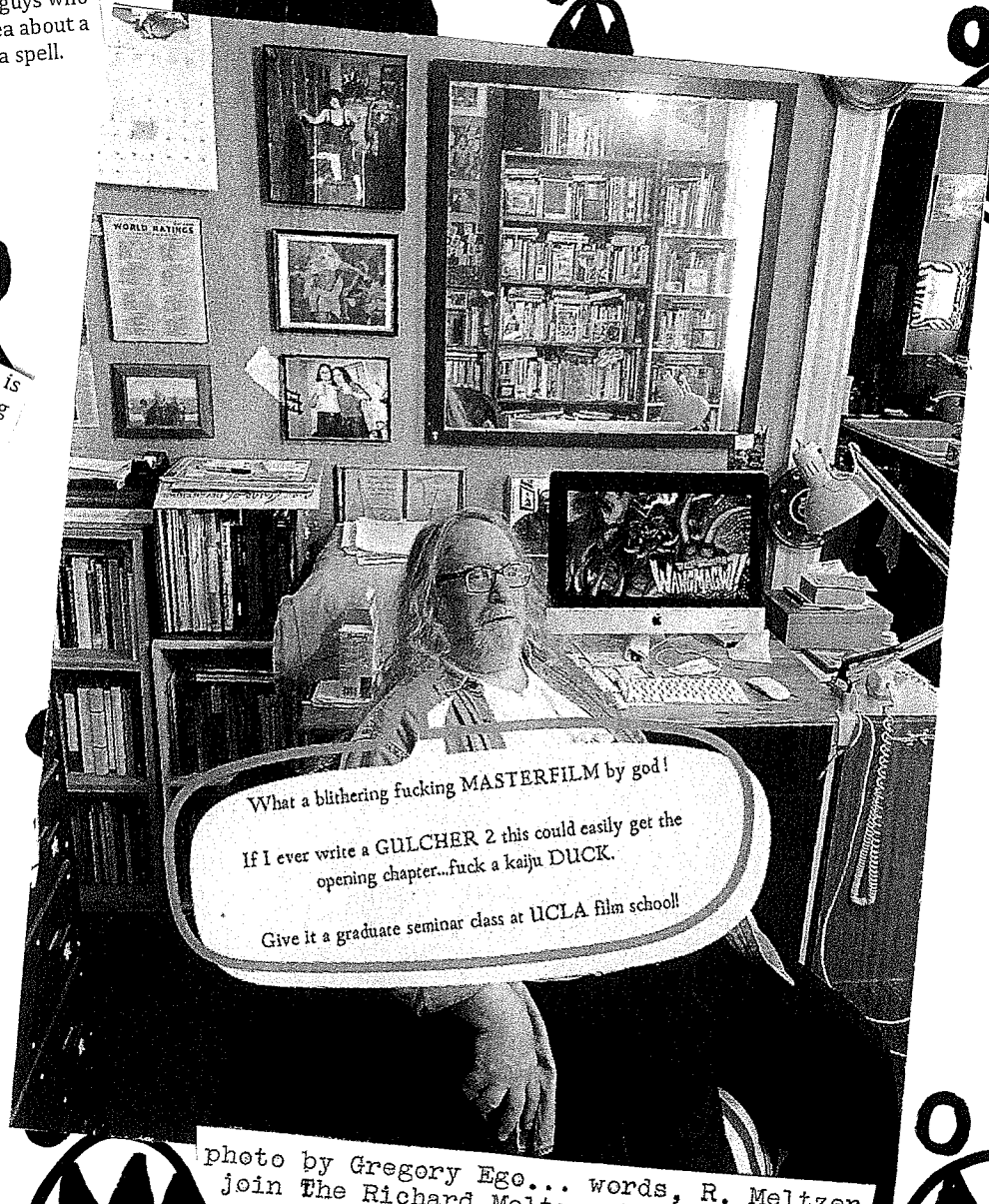
Wow- GREAT sfx at 24:35!! I didn't know that's what a mountain landslide sounded like!!!

Around the 29 minute mark we get two guys who must have been stand up comics in Korea about a half century ago- their scenes go on for a spell.

Okay, new character: autocratic militant kid who is taking advantage of the citywide panic by entering homes of the rich and tossing food down his gullet.

40:58: WHAT AN EDIT! Or lack of one. And this r&r beatnik kid has gone all *Shadow of the Colossus* on this monster (!), giving it an earache with a knife he acquired... the monster, its ability? Firespray. Crushing bldgs, looking kinda doofy in the face. The kid TAKES A PISS while INSIDE the monster's head!!!!

That's it- must watch.
Long lost Kaiju classic is RIGHT!

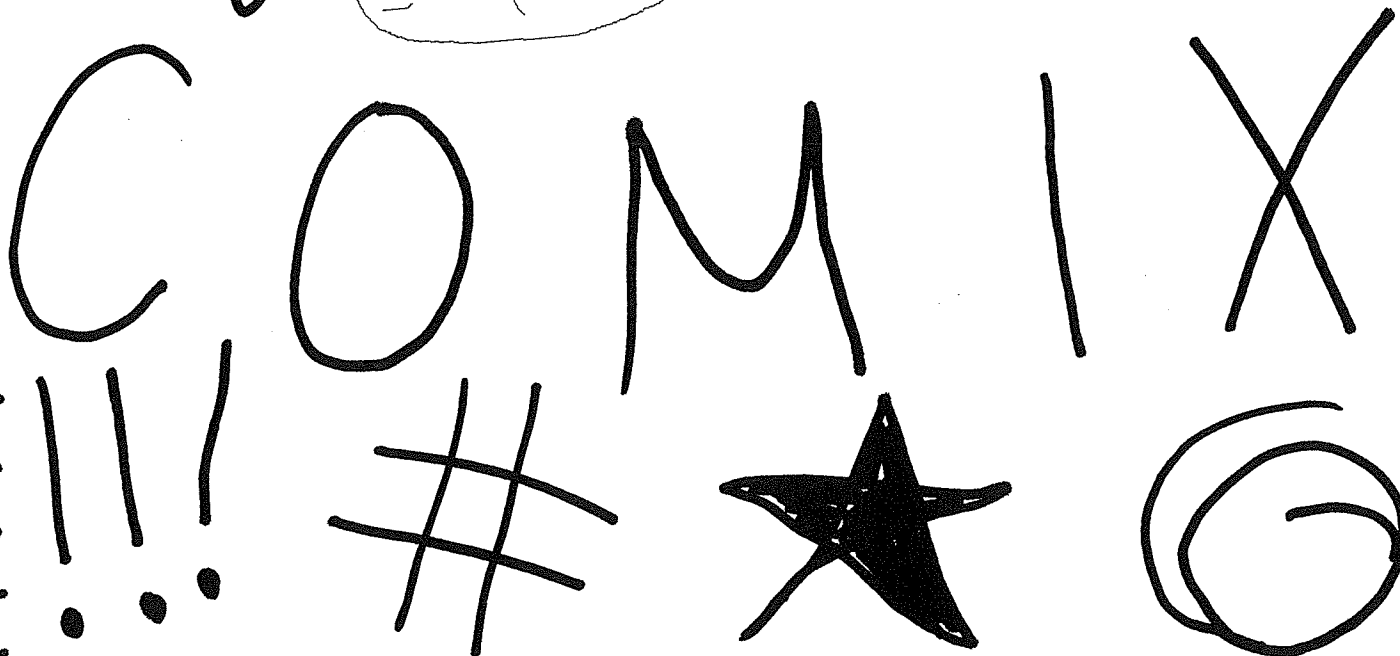
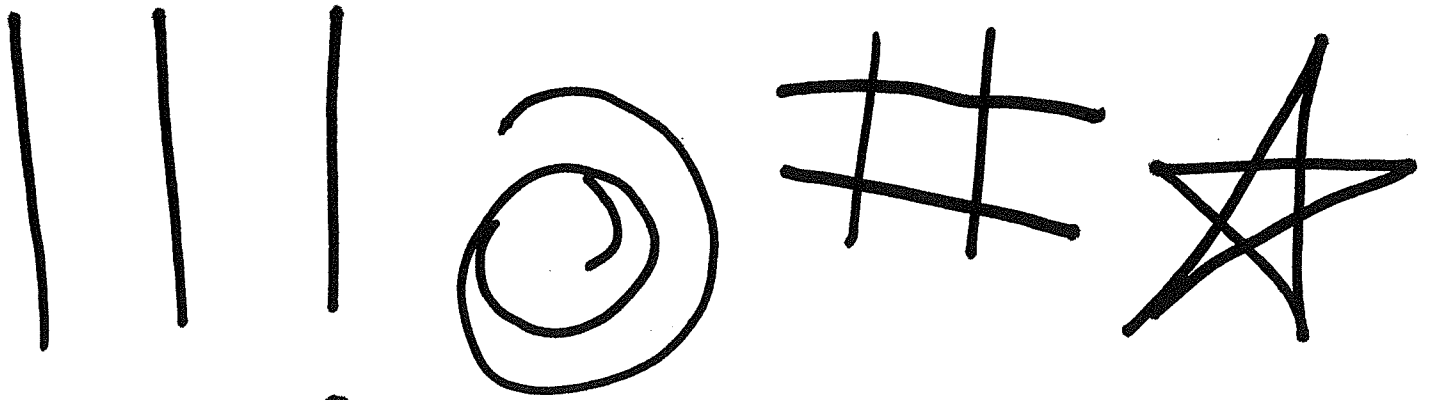


What a blithering fucking MASTERFILM by god!

If I ever write a GULCHER 2 this could easily get the opening chapter...fuck a kaiju DUCK.

Give it a graduate seminar class at UCLA film school!

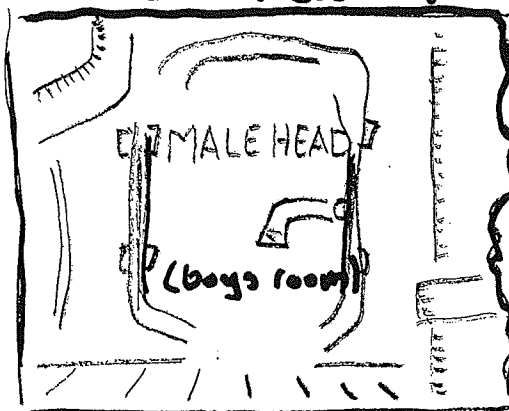
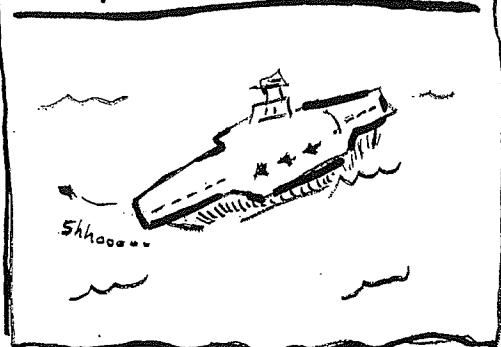
photo by Gregory Ego... words, R. Meltzer
Join The Richard Meltzer Fanclub on X!



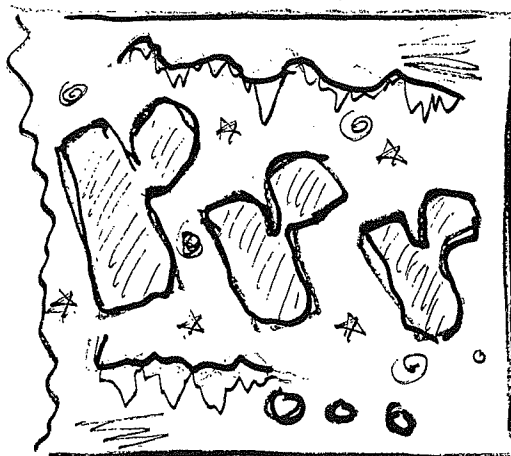
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COMIX · COMIX · COMIX · COMIX · COMIX · COMIX ·
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Best "Film" review I ever read!

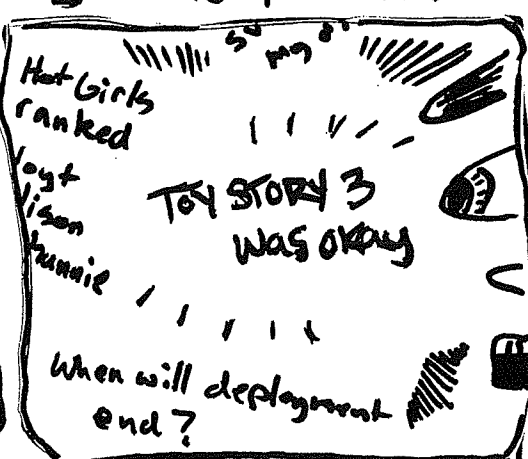
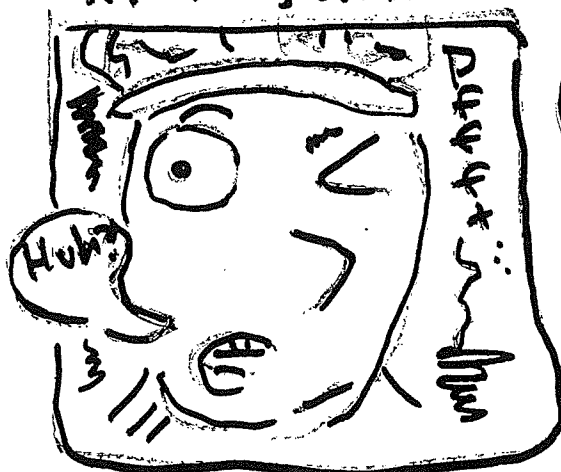
2010, USS Abraham Lincoln



Forward, aft



... notes written in grease pen ...



I told everyone,



!!! @ ★ # !!! @ ★ # !!! @ ★ # !!! @ ★ #
★ # !!! @ ★ # !!! @ ★ # !!! @ ★ # !!! @ ★ #
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Faux Wood Paneling - **! FOOD REVIEW !** - Nashville Hot,

Lee's Chicken, City BBQ... who will win??



June 20th, 2023

Hey everybody. Um, Wade here. Faux Wood Paneling. Um, I wanted to film a video today because I go to City Barbecue... It's this restaurant in Centerville and they sell like pulled pork sandwiches and, uh, plenty of like nice sides, you know, like coleslaw and mac and cheese, things of that nature. Well, I just heard on, uh, my car radio here that um, Lee's Chicken is now serving a Nashville Hot and a Nashville Hot sandwich. :)) Mm, just so happens to be my favorite sandwich at City B-B-Q. So today I thought I would try the Nashville Hot, uh, from Lee's Chicken- with jojo's. Um, it looks a bit different. But they, it looks like it did come on a brioche bun as advertised on, uh, on the radio program. So, uh, I think we're gonna give this a few bites. I'll tell you how it is. *adjusts seat and sealed plastic utensils fall to floor of vehicle* Oh, I dropped my cutlery, my plastic spoon and fork. So, uh, first bite of the bat, um, I noticed a few chicken... Hmm. Got a bit of pickle there. So right off the bat, um, I noticed a few differences in the sauce. City Barbecue... it, it almost has this infused like powder that they put into the chicken and there's still sauce on it and uh... there's also like a cream or like a mayo. It's not exactly a mayo or a sriracha. I'm not really sure what it is. It could be even slaw. Just I think a tiny hint of slaw with the pickles, this [Lee's Chicken sandwich]... mere sauce and, uh, pickles with the chicken. Uh, good taste. Nice spices and seasoning. Might as well try a jojo while I'm at it. Probably nothing too, uh, revelatory here, but let's try it. Hmm. Also nicely seasoned jojo, nice and hot. Warmth... not like heat. Uh, yeah, I think it cost about seven-fifty for the sandwich, uh, Jojo's and a drink. Oh, and I got a Dr. Pepper. So, uh, Nashville, ah, hot... Lee's Chicken... would recommend. I like the sitting experience over at City BBQ a little bit better than this [inside my Chevy Uplander], but, uh, you know, this works in a pinch. Thanks for watching. This has been a, uh, Faux Wood Paneling food review. Bye-bye.

take THAT VORW!

We lost a giant of community radio and record collecting [in 2020].

Mister Pirtle has been an inspiration to me for years. When I finally met him he was hosting a Friday morning program on KSER, The Sunlit Room. SLR is hosted by various DJs Monday through Friday, but Rob's variation was special- an eclectic program that would be suited for WFMU or some equivalent at about any hour of the day.

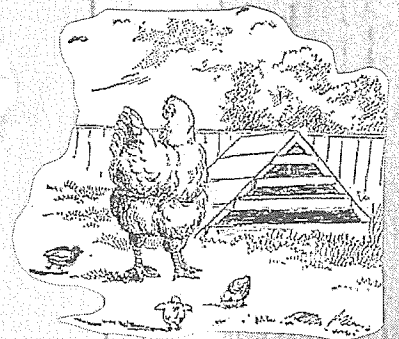
Mister Pirtle's SLR



Rob had worked in distribution and for small magazines- I'm sure I know only the tip of the iceberg about those early days, I have no clue what other jobs he held, and very little about his teaching vocation- but most formidably he worked around community radio stations, notably as a music director and show host. He shared a smart blend of music ranging from Cole Porter's songbooks, jazz and symphonic film scores to hip turn of the century labels such as Kranky, Touch and Go, Awesome Tapes From Africa, Sublime Frequencies... and employed a number of segue techniques, my favorite being the false CD start- talking up a track and playing seconds of something else -backtracking and fumbling. He spoke in a self-aware manner that was somewhat deprecating in a way that was bitingly ironic or sarcastic, witty.

He may have come across as lovingly prickly.

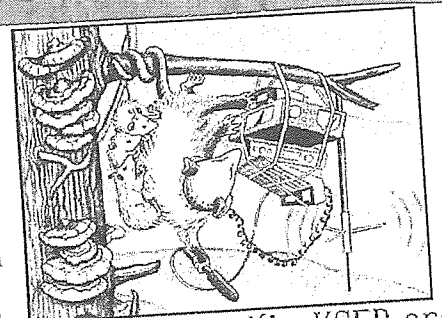
Pirtle took his namesake from Pirtle's Chicken, a franchise of America's South, and he referred to his listener's as Pirtle People... for his last year at KSER, he utilized a field recording of chickens clucking about when he opened up the mic to back-announce his show content and share public service announcements. I was happy to supply those idyllic sounds, as I was tending to chickens at the time. They acted as a foil to his staggered, hushed and nettled prosody.



Pirtle's Broadcast Egg-cellence was always a grab bag of worldly obscurities instrumentals and bonafide hits that lovers of sound were happy to eat up. By the time he had reached Everett and set up his show, he was already a worn out soldier. Rob had bested cancer and had gone through the trials and tribulations of his wife's heart transplant. He lived a peripatetic life moving North of Seattle from Oregon and New Orleans and who knows what other transient spots, and music was his muse. He broadcasted music down from on high, as a poultry man would cast feed to his coop.

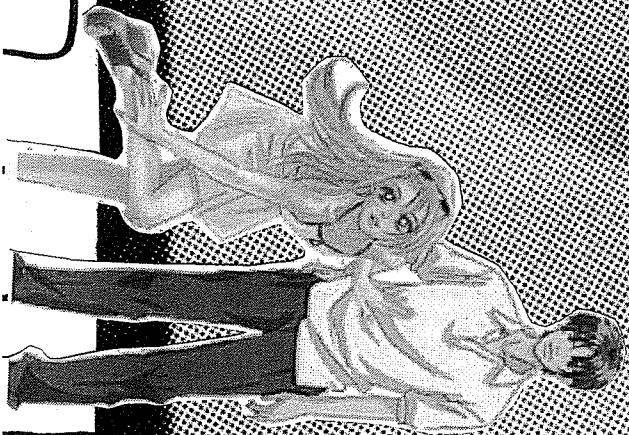
KSER Everett would be his last station, and his actual friends, his hardcore listener diaspora, followed. They tuned in, made requests from across the country. I was truly graced and humbled to cross paths and mingle with him over the course of a year or so. I would crane my ear to Rob ritually. In April 2020, he was hunkered down in seaside Oregon talking with me for hours over Twitch while I live-streamed records. Our talk was strictly music and I was happy to hold attention for as long as I could. I have felt guided by his selections and storytelling.

I believe I still will.



9am-Noon Pacific KSER.org

Halftone Double Exposure Lash LaRue



Faux Wood Paneling #3

fwsp #3
Thanks to: Hunter, Claude, Eddie,
Joe, Richard, Chris, Nick, Connie, Greg,
Erin, Zack, Tom, Kent, Zach,
Byron, Rob, Brian, Stephanie,
Liberty, mom + dad and
Danno Suzuki
... and YOU!

MORE music
than ever
in an FWP!!

36 pages,
cover2cover!
*

FAUX WOOD PANELING

H#

Miami Valley Weather

Friday

Snow Showers
High 30
Low 25



Saturday

Snow Showers
High 35
Low 25



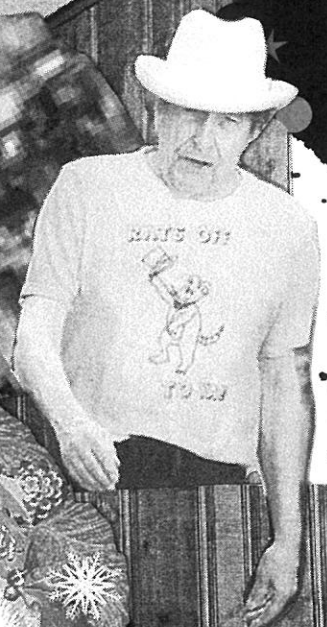
Sunday

Mostly
High
Low

Fall/Winter
2023/2024

"Far fewer Santa partisans than Elvis partisans are terminal scuzz"
Happy Xmas - The Richard Meltzer Fanclub

4-5
contributors!



fwp #4

Bruce, newly carved and given bodily form again, Halloween '23

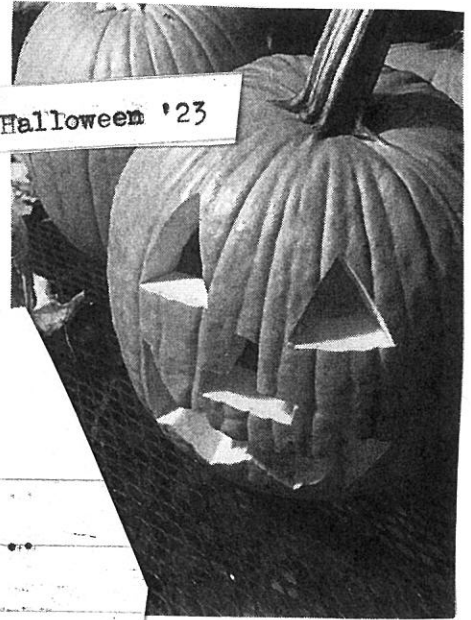


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(still for sale too)

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Wade T Oberlin

PO Box 211

Willberforce, OH, 45384

2) Richard Meltzer Fanclub Haikus... Gregory Fgo featured

3) B.c. Miller's Bom Scott piece from Facebook/The New Vulgate

4-5 ... same.

6) Faux Wood Paneling AD SPACE

7) and 8) Demo Suzuki live showcirca 2013.

9) and 10) POLKA REKTD REVIEWS

11) and 12) ...book reviews

13) and 14) WHAT WE DID ON OUR SUMMER VACATION!

15) and 16) more bks, this time about guns

17) thru 20) ...ANIME REVIEWS BY REQUEST

21) and 22) ... ULILLILLIA and SPACE MONSTER WANGMAGWI

(films)

23) and 24) ...a comic made in MS Paint and another in sharpie

25) and 26) FOOD REVIEW!! Battle of the Nashville Hot Sammys

and The Mister Pirtle Obit (RIP)

send me \$\$ or something of value, I'll mail one to you

thx!

- W



Richard Meltzer as Santa Claus, I believe in San Diego, '89

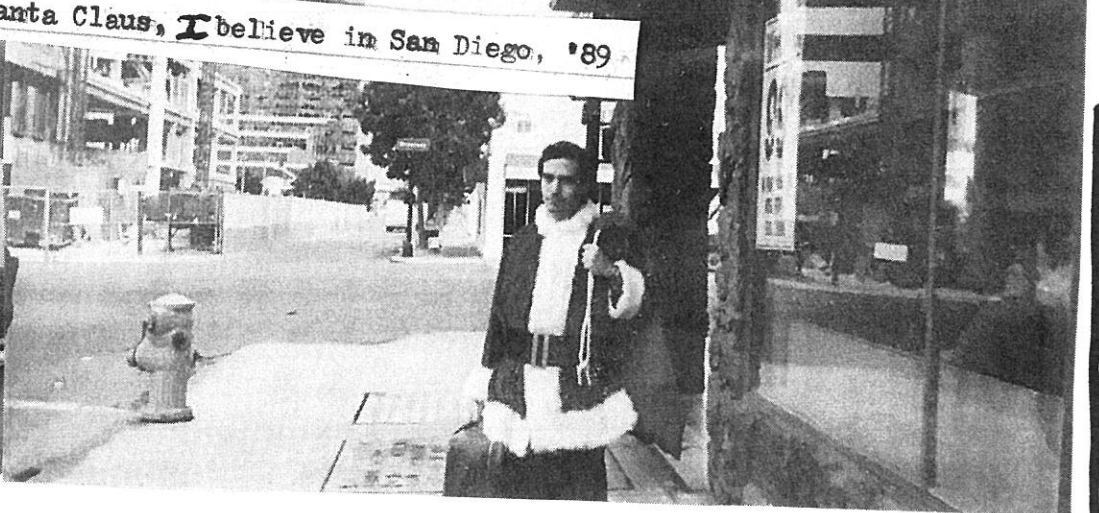


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- 18) EMPTY CAGES from Robert Forward...
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- 21) thru 25) DANTEL V RAZ - DUBSPOT Interview
- 26) ... odds and ends, faux wood paneling...
- 27) YOUR AD HERE, on the cheepcheepcheep!
- 28) and 29) some filmage reviews.
- 30) and 31) ... FAUX films, fake trailers...
- 32) and 33) ... some more dork shit... anime, bk.
- 34) and 35) XMAS TIME IS HERE!

* you can't trust my numbers...

WOW! The Richard Meltzer Fanclub has been around since 2021 and FWP is just about a year old. A personalist zine for sure, but one with a desire for "A World That Don't Exist-" it do, though. So do readers who have contributed in very big ways, massively 2 me especially. THX for having a copy or copies. Who knows what 2024 will bring other than ennui for us in North America?

My car broke down, water got turned off, but hey now it runs like a top and the tap is back. Life sucks... and then it doesn't. Dylan tours and like it or not, what has Dylan (or Richard) (or I) (or you) ultimately given the world or a loved one? Please don't turn off the light. Thanks for what you do and what ya done.

Best to Ya, -Wade

Mid November '23

GREGORY EGO



is a new VERSION of the faux wood paneling ZINE on the way?

FWP haiku #2

No, no, no—no way!
No season of which to speak.
Not a good haiku!

Two inches of snow...
It's probably that amount.
Ruler remains warm.



MUSE

WHATEVER

Meet Me In The Blah Blah Blah Room: Liam Lynch's 'United States of Whatever,' 20 (some) Years Later (originally on the CREEM website, reprinted for posterity)

November 25, 2002 produced the viral hit that would become America's first 100 percent accurate national anthem.

by: Zachary Lipez. November 15, 2022

W H A T E V E R

Whatever In The Landscape

Liam Lynch's "United States of Whatever" is, in a sense, a novelty garage rock song. In another sense, "United States of Whatever" is the entire history of novelty garage rock songs, condensed into less than two minutes. Over a distorted, barely interpolated Surfaris guitar riff and a clattering beat that sounds as if it were recorded on, played on, and performed by a sheet of aluminum foil, Lynch yelps about a series of failed social interactions, punctuated by a chorus of the song's title being belched out. It's like a grade schooler describing the Sam Kinison version of "Wild Thing" to his single mom—an anti-heroic claim to nihilistic autonomy.

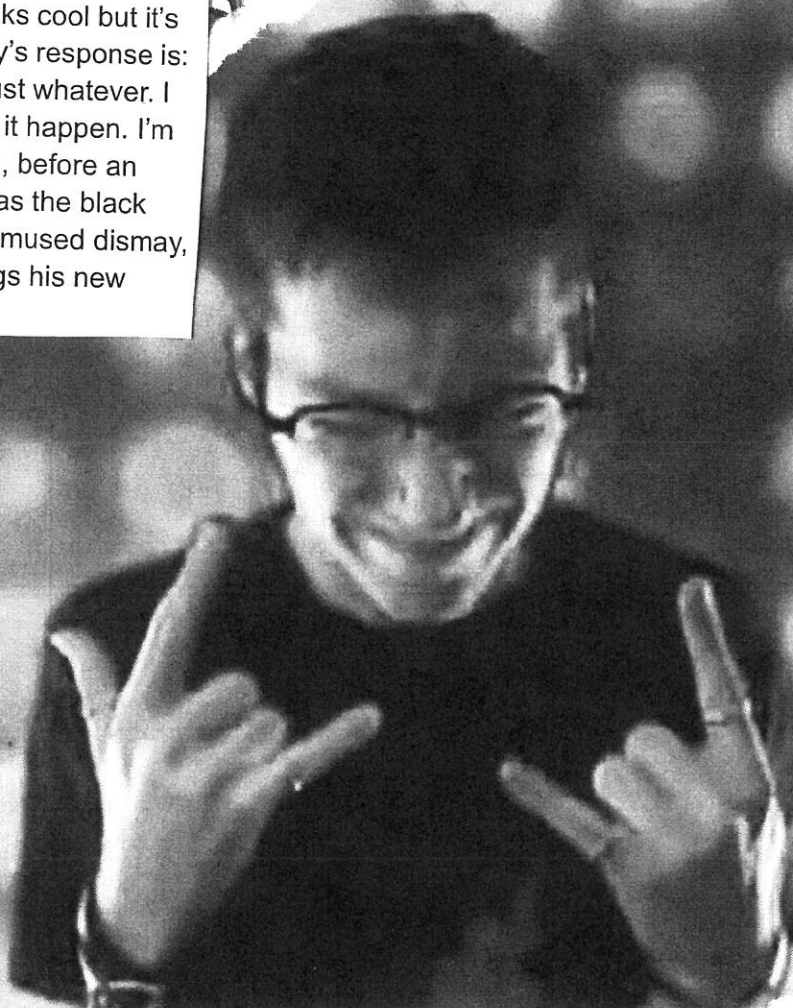
In the fall months of 2002, American popular music was in its second year of a misremembering-of-history hysteria. The United States at the time was both doe-eyed victim and righteous vigilante. George Bush Jr. saw himself as Gotham's avenging angel, with the Twin Towers as Batman's parents—Thomas and Martha Wayne laid low in the Crime Alley of Manifest Destiny's historical currents—and as proxies for George's own pearl clutching pappi, George Bush Sr., humiliated a decade previous by Saddam Hussein, a.k.a., the Joe Chill of Mesopotamia.

The superhero analogy quickly falls apart. There's nothing comic books love more than a good origin story and America, in 2002, had no interest in causation.

Whatever Changes

Like so much of what occurred in the first few years of the new millennium (Y2K hysteria, 9/11, the Strokes, etc.), "United States of Whatever" was a 21st century event that's roots grew out of the century that came before it. In this case, those roots were a short lived television show, called The Sifl and Olly Show, which aired on the Music Television cable network for two seasons in 1998 (a third season was filmed but not aired on MTV). The Sifl and Olly Show was a comedy show where the characters were performed by actors' hands, using comedically-tailored socks as costumes. In the sketch that introduced "United States of Whatever," the character of Sifl (voiced by show co-creator Matt Crocco) bemoans his friend Olly (voiced by Lynch) over using the term "whatever," saying "it's cliché crap...I can't believe you...you may think it looks cool but it's really dumb" to which Olly's response is: "I got the 'tude now. So just whatever. I don't care. I'm just letting it happen. I'm freewheeling..." And then, before an American flag backdrop, as the black sock of Sifl looks on in bemused dismay, the white sock of Olly sings his new personal anthem.

Though "United States of Whatever" the sketch aired in 1997, it wasn't until five years later, after CDRs of the song were illicitly shared like a Napster-god-breathing-spirit into the clay of CD technology, that it would be officially released. It immediately became a massive hit, partially making its mark on history by being the shortest song to (at that time) reach the top of the U.K. pop charts.



That it took "United States of Whatever" five years to fulfill its earworm promise is no surprise. While the market for novelty songs is eternal, and rarely dependent upon genre, the humorous music of 1997 was decidedly of the "not rock" variety, with Chumbawamba's "Tubthumping" being too close to a soccer hooligan chant to be "funny," and with Squirrel Nut Zippers' "Hell" being the most rock-adjacent hit. In fact, with both the third wave of ska and Aqua's "Barbie Girl" dominating the charts, it's arguable that the very concept of "novelty" song was redundant in 1997. Not to mention the similarities between "United States of Whatever", in both title and song structure, and the entire catalog of The Presidents of The United States of America—that would've been too much for a listening public still recovering from the national hangover caused by the latter band's chipper omnipresence.

2002, however, was a different ball of wax entirely. Rock was back. Nihilism was proving to be a reasonable worldview. And, while irony, in the wake of 9/11, had been declared dead, that edict had been declared with no input from the population at large who still loved to laugh and only half mean stuff. And so "United States of Whatever," one part grungy refusal and one part proto-Apple ad, took off. Whatevermania swept the nation. An oblique anthem for a youth bristling at the meaning being foisted upon them by the older generations who couldn't decide what they missed more: the Summer of Love or the Crusades. Plus, if you wanted to relate to the Strokes or the Moldy Peaches but didn't know any coke dealers or models, "United States of Whatever" would do in a pinch.

The song took on a totemic quality, like a baby shark built from SNL catchphrases, if SNL had been remotely funny in 2002. "Whatever fever" culminated in the song being performed live with the Foo Fighters in 2003. Dave Grohl returned to his drumset, as if allowing for a "whatever" torch to be passed; Liam Lynch flailed about as frontman, looking like one of the baby guitar hero audience-plants the Foo Fighters are known for "randomly" plucking from the crowd (if said audience plant looked like Steve Albini and wasn't that great at playing guitar). The negation of grunge was made magical and alive, as though "Touch Me I'm Sick" had finally gone gold.

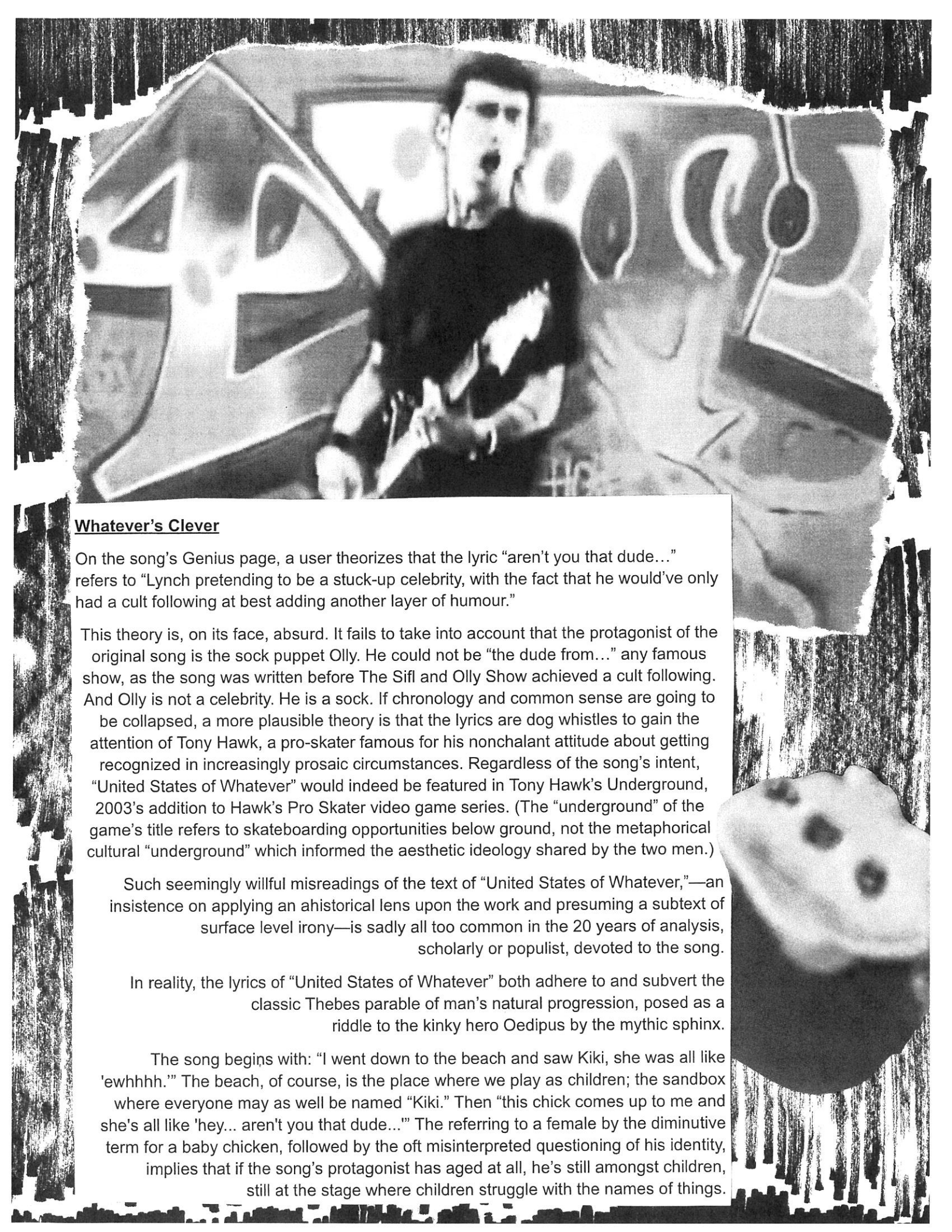


It's impossible to overstate (or even state) the seismic effect "United States of Whatever" had at the time, or the effect the song's reverberations have had, going backwards and forward in time, ever since. "United States of Whatever" is a song where the Beach Boys embraced neither quadraphonics nor Reaganomics. It's a song where garage acts like the Pacific Northwest's Sonics were bigger than the Beatles. It's a song that encompasses both the garage and surf of the 1960s, the retrograde "authenticity" of '70s punk, the solipsism of the 1980s, the irony of '90s "punk," the medium-stakes death urge of grunge (with special attention paid to Soundgarden's "Sub Pop Rock City"), the celebratory crapulence of both Weezer and Ween, and the bubblegum joy of both the Clueless soundtrack and the Clueless film itself. "United States of Whatever" manages to find the middle ground between such disparate sounds as that of the Hives and the White Stripes, between comedy and tragedy, between the Dwarves' "Motherfucker," and "Let's Fuck" by the Dwarves.

Almost as soon as "United States of Whatever" dropped, Jack and Meg White dropped the pretense of an ambiguous relationship, the Strokes decided one good album was probably good enough, and Interpol's Carlos D bought a dog-eared copy of Stella Adler's The Art of Acting. In the deep South, an itinerant Wiseblood-esque preacher convinced three members of a local gang of apple-cheeked pickpockets that they'd have a brighter

future if they pretended to be brothers and learned how to perform versions of "Barely Legal," minus an entendre or two.

Most importantly, without Liam Lynch's reinvention of the guitar as bass, his reinterpretation of "Surfin' Bird" as a godheadSilo song (plus jokes), it's hard to imagine Death From Above 1979 happening at all. (To even consider such a possibility is to shudder.)



Whatever's Clever

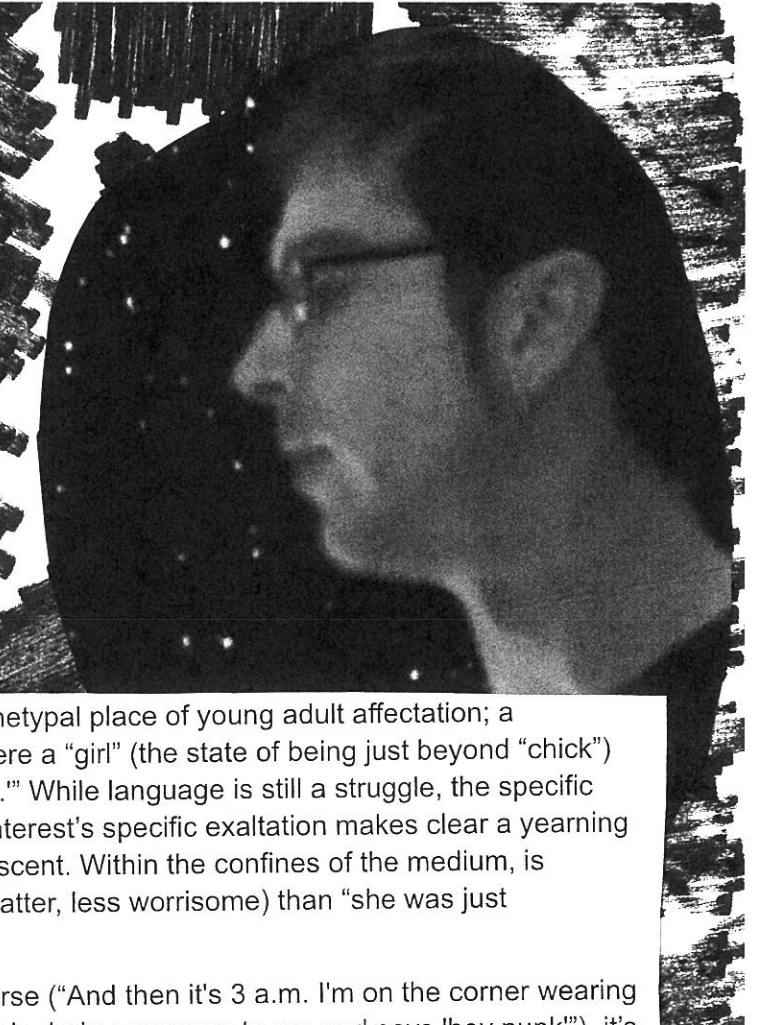
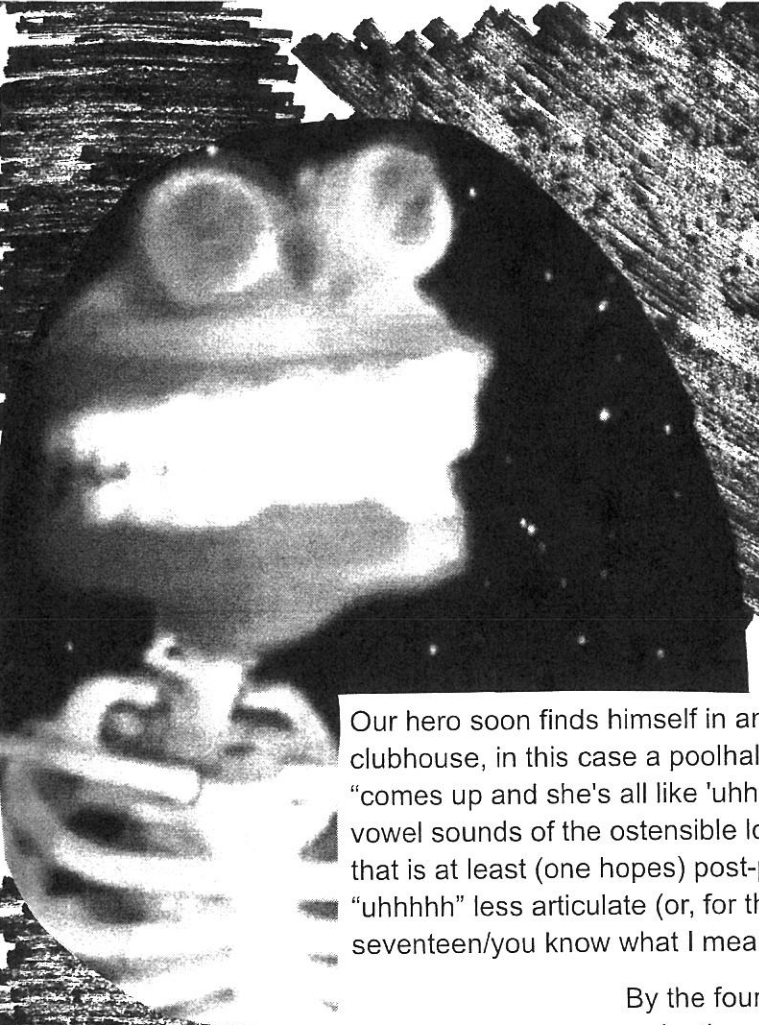
On the song's Genius page, a user theorizes that the lyric "aren't you that dude..." refers to "Lynch pretending to be a stuck-up celebrity, with the fact that he would've only had a cult following at best adding another layer of humour."

This theory is, on its face, absurd. It fails to take into account that the protagonist of the original song is the sock puppet Olly. He could not be "the dude from..." any famous show, as the song was written before *The Sifl* and *Olly Show* achieved a cult following. And Olly is not a celebrity. He is a sock. If chronology and common sense are going to be collapsed, a more plausible theory is that the lyrics are dog whistles to gain the attention of Tony Hawk, a pro-skater famous for his nonchalant attitude about getting recognized in increasingly prosaic circumstances. Regardless of the song's intent, "United States of Whatever" would indeed be featured in Tony Hawk's *Underground*, 2003's addition to Hawk's Pro Skater video game series. (The "underground" of the game's title refers to skateboarding opportunities below ground, not the metaphorical cultural "underground" which informed the aesthetic ideology shared by the two men.)

Such seemingly willful misreadings of the text of "United States of Whatever,"—an insistence on applying an ahistorical lens upon the work and presuming a subtext of surface level irony—is sadly all too common in the 20 years of analysis, scholarly or populist, devoted to the song.

In reality, the lyrics of "United States of Whatever" both adhere to and subvert the classic Thebes parable of man's natural progression, posed as a riddle to the kinky hero Oedipus by the mythic sphinx.

The song begins with: "I went down to the beach and saw Kiki, she was all like 'ewhhhh.'" The beach, of course, is the place where we play as children; the sandbox where everyone may as well be named "Kiki." Then "this chick comes up to me and she's all like 'hey... aren't you that dude...'" The referring to a female by the diminutive term for a baby chicken, followed by the oft misinterpreted questioning of his identity, implies that if the song's protagonist has aged at all, he's still amongst children, still at the stage where children struggle with the names of things.



Our hero soon finds himself in an archetypal place of young adult affectation; a clubhouse, in this case a poolhall. There a "girl" (the state of being just beyond "chick") "comes up and she's all like 'uhhhhhh.'" While language is still a struggle, the specific vowel sounds of the ostensible love interest's specific exaltation makes clear a yearning that is at least (one hopes) post-pubescent. Within the confines of the medium, is "uhhhhhh" less articulate (or, for that matter, less worrisome) than "she was just seventeen/you know what I mean?"

By the fourth verse ("And then it's 3 a.m. I'm on the corner wearing my leather and this dude comes up to me and says 'hey punk'"), it's clear that the song is now chronicling stages of adulthood; young adulthood spelled out by the disregard for reasonable bedtimes.

Then, the protagonist's middle age is strongly implied by the wearing of a leather jacket and the caring about punk.

Finally, like grandmothers playing Mahjong, the hero of "United States of Whatever" plays dice. He is forced, regardless of his protestations, to reckon with his living within a system (represented in the second to last verse by both Officer Leroy and the high walls of the alley).

As the song ends, Liam Lynch's proxy meets Zafo. As we all must. The hero asks, as we all do, "what's up?"

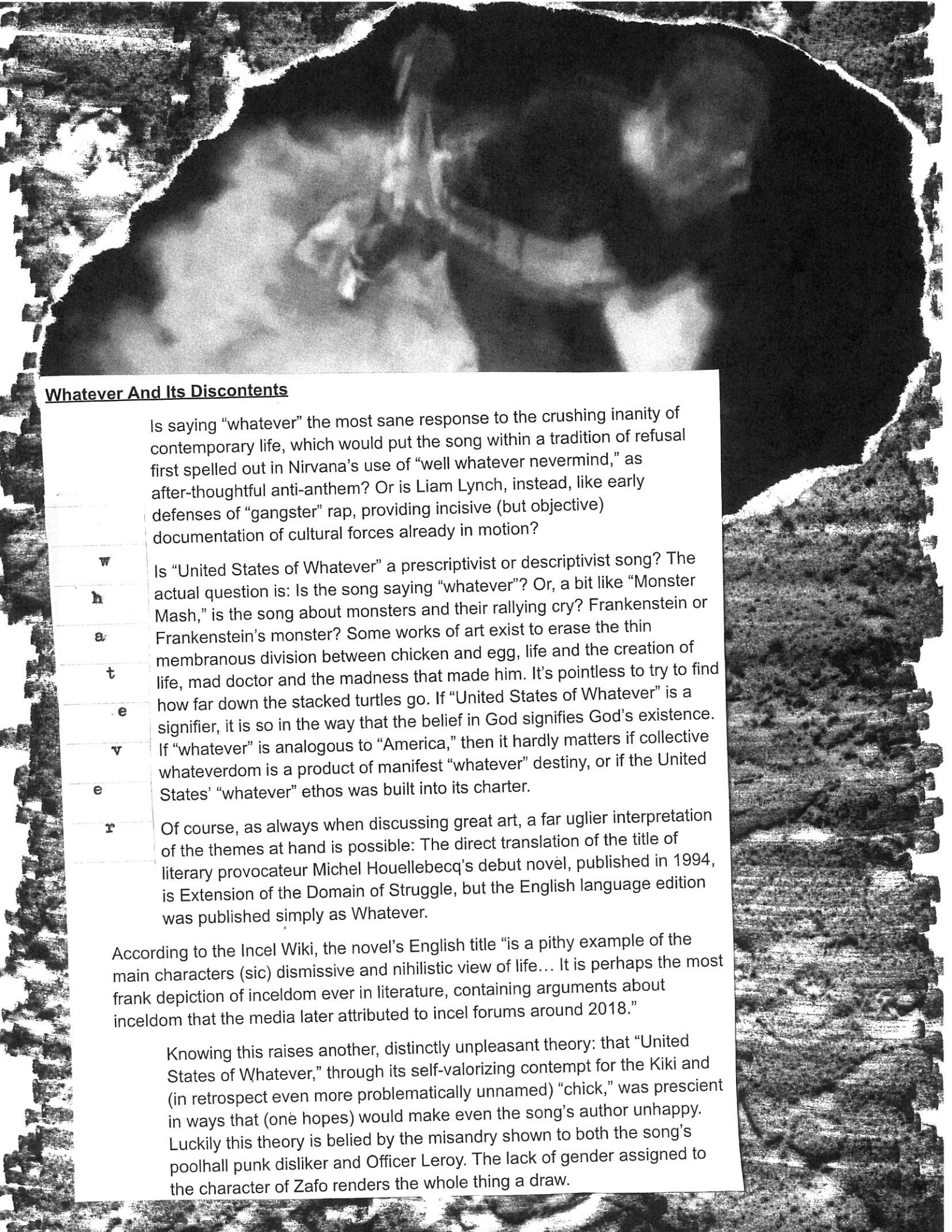
Zafo says, "Nothing."

The hero says, "that's cool."

Because, really, what else can he say? There is no negotiating with Zafo. The song is a cinema vérité examination of a life's stages. A tour de force of existential realism, with the surf guitar serving to drive home F. Scott Fitzgerald's dictum regarding the irretrievability of youth.

Whatever's Clever II

As to the song's subversive qualities: these are illustrated by the protagonist muttering "whatever" at the end of every line.



Whatever And Its Discontents

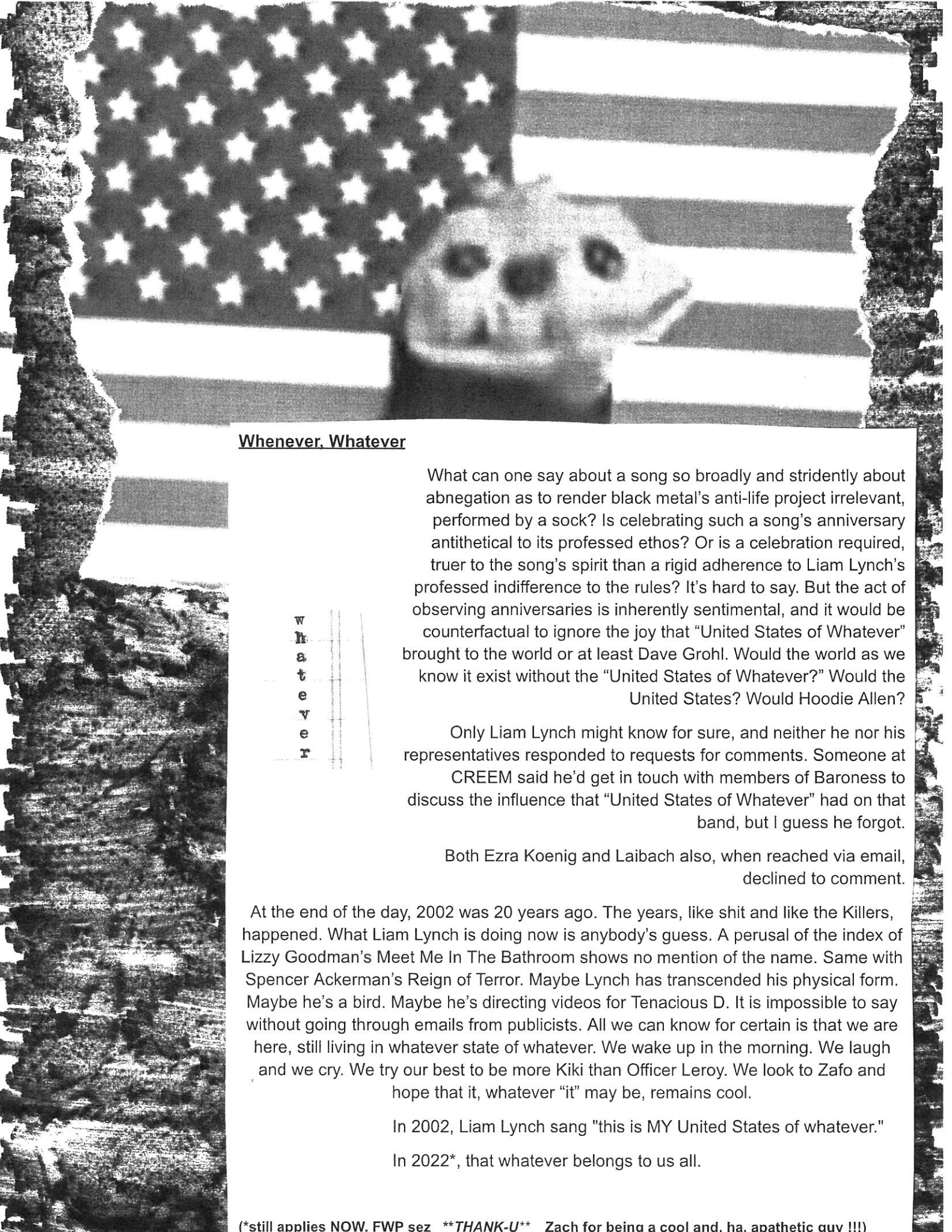
Is saying "whatever" the most sane response to the crushing inanity of contemporary life, which would put the song within a tradition of refusal first spelled out in Nirvana's use of "well whatever nevermind," as after-thoughtful anti-anthem? Or is Liam Lynch, instead, like early defenses of "gangster" rap, providing incisive (but objective) documentation of cultural forces already in motion?

Is "United States of Whatever" a prescriptivist or descriptivist song? The actual question is: Is the song saying "whatever"? Or, a bit like "Monster Mash," is the song about monsters and their rallying cry? Frankenstein or Frankenstein's monster? Some works of art exist to erase the thin membranous division between chicken and egg, life and the creation of life, mad doctor and the madness that made him. It's pointless to try to find how far down the stacked turtles go. If "United States of Whatever" is a signifier, it is so in the way that the belief in God signifies God's existence. If "whatever" is analogous to "America," then it hardly matters if collective whateverdom is a product of manifest "whatever" destiny, or if the United States' "whatever" ethos was built into its charter.

Of course, as always when discussing great art, a far uglier interpretation of the themes at hand is possible: The direct translation of the title of literary provocateur Michel Houellebecq's debut novel, published in 1994, is *Extension of the Domain of Struggle*, but the English language edition was published simply as *Whatever*.

According to the Incel Wiki, the novel's English title "is a pithy example of the main characters (sic) dismissive and nihilistic view of life... It is perhaps the most frank depiction of inceldom ever in literature, containing arguments about inceldom that the media later attributed to incel forums around 2018."

Knowing this raises another, distinctly unpleasant theory: that "United States of Whatever," through its self-valorizing contempt for the Kiki and (in retrospect even more problematically unnamed) "chick," was prescient in ways that (one hopes) would make even the song's author unhappy. Luckily this theory is belied by the misandry shown to both the song's poolhall punk disliker and Officer Leroy. The lack of gender assigned to the character of Zafo renders the whole thing a draw.



Whenever, Whatever

What can one say about a song so broadly and stridently about abnegation as to render black metal's anti-life project irrelevant, performed by a sock? Is celebrating such a song's anniversary antithetical to its professed ethos? Or is a celebration required, truer to the song's spirit than a rigid adherence to Liam Lynch's professed indifference to the rules? It's hard to say. But the act of observing anniversaries is inherently sentimental, and it would be counterfactual to ignore the joy that "United States of Whatever" brought to the world or at least Dave Grohl. Would the world as we know it exist without the "United States of Whatever?" Would the United States? Would Hoodie Allen?

Only Liam Lynch might know for sure, and neither he nor his representatives responded to requests for comments. Someone at CREEM said he'd get in touch with members of Baroness to discuss the influence that "United States of Whatever" had on that band, but I guess he forgot.

Both Ezra Koenig and Laibach also, when reached via email, declined to comment.

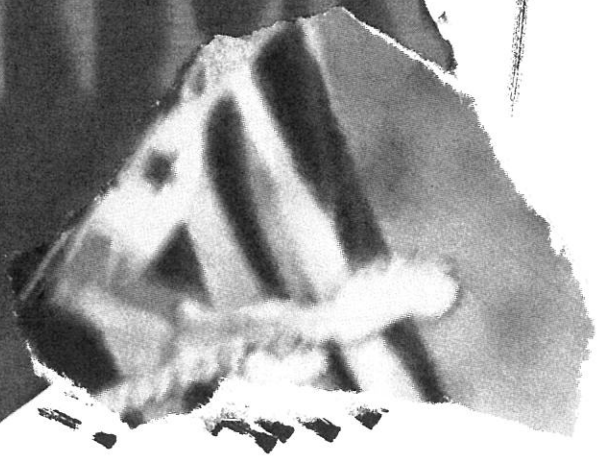
At the end of the day, 2002 was 20 years ago. The years, like shit and like the Killers, happened. What Liam Lynch is doing now is anybody's guess. A perusal of the index of Lizzy Goodman's Meet Me In The Bathroom shows no mention of the name. Same with Spencer Ackerman's Reign of Terror. Maybe Lynch has transcended his physical form. Maybe he's a bird. Maybe he's directing videos for Tenacious D. It is impossible to say without going through emails from publicists. All we can know for certain is that we are here, still living in whatever state of whatever. We wake up in the morning. We laugh and we cry. We try our best to be more Kiki than Officer Leroy. We look to Zafo and hope that it, whatever "it" may be, remains cool.

In 2002, Liam Lynch sang "this is MY United States of whatever."

In 2022*, that whatever belongs to us all.



WHATEVER



The American Flag

There was a Denny's in Everett Washington where there hung a Jasper Johns print, framed. The one with The American Flag, centered and expanded and multiplied by three. The pattern would surpass the border and the frame, if it only could. I always wanted to sit near the print while eating an omelet or pancakes, tossing back coffee.

While serving in the Navy, I would salute the flag at certain designated moments around "colors"-time, sunset-many enlisted sailors or airmen, marines and soldiers would blitz to the nearest building, any building, to avoid playing the ritual of standing at attention, saluting our shared banner. I probably malingered myself at times but I can't really recall. Most occasions, I would stand in place and give due diligence and respect toward the flag, or, sight unseen, the source and sound of the music played for the evening colors. Years later I would recognize the evening melody as a Satie piece, "Pour Sortir," actually an alteration of a French bugle call entitled "Retreat."

Glenn O'Brien, while he was alive, had put out a book. In a section I'll paraphrase as "On Patriotism," Glenn mentioned that he would not fly the flag over his home because said home was not a fortification or a bunker. I too would not fly the flag, but if I owned one, the flag would hang in my garage or barn. I'd display the American Flag one of two ways: a) vertical from a rafter and a rope, with stars and bars up top, stripes just above the ground, or b) upside down, much like the Germs "Forming" 7" sleeve cover, secured from a bulkhead.

I am sure that I could honor this sentiment- I could toast The American Flag with fresh ground coffee from a press. I could salute The American Flag at twilight times; Germs or Satie could dutifully play-on from some dusted speaker box.



Les Chancelliers - "Le P'tit Poppy"
WONDERFUL EARWORM that I played
at least ten times today.
Gtr. man Michel went on to become
the "Bruce Springsteen" of Canada-
he's not as bad as that may come off!



Kool-Aid Jamz, Or Another Night In Bloomington

by Heff

In the lunchrooms of American schools, students get their kicks not from milk cartons, but from a pouch full of sugary, sweet Kool-Aid. These pouches filled with the nearly hundred year old liquid delight are aptly called Kool-Aid Jammers.

In Indiana's first city, Vincennes (home of the infamous Lazy Cowgirls), myself (bein' Heff) and coworker, Trent, practice three to four weeks in advance for a gig at the Orbit Room in Bloomington in late September. I play electric guitar and Trent plays drums. It will be the debut and final performance of what we labeled the Kool-Aid Jammerz.

The gig came about in late summer. After recording our first jam session of pure, destructive noise, titled "Fuck You Beethoven"... called so because it occurred in the music room of the school we both are employed at, and when it was finished I looked up to see a poster of Beethoven glaring at me sternly on the wall. I then told Trent that Beethoven would be disgusted with us. His response was simply, "Fuck Beethoven". Regardless, I had a rise in confidence after that, and sent the recording to Ben Myers, a Bloomington local who does an experimental night once a month at the Orbit Room. Ben is really open to anything, and offered us a slot on the September bill. Trent hated me for agreeing, as he had/has no intention of making music to perform in front of others. I told him it was Bloomington, and no one would care or judge what we were doing.

We had decided in advance not to just bang and pound on our instruments as we had done during the summer, but rather, come up with some type of composition. I wrote the most simplistic thing I could think of, literally four single notes being played in progression again and again. At first, very light and slow, building upon each repetition, until my distortion is cranked and overcomes any sort of distinction between the changing notes. This goes on and on for about thirty minutes. The end closes like the beginning, lightly plucked notes at a minimal pace. We titled it, "In Orbit", since we knew it would be played for others only once at the Orbit Room.

To give an idea of the sound of "In Orbit", the intro and ending sometimes reminded me of Eno doing his ambient noise, just very basic. Background music, so to say. It could have even remotely sounded like some minimalist thing that Loren Mazzacane Connors may have once recorded. I like to think the heavier, middle section is reminiscent of the Dead C. Like when the listener endures their fifteen minute intros to get to the really, really good parts of their tunes that just rawk out. However, I know "In Orbit" didn't quite gel up to that. Lastly, I remember thinking about early Hawkwind every time we practiced. So I would say that was the biggest influence in it all. Though again, these similarities probably bear no significance to anyone other than myself.

Saturday, September 23rd comes quickly upon the Jammerz. I drove up to Bloomington alone, hauling my gear, and Trent's minimal drum set. Trent and his wife



Saturday September 23

7pm/\$7/all-ages

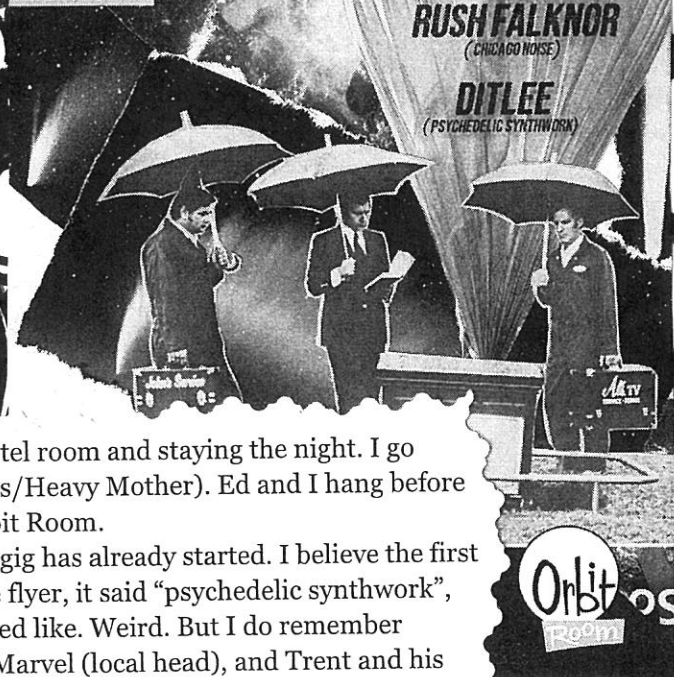
KOOL-AID JAMMERZ
(SW INDIANA OUT ROCK)

RUSH FALKNOR
(CHICAGO NOISE)

DITLEE
(PSYCHEDELIC SYNTHWORK)



UNDERS FROM THE BLACK HOLE



go up separately, with the intent of getting a hotel room and staying the night. I go straight over to Crawlin' Eddie Flowers (Gizmos/Heavy Mother). Ed and I hang before heading out to get some food and on to the Orbit Room.

We all arrive at the Orbit Room and the gig has already started. I believe the first performer was Ditlee. In the description on the flyer, it said "psychedelic synthwork", but I honestly cannot even recall what it sounded like. Weird. But I do remember mingling back and forth between Ed and Don Marvel (local head), and Trent and his wife. I remember somewhat getting nervous, but skimming the room to see what appeared to be a mostly hipster crowd, and feeling less so.

Next up after Ditlee was Rush Falknor (Chicago noise). Rush had a mullet hairstyle with the top being dark, and the bottom flip dyed blonde. I think he had on suspenders too. Style, hah! Rush had some electronics set up on a table. He did a lot of bleeps and bleeps by turning knobs and such. I could not help but notice that the entire room seemed to be entranced by what he was doing. Or perhaps it was the smell of the incense sticks he had burning on the small stage. Either way, I remember Trent's wife asking me if he was playing songs or one long thing. I told her there was no way to tell. Once it was all over, everyone was raving for a bit. Then Trent and I went to set up.

We both wore our shades during the set, I assume to hide ourselves from the assault of onlooking eyes. I remember starting and being really nervous. Part of the reason I had written such a simple piece, was I did not want to have to worry about messing up live. But... I did. I was shaking so much at the beginning that I missed some strings here and there, maybe even the main notes a couple of times. Trent later recalled thinking, "Damn, he already fucked up". But the momentum built, and we got towards the middle of it all. I could not help but notice though, the whole entire front two rows, who had been entranced by Rush Falknor's knob-turning, just up and left. This included Rush himself! Whatever. I didn't much care for his set either, so the feeling was mutual. This did allow for Eddie to move up front and snap some photos for me.

We finished up our set and there were maybe four or five people left in the place. No one said much. Trent's wife commented that she was kind of uncertain about the beginning and ending, but was into the heavier portion. I think I was content at the fact we had gone through with the whole thing, and that it was over.

Everyone went their separate ways and I drove off into the night. Heading south out of Bloomington, I could not help but think of when I was younger and I viewed the little college town as some kind of mecca of the Midwest. But with age, I realize it is just like every other place, and that it had been just another night in Bloomington. Only this night bore the birth and death of the Kool-Aid Jammerz, R.I.P. and rock on.



Dylan Plays Indy *by Heff*

On June 7, 1988 Bob Dylan began what became known as the Never Ending Tour. This occurred four months before I was even brought into this world, and continued until 2020 when COVID caused concert dates to be canceled. Though Dylan has said the Never Ending Tour ended in 1991 with the departure of guitarist G.E. Smith, fans and the media have continued to refer to subsequent tours as the Never Ending Tour. When Dylan returned in September 2021, he announced something new, the Rough and Rowdy Ways World Wide Tour, that would span 2021-2024. This title refers to his last album of new material, *ROUGH AND ROWDY WAYS* (2020). Thus far on this tour, Dylan has rolled through the sleepy Midwest two times. In 2021, he played at the Indiana University Auditorium in Bloomington. And in October, 2023, he played two nights at the Murat Theatre in Indianapolis.

I had personally been a Dylan obsessive up until a couple of years ago. Some personal changes to my life outlook and perspective, particularly a shift in musical preferences, have caused me to realize that through a large portion of his career, the man kind of just repeated his output again and again. Obviously, most of the material from the 1960's is great, as is some of his later work starting with *TIME OUT OF MIND* (1997) and continuing on, though I never cared much for the Sinatra imitation albums. With all that being said, I really had no intention of going to see him in Indy. I had already been seven times before, and that seemed plenty. But on a random day when browsing online to see if there were any interesting shows (there usually never are), I could not help but notice how cheap tickets were to both nights in Indy. About \$40 a night. I thought to myself, I might as well go, as I was on Fall Break from teaching that week, and it would give me the chance to go to the big city. I purchased the tickets and awaited the date.

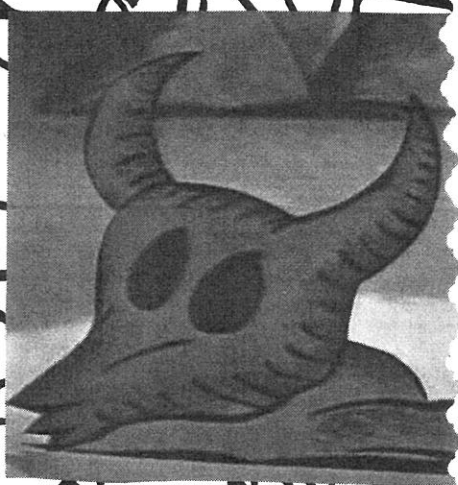
The first night was on Monday, October 16th. I drove to Indy and arrived about four hours before the show. My coworkers had purchased me a birthday gift card for the world famous St. Elmo's Steakhouse, and I had every intention of having dinner before the show. I moseied around downtown before my 5:15 reservation. I then had some fabulous shrimp cocktail and filet mignon before making my way back to the Murat.

Once I arrived, the line had already formed. I lingered about before committing to taking a place in it. Soon the Murat staff came around and checked tickets. They were writing down where each person was going to sit on a card, and giving it to individuals, since we had been informed Dylan was not allowing access to cell phones during the show. They were going to be locked away inside of a small pouch, and not unlocked until exiting the venue. My mind kind of wondered at the reasons for this. I had always read how private a person he was. Or perhaps he wanted people to enjoy the experience through their own eyes, and not through a camera lens. Who knows. People seemed pretty upset about it all. It really did not affect me much though.

Indy pics by Heff

Screenshots from

Westinghouse TV Special



Sitting in my seat, I was curious as to who would be next to me. Eventually, two older gentlemen came and sat down. After one struck up conversation with me, I found out that he had seen Dylan over fifty times, and his buddy next to him had seen him over one hundred times. Wow! In fact, the other guy had driven up from North Carolina to see the two Indy shows, and was then following him on to Akron and Cincinnati later in the week. Pure dedication. And then right before the show started, I looked over to see Kellen Baker (Heavy Mother guitarist) with a lovely lady coming down the same row I was in. We were both pretty excited to see each other, but as Dylan was taking the stage, Kellen continued on down to his seat.

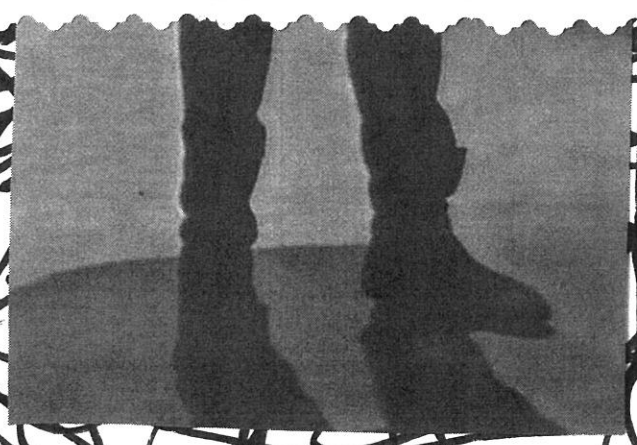
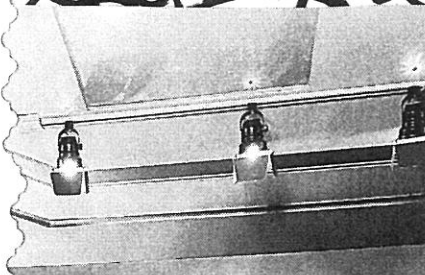
Dylan came onstage wearing an all black suit with white rimmed hat and white pointed boots. In fact, the whole band was clad in black outfits. He sat middle stage at a baby grand piano, and the band kicked off into "Watching The River Flow", an obscure cut from his GREATEST HITS, VOLUME II record. It was never officially on any particular album, but was put on that album to entice devotees who had all the other material to still buy the album. He continued on into "Most Likely You Go Your Way (And I'll Go Mine)" from BLONDE ON BLONDE.

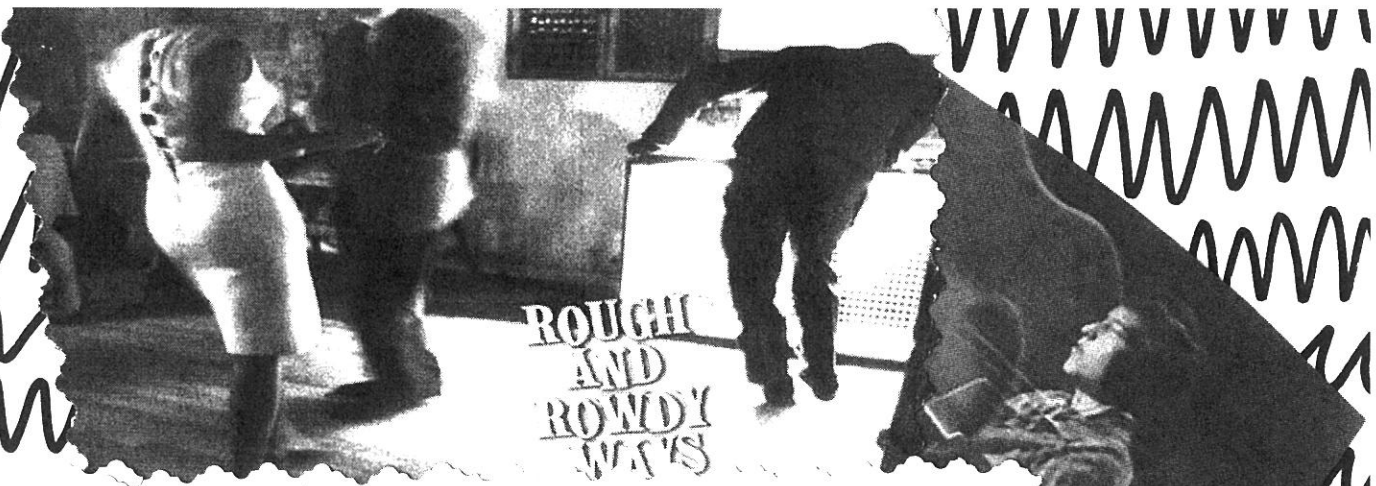
The stage setup was somewhat intriguing. Very basic. Dylan's crew had the Murat raise the backstage curtain up halfway, exposing the black brick stage wall. Dylan had what appeared to be lamps from a 1930's movie set surrounding the band. It gave the illusion that Dylan and crew were a 1950's blues or R&B band playing in a back alley somewhere, or perhaps at a Southern tavern during Prohibition.

Dylan himself was reminiscent of all his personal heroes... Jerry Lee, Little Richard, Fats Domino, and Otis Spann. Pounding away on the keys of his baby grand to each tune. Surprisingly, it did not sound too bad. The band seemed to have a more acoustic feel than when I had seen them previously. More roots based, I guess. Though, this was the second time that I have attended and Charlie Sexton was not on lead guitar. He typically adds most of the flavor to whatever is being played, and is a joy to watch, as well.

The setlist contained a handful of fan favorites, but the majority were songs from the ROUGH AND ROWDY WAYS album. I was content with this though. I enjoy that album immensely. I think it is the last great thing Dylan will probably do in his life, and I firmly believe that he realizes it, as well. The arrangements have shifted from the album versions to better fit the live setting, and I dig what Dylan is putting out there in this sense. A lot of the lyrics deal with him not only looking back at his many past lives, but accepting the present moment for what it is. "Black Rider" is a personal favorite, and I highly recommend anyone giving it a listen.

On this tour, Dylan has been playing a cover song of a famous artist who is from whatever city/state he is playing. I knew I recognized the lyrics to one particular song, but it wasn't until I was at home and looked it up, did I realize that it was a Mellencamp tune. Blah! It is too bad he did not choose Hoagy Carmichael or Wes Montgomery. I



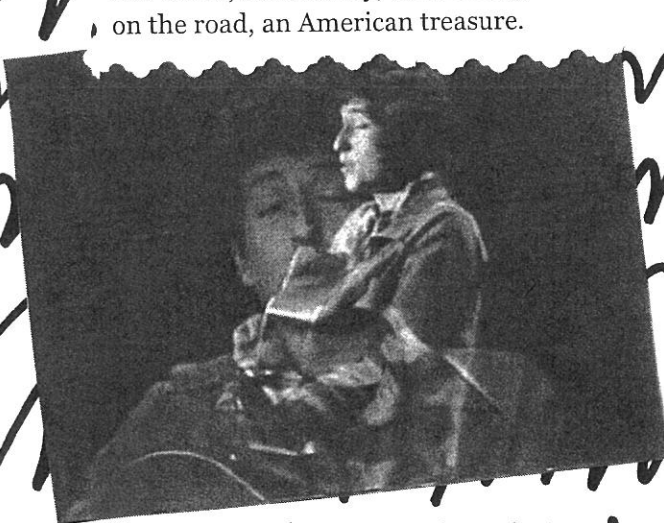


would have even settled for a John Hiatt cover. But I know that Dylan and Mellencamp are pals, so I guess he was obligated.

There was a random cover of the Dead's "Truckin'" shortly towards the end of the set, which everyone was into. It was not that surprising given a lot of the audience were probably Deadheads too. The last song was "Every Grain Of Sand" from SHOT OF LOVE (1981). A kind of odd choice, but then Dylan has been doing this one now in his sets since about 2019.

As the crowd dispersed, our phones were unlocked from the pouches. I got into my vehicle and headed towards home, the big city in my rearview mirror, becoming smaller and smaller. I felt slightly off. I knew it was a long drive, but something was not quite right. I would wake up the next morning pretty sick. My fatigue was the worst symptom, and I debated attending the second night's show right up until it was time that I needed to depart. I realized that I really did not have the energy to get there, let alone sit through it all, then drive home again. That is okay, because I looked the next day, and the only difference in the setlist from Monday night to Tuesday, was instead of the Dead's "Truckin'", he played Chuck Berry's "Nadine". Nothing life changing.

In conclusion, if you are going to see Dylan playing his "hits" and to have a rockin' good time, I would not recommend seeing him at this stage of his life. But if you have a vague understanding of his career, and are somewhat familiar with his output in the last ten years or so, I would advise going. I think it is interesting to see an artist who could long be retired, still out there hammering down night after night. It might not be that great soundwise, but it is an experience. And honestly, what better experience are you going to get these days? It is a man still following in the footsteps of his own idols. Like he states in "Key West (Philosopher's Pirate)" from ROUGH AND ROWDY WAYS, "I was born on the wrong side of the railroad track, like Ginsberg, Corso, and Kerouac, like Louie, and Jimmy, and Buddy, and all the rest". Dylan... still out there living a life, on the road, an American treasure.



ALTERNATOR

5-STEP QUICKSTART GUIDE

READ ME
FIRST!

EMPTY CAGES - "Mental Anguish / Lidless Eyes"

Recorded December 2022... from Robert Forward.

Album art of cages, a jail, my copy is on red paper, #18/157. Booted up: chris phinney and know mitchell on... swaths of noise and synhh sounds. I am sitting in a room and outside thru the glass sliding door leaves are falling. Track 1 ends. Our water has been out in our apartment for almost a full work week. This building is losing 7 gallons of water every half minute. My car needs a new alternator and it's set to arrive tomorrow. Already spent a half grand in desperation for new connectors, battery, and service. Track 2 is more aqueous, but the flip-side of new agey. Not too menacing or entirely unpleasant. Not stark enough to be a John Carpenter film score inclusion. "Empty Cages" -- most of this building is vacant except for staff and plumbing professionals digging 7 feet deep for a big leak. My work place is probably almost emptied out by this point. Liberty is out to lunch and it's just me, the cat, and two noise guys I invited in. Happy to have them so far. Track 3 begins and it makes me think of a piece of music from Sicario heard through a wall, but there is no wall. Earlier, some city inspectors came to check out our fire alarms and replace the batteries. They set the time for when they want to come in. They hold all the keys. I could slide-lock the door but they could still knock and I let them in when it happens. It's true- we have got to get out of here eventually. I've got to plot my exit strategy, our exit strategy. The kitty is restful. She was watching the leaves but now is napping soundly to the pulses and my clatter. Lucky we are upstairs - down below the flooding has been constant. Reminds me of the time my storage unit flooded, but my block was unscathed. Track 4? Alarms dulled and throbbing. Foghorns pitch shifted and layered. Dulled some more. Easy to think we are lucky but oftentimes it's mere existence. Making moves to be outside and fit and working again so we can reach for something less under the thumb of indifferent people. To not be so indifferent of myself and my cohabitants. Leaves are piling outside- we do have a good view.

Track 5, feels more exterior than in somehow. An unfurling melody? There are certain drops that make me question my speakers which are already suspect. When so much is ailing, thinking of how to push forward gets difficult- sometimes things just open up to us and we take it. Take the fork in the road. But you have to go outside for that. mmm. Opened the door and peered out, leaves falling. I did go further earlier when I needed a pee break, went in the woods, felt cool air. Better than the stuffy bathroom. Might make more of habit of it- it was part of my ritual at Thistlewood apartments, but then again I was tucked away and on a ground level. The place was earthy, lots of bugs, near bike trails and some woods. Less latches on the cage and no one came around unless you asked them to if I remember correctly.

Track six, more shimmying-sawing. The wind is picking up outside. Good CD for thee introspection. 270ct23

BURNING

HARD DRIVE

Ariel Pink 2/10/15, Seattle



Dates: February 10, 2015

Location: Neumos, Seattle WA

At Neumos, natch!

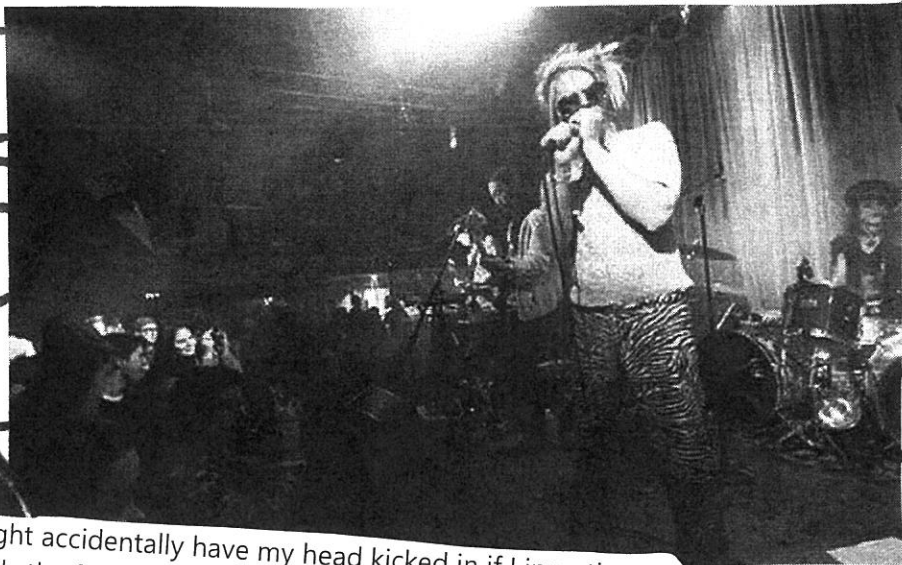
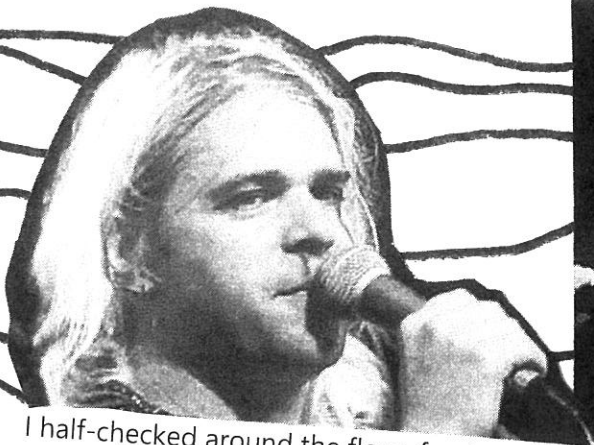
BY WADE OBERLIN

Well, I finally got the chance to check out one of the best bonafide bands walking the planet at the moment, on Feb. 10 at Seattle's Neumos. You may be well aware that mastermind Ariel Rosenberg took the moniker Pink and began prolific music-making galore as a bedroom hobby before the turn of this last century. It has since grown into band project Haunted Graffiti, rotated members until the right ones clicked, and for the last three albums or so made appearances overground as a great live spectacle.

So this isn't exactly a hot *new* group; they have been making the rounds a bit. What made last night's show especially great is that while Haunted Graffiti are at the height of popularity, they are touring under what Pink confusingly calls his "solo album" tour. And his latest offerings from the album "pom pom" were even better when recreated on stage, revealing that Pink's talents show little signs of tiring, no matter the context.

Neumos was packed on a Tuesday and after a set by Jack Name, a grooving and gloomy opener that set the mood nicely, a feeling of a storm was undoubtedly in the air. Red curtains, fog machine and lights seem like a totally necessary backdrop for Ariel's brand of grit and glam. And when his ensemble finally walked on stage, the place lit up with an energy that I honestly didn't see coming. Pink took his place with a pair of aviator glasses and blew up his reverb drenched mic with banter... "we graduated from Neumos but here we are again..." something condescendingly funny to that effect.

It was the glasses; I saw hints of Tony Clifton underneath those shades. His look changed in a moment however when the group threw themselves into "Not Enough Violence." This new song off the solo album, almost on cue, sent a few folks hurtling, moshing, or shoving their way toward the front of the stage. A girl next to me, already upset with pushy fans, had her glasses knocked clean off her head and minutes later could only find a single lens.



I half-checked around the floor, fearing I might accidentally have my head kicked in if I investigated too closely, and found myself drifting towards the front, not quite against my own volition. "Not Enough Violence" was a great opener that sounded like a cut track from The Cure's "Pornography..." and Ariel had switched in my mind's eye from Tony Clifton to that one guy from Sisters of Mercy. You know, the one guy on the cover of "Floodland?" Once the first song had clocked out, the higher energy tracks continued with great renditions of "Lipstick" and "White Freckles." I even got a boost from some guy and rode the air before taking a welcoming fall to the floor filled with pogoing and manic dancing. It had been a great view from up there.

After the first three workouts, Ariel implored everyone to take it down a notch to enjoy some slower ballads. At this point they played one of their latest hits, "Put Your Number In My Phone," which led to slow dancing and maybe some heavy petting. They later moved into the headbanging "Four Shadows," followed by Pink cueing his group to play two old favorites...

I sang most of the words to "Menopause Man" and "Life in L.A." (two songs I really wanted to hear but didn't expect) and felt totally in bliss. These two songs in particular, for me, show off everything his group is capable of; Tim Koh is a great and capable bass player that could sit in with the Jacksons, while Joe Kennedy plays an infectiously great keyboard and a mean sax. Kenny Gilmore also plays the keys like a virtuoso and catches a break on guitar so fairly new member Jorge Elbrecht can show off his chops. And L.A. Punk legend Don Bolles (of The Germs and a thousand other bands) filled in on drums and acts like a swiss watch. Ariel referred to him as their "leader," only second in command to the fog machine.

At this point my memory gets a little sketchy, but I believe they reentered their new album material to play the odd "Black Ballerina" and (give or take a track, maybe) ended with the saddening "Picture Me Gone," with plenty of audience swaying. But of course the show couldn't end on such a downer. Since a bit of "pom pom" was written by another member of L.A. Rock royalty, the late great Kim Fowley, it was only right that the group reclaimed the stage minutes later to play tribute. "Sexual Athletics," garage rock cover "Bright Lit Blue Skies" and the energizing "Dayzed Inn Daydreams" closed out the set proper.

If anyone left Neumos dissatisfied, I didn't see it. Pink and co. are a tight unit, maybe even something closer to Ariel's vision when he was still producing *a la* Prince. And after some limelight troubles and issues with a previous drummer, it seems Pink may finally be satisfied with the live shows he presents to us these days. In short, Ariel Pink and his supporting band are worth the price of admission.

hammycheezy February 13, 2015 at 3:23 am

Yep, it was a great show! You forgot to mention their excellent cover of The Dover's "She's Gone" in the encore. Cheers!

Daniel Martin-McCormick aka Ital

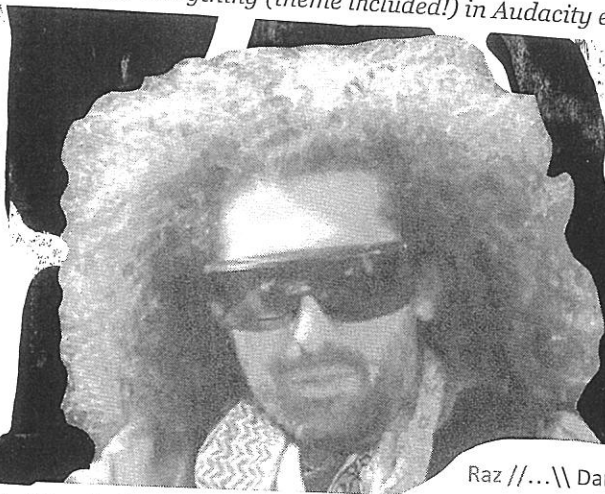
(Mi Ami / Planet Mu) @ Dubspot -

'Wireless' Video Interview w/

Raz

Mesinai

For some reason, this is my favorite interview on YouTube, if not of all time. I like the edits, the cuts, the incredulousness. Something about it. Watch it if you can. I used the final parting words from D.M.M. in my old radio show intro theme and, funnily enough, probably recorded and edited everything (theme included!) in Audacity ever since my first viewing...



Raz //...\\ Daniel

R: So we're here with Ital.

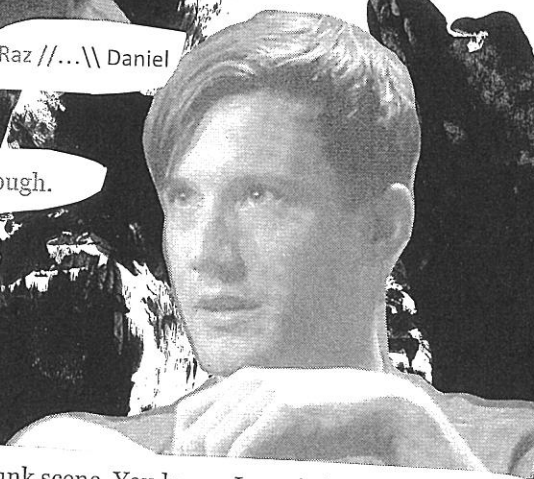
D: Yeah.

R: Nice to meet you. Thanks for coming through.

D: My pleasure.

R: You're here... at the fantastic Dubspot.

D: Yeah.



D: Grew up in D. C. in ...super vibrant, like punk scene. You know, I was in high school and like started getting into [Black] Flag and Bad Brains, 90s Fugazi and...

R: I was on the same label as Bad Brains.

D: Which label?

R: Roar.

D: Respect, dude.



ITAL

D: Eventually, got out on the west coast and was like, into techno and started working on that.

R: Wh- West Coast?

D: San Francisco. It was kind of weird because it was like all that techno and stuff- people listened to it but it all felt kind of imported and and-

R: -it's cuz it is imported.

D: I know, but it's like kind of a bumme vibe if everything's imported because you're like-

R: Absolutely.

D: You know, wh-what are we doing? Like what's, you know, you feel like these just consumers, like passive consumers.

R: Made in USA.

D: Yeah, yeah. So, because I feel like it was so isolated, my girlfriend and I were both like, "oh, we should make some electronic music" and I had no idea how anybody did it, because I wasn't seeing that much of it. So I just started making these cut and paste tracks.

R: So uh-Audacity, it's a- it's a free um, software?

D: Yeah, it's just like a free Pro Tools. Kind of like Sound Forge. Burial, eh, you know when he came out he was using Sound Forge.

R: Yeah, I think it's great. There's an example of not MIDI.

D: Hmm.

R: It's basically you're taking audio and you're pasting it.

D: Exactly, that's exactly it, yeah.

R: And that's not MIDI. MIDI is an interesting thing. A lot of people think it basically ruined music in a lot of ways. Not electronic music. Electronic music and MIDI, well, they're usually used... they coincide, but it's a different thing. The thing about MIDI is as a signal, it's percussive-

D: Yeah.

R: -right, so it's like percussive signals-

D: Mmmhmm.

R: Rather than long, like let's say, let's relate it to a string instrument, not so much. More like a piano, more like a percussive-

D: -Hmm.

R: -type of signal, so that kind of caused a lot of problems with MIDI and it's amazing-

D: *laughs*

R: - that it's still used to this day, you know. Yaknow?

Wireless

D:

Why?

R:

It's so old.

D:

Yeah, but it works.

R:

Yeah, yeah, it works, but still, it's very strange that it's still used. I mean-

D:

snort-chuckle

R:

we should have come up with something else by now. Yaknow?-

D:

You've got a better idea?

R:

I don't, it's not my job to do that.

D:

Christmas 2010, I was at my parents house and... I heard on the stereo this synth sound, this Mannheim Steamroller song. So I-I was like, oh, that sounds awesome. So I made this track. This is the original. But like, I made this track "Culture Clubs." That was playing the live version of... ***plays segment of song*** That's the chorus, so... And I have this pretty awesome janky pitch shift that... slides.

R:

Mm hmm.

D:

Divebombing everything, the loop, and then you keep goin'. Imagine there's like 20 of these, and then like one's a hi-hat, and then one's like the kick drum,

R:

Mmhm.

D:

and so on and so forth, and you cut and paste them so they go on for millions of hours, and-

R:

You like to leave the pops?

D:

Yeah, lots of pops.

R:

Yeah, I love the pops too.

D:

Yeah, no, I mean-

R:

I'm a pop guy too.

D:

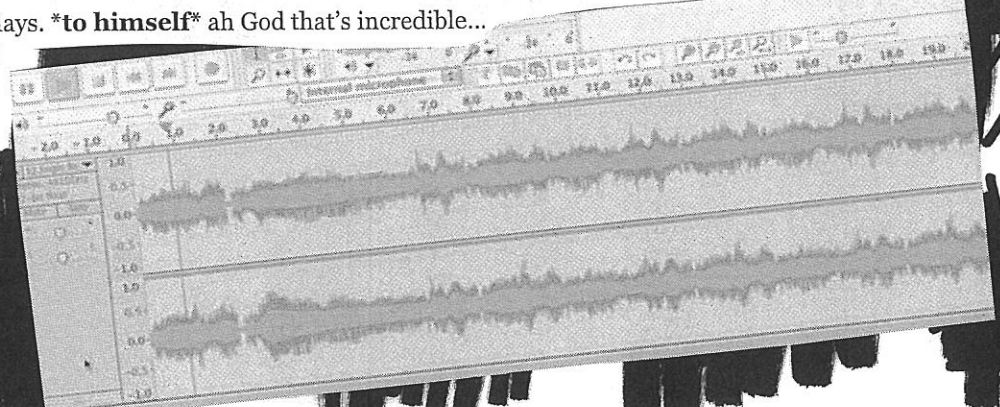
I-I just hate like, when stuff sounds clean, it's like, what is thee point? Who wants to hear clean music? It sucks.

R:

Not me.

D:

Uh- I mean, to me this is like, that's the best sound in the world. I can just stretch it for days. ***to himself*** ah God that's incredible...



R: Everyone who knows me knows that I don't like guitars. And that-

D: ***audibly groans***

R: I definitely don't like them in New York. And they should not be in New York City-

D: Wow.

R: -Ever. I think New York is only bass, pretty much bass and drums is kind of a New York sound. New Jersey, Long Island, you get some guitars, you know.

D: All music or just, just tracks?

R: Pretty much all music.

D: All music.

R: My problem with guitars is that...

D: Let's hear it.

R: It's lost all its mystery. Like there's, I've heard some amazing guitar players like Fred Frith and all these guys and they have to do some crazy stuff to really make it different.

D: Yeah. Eh so what happens in New York? Outside of New York?

R: My problem is that all these indie rockers came to New York City with their, you know, hot girlfriends and they're like, you know, keychains with like a million keys, I don't know why they have em'...

D: Because they're dogwalkin', dude, you're describing my life.

R: They're dogwa- ***bursts out laughing***

D: Cuz they're dogwalkers. It was my first job-

R: Oh! Of course-

D: We're all dogwalkers, dude. Yeah, we're here- we're here for you-

R: And then, you know-

D: -were coming to get you..

R: I always grew up, I didn't really see, I grew up in New York City, so I didn't see many guitar players-

D: How is that possible?

R: -so it's very, you know, kind of a very big prejudice- how is it poss- BASS, you know, is really New York City. So anyway, then, now recently, everywhere I go! I gotta go get a coffee...

D: Jangly guitar.

R: It's a guitar. A harmonica.

D: Oh.

R: You know, I go, uh, visit, uh,

D: And all these keys, too.



Raz Mesinai
and special guest
Ital

R: Yeah, yeah, all these, no, those are fine, it's-

D: The keys are fine.

R: It's not the keys.

D: The hot girlfriends.

R: It's the guitars, because what the, what the guitar does is-

D: Okay, what does it do?

R: ...the people who play them. they shouldn't be in New York.

D: Well, what are they, uh ***Raz presumably waves him off*** no, no, I, uh, I want to hear more...

R: No, I mean, see, you stopped playing guitar and then you moved to New York. Why? Why did you do that?

D: Well...

R: Because you knew! It was not New York.

D: Hahaa!

R: You knew it, even though there's guitar players all over New York City. Where'd they come from? I don't know. They dropped here from, like, there was some kind of bus. Came in from ..San Francisco, maybe.

D: Yep, could be. ..

R: Not D. C., though. I mean, I got all due respect for everyone from D. C., H. R.... but: the guitars, it's rampant, it's like a virus in New York City right now. I'm the only one who has the guts to say it! It seems like everyone's just being really hush hush about it. And I know it's a conspiracy. And, you know, I know what's going on. I know what's going on.

...

R: People, uh, they're like, this is how I do it, but you're not going to see how I do it. Sorry for the German accent...

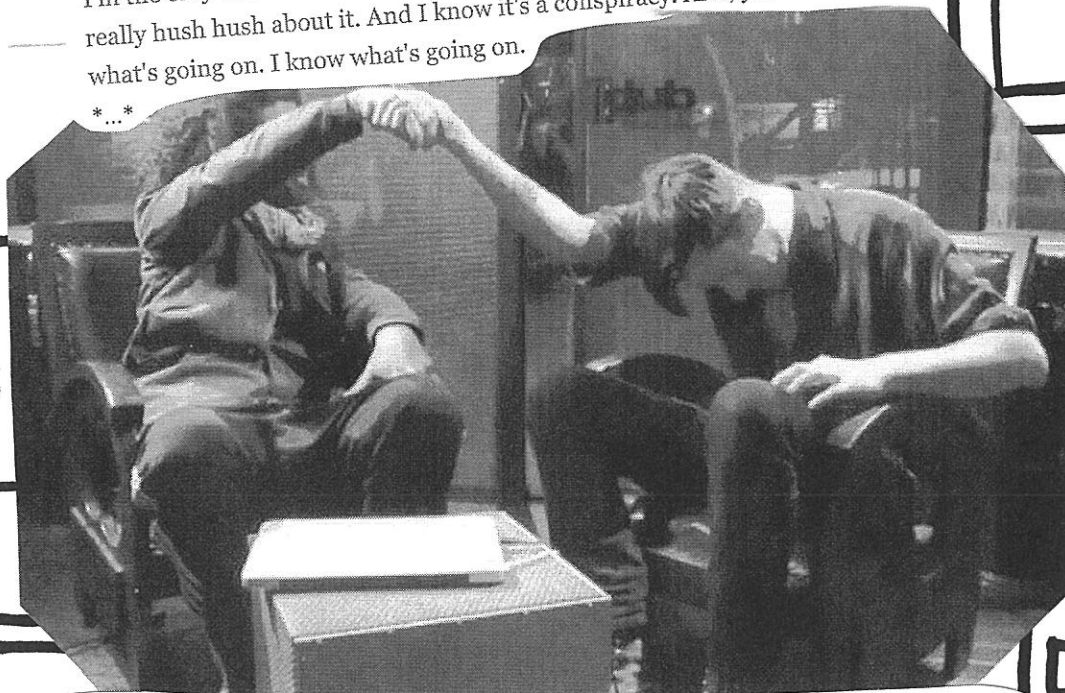
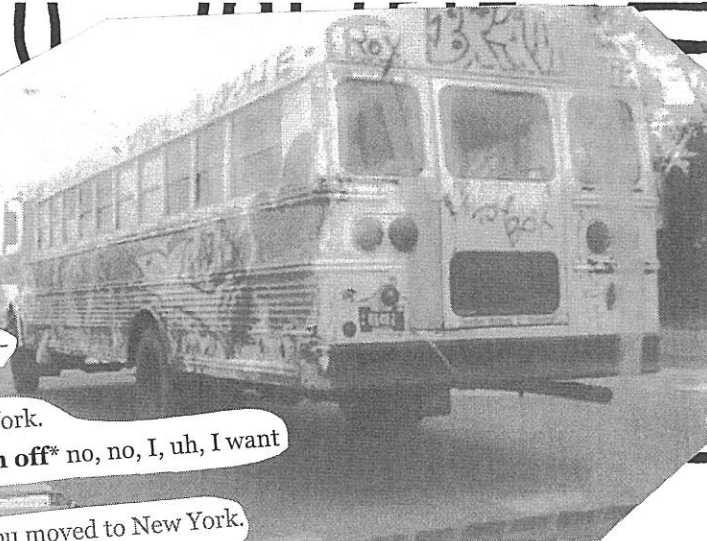
D: Yeah, I, you know, I don't like it when you go to a show that, uh, some producer and he's like-

R: Exactly.

D: -you know, like, "oh, I'm right." Cause this is a big beef of mine is, is a lot of people think they're right. And nobody's right.

R: That's for sure.

D: I eh- uh I don't ever wanna be right.



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MACABRE - Radio Drama

A radio drama produced by military personnel at (FEN) (the Far East Network) Yokota Airbase, near Tokyo. Available on archive.org, YT... if you don't know, play it on a rainy day and close your eyes. Wait, which episode though? Try "The Midnight Horseman" -December 11, 1961

@creemmag

What song have you had on repeat so much lately that it makes you question if you actually might be losing it a little?

@thegoodmarty

Boâ - Duvet

"And you don't seem to understaaand..."

The mental confusion? One day thinking "duvet" was the word for "bidet" ... Boâ's signature song covers you like a heavy blanket, and cleans out your feels with a spray that is sure to rinse the bottom of your soul-orifice.

the usual author in his natural environ.

circa sister took it. 2019

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of here ...

MORE ODDS + ENDS

(messed up the page count, wonderful!)

(bonus!)

(actually made a 40-pager!)

GAS STATION ENCOUNTERS

Shee-gon! When things get sloooooow at work, you think there is time to take in a MOVIE? Heck no! But for a quick laugh or edification, there is GAS STATION ENCOUNTERS. What kind of snacks/drinks can the people get away with? Not much, unless you're faster than a half-dozen video cams and the eagle eye of YouTuber Brandon Shue, or is that Show?

This gas station manager happens to have a gift for fast-paced narration, editing, and all kids

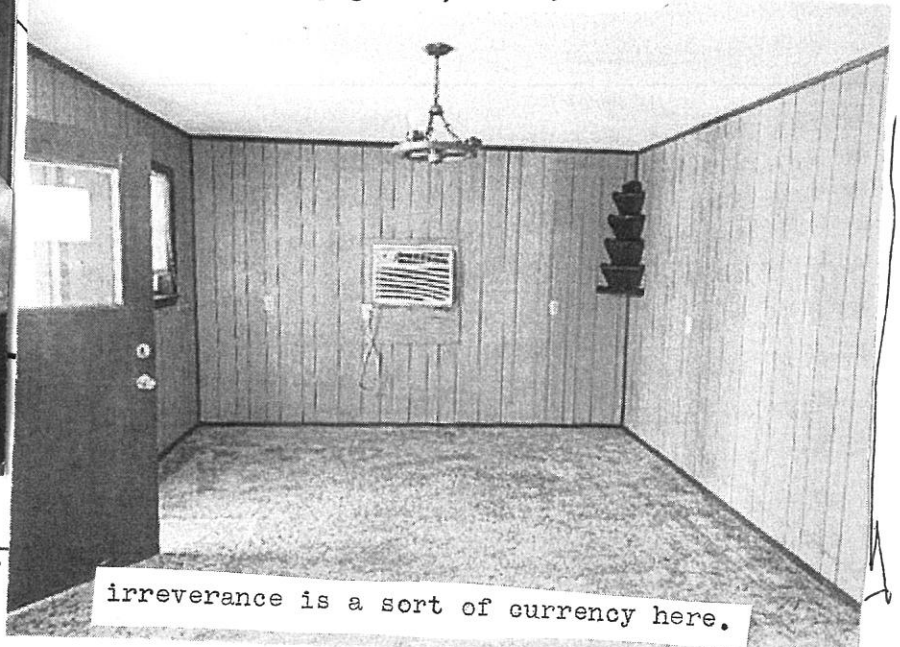
of video post-production such n' such... and he's got presence. I mean, when you get that gumption,

got strident drive, VOICE, and direct all of it at strangers who pilfer wares containing mostly empty calories and sugars day after day... what exactly is the payoff? A is a, eh? Justice must be served, right? Right?? A is for absurd. The whole darn situ, the rightness (on all sides) on full display, but with one steadfast gas-man running the show. What a life!

PIGMAN

Look here- there is little intelligent thought that I can lend to Pigman. Just yesterday (May 2nd, 2023) my pops was checking out this guys channel... Ted Nugent was his guest, offering FIGS FROM A HELICOPTER. Wild boars to be exact. The whole time PIGMAN and Ted are cracking jokes, shouting variations of "get em!" and just being hyenas, basically. Dad wants to ride with PIGMAN- I want the helo to fall from the sky and burst into flames, but my time-altering telekinesis just ain't honed to that point yet. Next vid- not PIGMAN, but same business, but instead of Tejas or wherever the Nuge was, it's Australia and the guy doing the shootin' has about 400 more boars to mow down. He does not laugh, crack jokes, or even breath. His hit ratio is FAR more impressive than PIGMAN or Amboy Douche. Just another day for a sociopath with a great gig that keeps him out of, geez, any area with soft-target-PEOPLE.

Last thing- I had to relay this stuff to my Jamestown pals. While not familiar with PIGMAN, they knew what a boar-spear was. I get it, nasty fuckers, best to handle them from afar if you are the sorry / well-paid so-and-so who has got to kill pigs but, YEESH!



irreverance is a sort of currency here.

When
visiting
Dayton —
Please stop
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NEVER CUELESS

BELMONT BILLIARDS
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THE WOLF KNIFE

LAUREL NAKADATE
2010

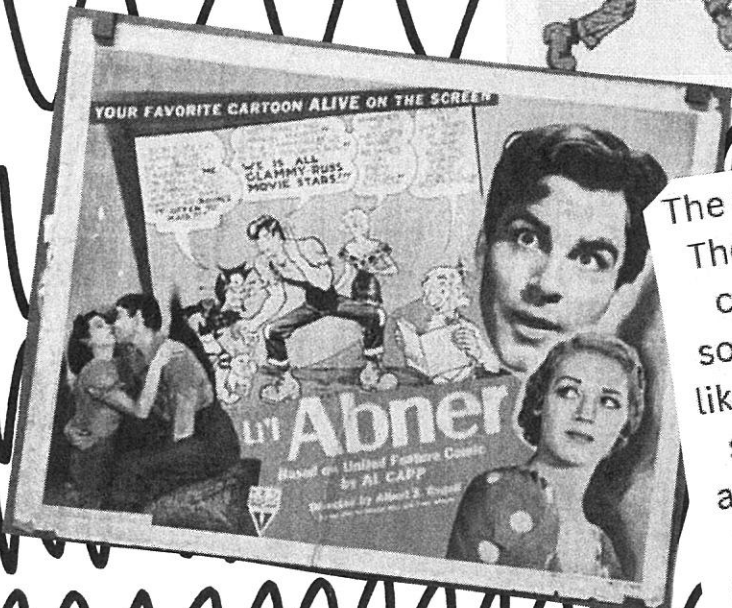
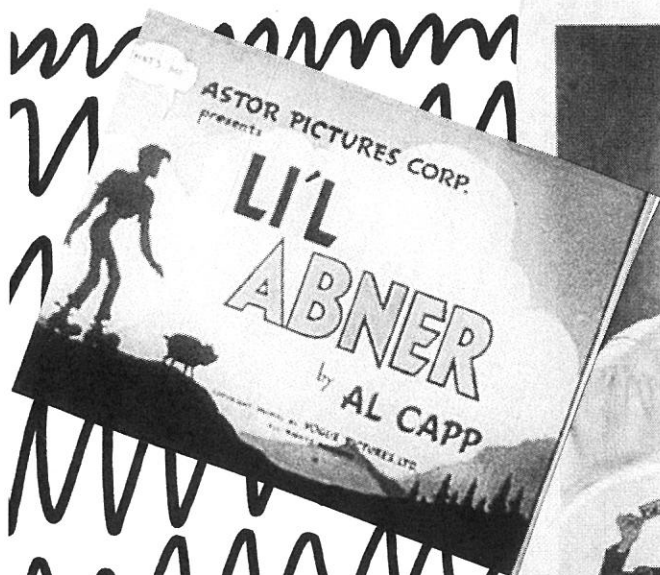
TUBI worthy, but I had to order the DVD from Greece. That's fine though- very good. Girls hopping on beds, a tap dancing scene and **storms**; all bring me back to Gummo, which I may have mentioned before is just one of those god-tier films recommended by Kristen Lundberg. Happy b-day, K (19 SEP 23)! Fun fact: Kristen may have seen Laurel Nakadate in New York, or at least knew she'd be there when she was there (Facebook told me so).

Here, Nakadate pulls a Korine WITHOUT TRYING TOO HARD, as in, such as, not pushing too many sucker punches or overkill offenses. Sometimes it feels like a Korine pace, with Korine shots. But it's Laurel Nakadate. It's a ghostly art world... it's Hollywood, Florida, which is just as good as the States neighborhood near Nashville (where Gummo was filmed, which looks passingly like Xenia, Ohio). Whoops! Spoke too soon. Laurel and co. can swing sucker punches as well as Todd Solondz it turns out. Again, without trying too hard- and let's add she needed not to make a full-on film career out of it, it being just another part of her more general filmarteest oeuvre. Excited to find and see her other feature, soonish.

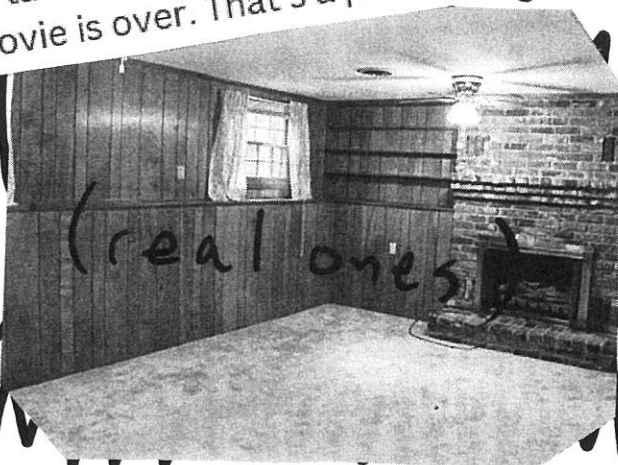


STAY THE SAME
NEVER CHANGE





The players look the parts, from what I can tell. Their diction is okay. And the opening song is cute.. as are the gals. Sometimes Li'l Abner sounds like Jimmy Stewart, although he looks like a precursor of Bruce Campbell. Some folks say they got no laughs from this.. well, I had approximately four. Oh yeah, Buster Keaton is here playing the Native American Lonesome Polecat. Is the portrayal good, bad? I'll say it's fairly notable, yet unremarkable. Worse is a lady throwing Polecat in a lake and calling him a "miserable critter," or something. Pretty tame overall, and before you know it the movie is over. That's a plus in its favor.



FAKE

You think my life is pathetic?

La Seconde Peau - Delilah - Entry into the Nikon Film Festival, 2021.

HOLY SMOKES I loved this trailer- came across my feed cuz there is a Neo Neos song in it, which serves as a background to this gamer character, Julie, who continues to play an outdated online game (WAR ONLINE), smoke cigs, eat potato chips and remains secluded in a perpetually dark bedroom. Julie: "addicted since 2003 to fictional representations of violence on screen." says some text on screen, but in French.

"-they don't come down here anymore," she says, referring to her parents. Three years out of high school with no direction.

Julie sleeps 18 hours every two days even in her dreams she finds remnants of her online life... "But Julie, don't you have other projects in life?" "Projects?"

"It's funny, my parents always ask me the same shit."

le seconde peau



Delilah

12 videos · 122 subscribers · 123 videos
serious and not so serious stuff >

Subscribe

Just some tips... on YouTube, press the little gear button and make sure that English captions are on. Then, if you want to admire Delilah's handiwork, you can sloooow the video to 0.5x speed or 0.25x speed, to check out the editing. Also the credits, which zoom by and are intriguing also.

nolife just now
c'est fait :))))
chui a cote du foret
je prend le prochain?

solneldansante just now
mdr déjà?

quaker just now
attend là on va regrouper avant
on arrive



Subterranea - Charles Carroll - "Teaser" Trailer

TRAILERS

Dude--am I dreamin' right now?
No--it's just another kino comedy riff
by MDE prankster Charles and crew- on a submarine!
The set is what makes this something watchlist-
worthy. Submarine movies are too few and far between right now.

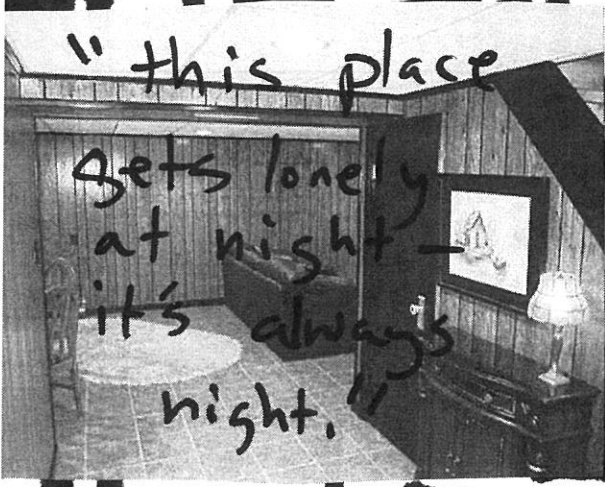
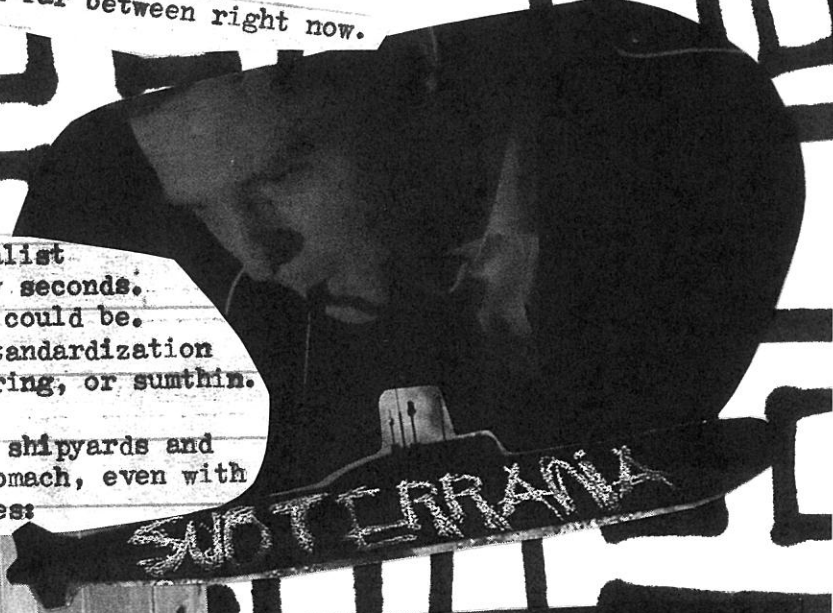
"Who gave that thing life??"
says Charles, talking about
a mysterious ventriloquist dummy-
"God!? FUCK God!"

"Ever see an archon?" Huh? An existentialist
fever dream at around 2 minutes and thirty seconds.
Perhaps better than a longer feature ever could be.
What is a trailer anymore, or a feature? Standardization
and the idea of product and ephemera is blurring, or sumthin.

As someone who has tooled around submarines, shipyards and
tribunals, I feel this in the pit of my stomach, even with
all the cryptic gamer lingo pull quotes:

"War...
war
never
changes."

"this place
gets lonely
at night--
it's always
night."





Approaching Singularity. Dream World/Real World. Flyleaf or Bôa. Or both. Lain. eXistenZ. The Matrix, sure. Nick Land, Hardcore techno. Present Day! Present Time! Hahahaha! VR goggles. Roswell, Memex, let's all love Lain.

David Lightbourne, Stop & Listen Boys, Pierre Menard, Borges... the Wyoming Stories introduction. "We crave narrative" — simultaneity, nonlinearity is also viable, and more often than not "it goes like this" comes before "anything goes" and everything plays.

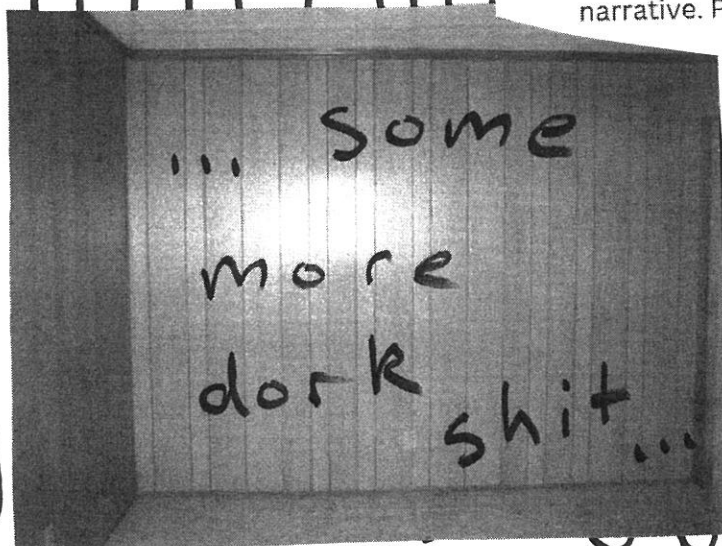
PlayStation, PlayStation 2, Mac and Bandai. Serial Experiments Lain is creepy and at times makes you feel sick. Repulsion with purpose.

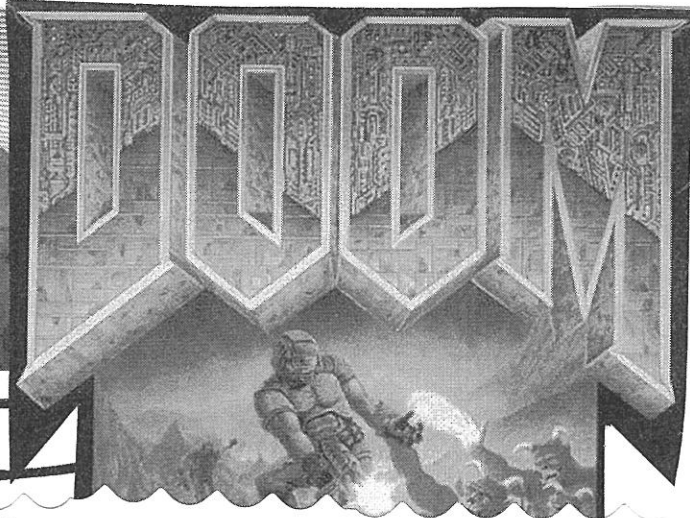
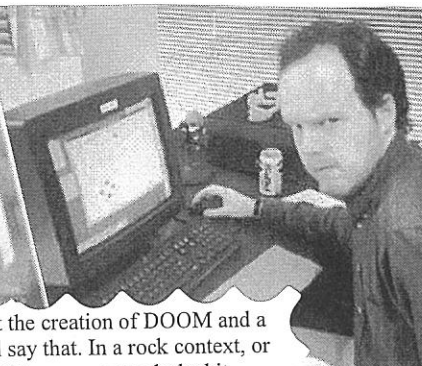
Did he say porpoise? ECCO the dolphin. Tetsuo The Iron Man. Religious AM radio in Wyoming: "in the future, we will have self driving vehicles, and moral chaos."

Neither here nor there. Deism. Lain has a strange gait or walk. If things aren't remembered, they never really happened. A God needs at least one believer.

Undo, Delete, Flip Reset. Happy/Sad Ending. Avant Phantasmagoria. Parts of this anime you would remember. YouTube available. Serial Experiments... Lain. PSX game. Also nonlinear, wholly different narrative. Playable via browser. Make the Simulacra sad:

laingame.net



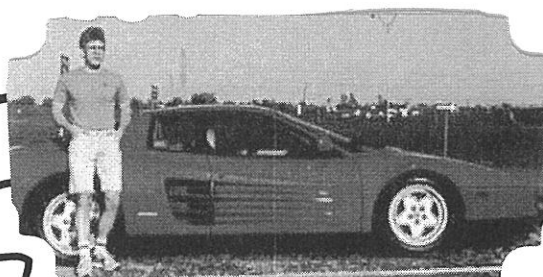


So, I have almost finished this book about the creation of DOOM and a lot that came after it. It is a good read- I'll say that. In a rock context, or non-dweeb context, the reflex may be that it's some more dork shit. Games, screentime and violence are ubiquitous in our common everyday than ever before. Early access to the internet was a privilege of upper or middle class peoples, and entire sandcastle empires have come out of it. New blends of music, art, comedy tragedy and melodrama have developed online, which then spilled out into the reality of the unplugged, until networks created platforms and wires went wireless. DOOM (on a computer) must have been an early privilege for gamers not just because of the stated violence but because of its speed, lucidity, and early connectivity that led to the creation of "deathmatches"- players blowing each other away with an array of simulated weapons. While videogames had their own rating systems, gov't involvement was limited until, of course, Columbine became the story for the end of the century. The shooters had made their own custom levels of DOOM, resembling their own school. As eerie as this is, custom maps were a common creative outlet for many gamers who did not take assault weapons into schools- I would need to be under duress to blurt that art begets violence and not the other way around.

Going into the 2000s with online access at home, and at my local library, the "art" I appreciated most was typically in the form of Flash videos. Newgrounds was a common place to visit online for their array of vids, which greatly varied in quality but usually showed taboo junk. Many creators took inspiration from the duller of sources... kiddie videogames and mainstream cartoon characters. A lot of this stuff was just violating, but no one could call Newgrounds out or put it down easy. You're the Man Now Dog (YTMND) condensed stupidity in a way that would be prophetic: an early form of online memes, it was a ranked site made up of nothing more than audio loops, a tiled background image, and some text repeating to some end point on some invisible horizon line(s). Such timewasting stuff was actually a lesson in memetics given to kids by strangers. It felt like a game. Memes are now more commonplace than free idle time.

DOOM is a game- a game I only ever saw as a kid when I stopped by to see my cousin. He had issues with walking, so naturally he spent most of his time upstairs in a semi-attic space. His den was enveloped by the glow of a large TV with cable and satellite hookups and various game consoles. He often played Mortal Kombat, and DOOM. I would watch him play- maybe I took control a few times- but mostly I just observed him blasting away demons, finding secret passages. Years later, the first application I got on my iPhone was Castle Wolfenstein, which was developed by the same team that would go on to make DOOM. A couple years back, I was able to play "Classic" DOOM on Liberty's PlayStation 4, which she owned solely to "play DVDs... and Spyro." DOOM is something that I am now caught up on.

Many other things passed me by in this electronic age, certainly for the better, but now research and curiosity leads me to the story of Chris Chan and the culture of internet trolls, Kiwi Farms ... Is Anyone Up (and its analogous musical parallels, emo and post-hardcore shit, which I safely AVOIDED) ... GamerGate. Even the career developments of comedian Dane Cook and ska bands launched by MySpace.



I was only vaguely aware of 4CHAN up until that fateful year in 2016 when stuff happened. Ditto about Elliot Rodger in 2019! People of the internet, people who lived and breathed internet discordance were making themselves known in a political setting more than ever. I thought that a new attitude of people whose personalities were molded by internet shitposting, trolling, and seemingly forbidden political choices would rise up in the arts, and in music, for real. It already was happening in comedy via Million Dollar Extreme (sustained successfully) and in literature via Don Jolly and encyclopedia.zone (less successfully). More often than not, these products were sensational.

In music- sensational, yes, sustainable, far less so. The story of Virginfest is an interesting thing that is viewable on YouTube. Music scenes are such a reality time-space scenario that fools cannot be suffered more than a few trenchant years at most, one by one- cretins in groups tend to snuff scenes out, and they cannot contain themselves. Virginfest is from the internet- such a one-and-done kind of thing. Maybe these events happen in seven year cycles. Negative XP, the headliner of the show, I believe, also went by the alias School Shooter and much of their lyrical content serves to create ballads about and for internet trolls, dweebs, geeks, losers, or some variants. Online people gathered in a real setting- to play and hear their music- what a concept, and one that sparked intense disapproval. Interestingly, local police got called in to shut Virginfest down, but they just partied with the gamers...

Dr. Don Jolly actually suggested reading Masters Of Doom in one of his YouTube confessionals- he says (and I paraphrase) while "games journalism" is a rather "shabby" topic, this book is an exception. Ultimately, 13 or so people made themselves filthy rich and changed culture with a highly playable videogame- one that is still getting play to this day for its functionality and history- in ways that are incalculable. New players, whatever the field, are praising programmers as if they really were rock stars, or gamers as if they were true athletes. Sex, Violence, Politics, and the Pursuit of \$ will incorporate the language and syntax of our digital ubiquity which is highly contrary, postironic if ironic at all, but at all times *performing*.

Again, to paraphrase- GK Chesterton once wrote that the poor have objected to being governed badly, while the rich have objected to being governed at all. And as B.C. Miller once surmised, "punk" is about a fallen aristocracy. It is natural that the worlds of gaming and arts converge, creating new working or terminal models for the acts of counterculture or contraculture. When the needle seems to point to the latter these days, it gets jumpy. But that's an analog thing.

• prevailing • histrionic



GULCHER

POST-ROCK CULTURAL PLURALISM
IN AMERICA
(1649-1993)

F**k Xmas

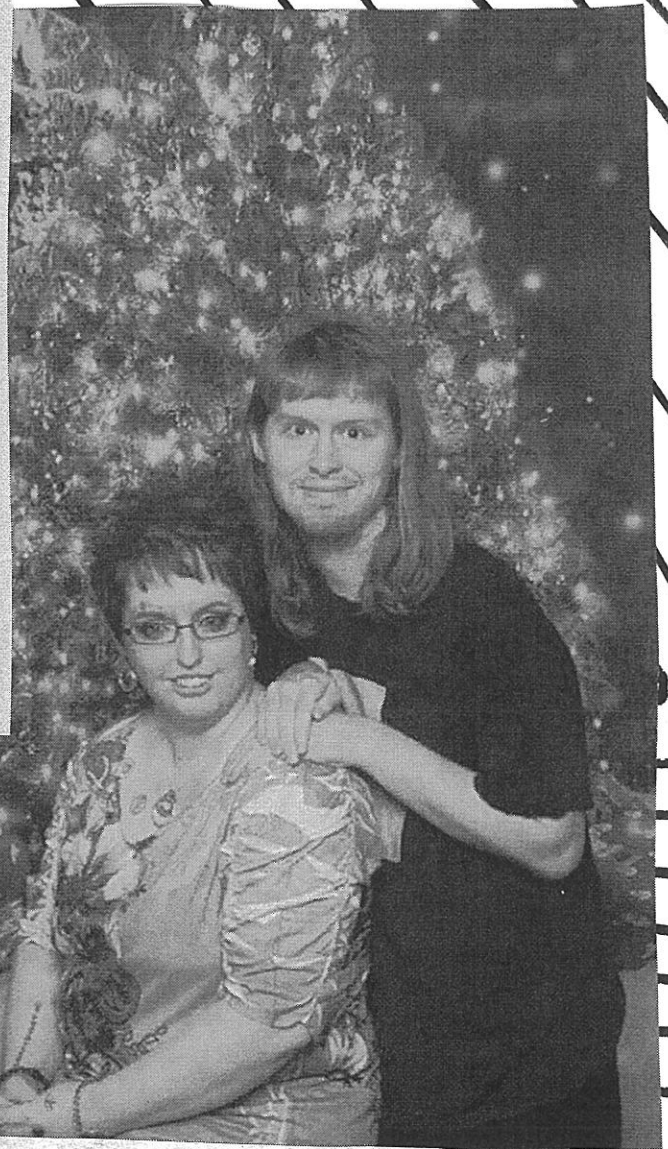
Halloween parties are better than Xmas parties yet there is a relationship between the 2 holidays. Used to be when they pushed Xmas they waited until after Thanksgiving, all those Thanksgiving parades ended with Santa Claus in his sleigh (except one year in the Macy's Parade they had this guy who was supposed to be Santa's *helper* rather than the frostbitten septuagenarian himself) and the week after that Xmas was on the way in all the stores from coast to coast. Now they're starting the whole promotion job *before Halloween* and who are they kidding? They trying to cheapen Halloween or something? Those fuckers!

Xmas itself was never much of a holiday once the yule log got outlawed in Boston so it was a worthwhile treat when they started creating a whole new holiday known as Commercial Xmas, one of the best events on the entire calendar. Commercial Xmas was always a shot of adrenalin for both the better-to-give-than-receive platoon and all the suckers who had to receive all that shit too. Nobody gives presents anymore except for parents and there just ain't many of those left. So if it was just a non-present Commercial Xmas every year it would be the Capitalist Rip-Off's greatest gift to man and a Xian gesture of more than token value. But alas that ain't the story: this pre-Halloween thing has fucked it up immeasurably and it's all played out before 750 leaves have fallen and Frosty the Snowman is just a snowcloud's dream. So let's put an end to this Xmas bullshit and Mr. X with it! He never belonged in it and he's had no business making a comeback and so if he loses his birthday as a holiday it'll be like Taiwan out of the U.N. so sign the petition to make it possible now!

In its place let's have PRESENTS FOR HALLOWEEN and there's already a more than adequate system for handling all the advance orders for this eventuality: Trick or Treat! But there's already some danger lurking on the horizon which threatens to cut down on the immense spirituality of this awesome *celebration of the fall*: cerebral palsy or muscular dystrophy or one of them is



A very Khaby Lame Christmas...



Ulillillia and Selena by the tree...



beginning to compete with UNICEF for the Halloween booty. This must be stopped if All Hallow's Eve is to survive as we now know it. Unless! Unless! Unless they just get wise and actually send all those crippled retard palsied sonsofbastards out trick or treating for themselves! It would be a real shot in the arm and the greatest thing for Halloween since the loup-garou!



Fuck Christmas!
It's a waste of fuckin' time!
Fuck Santa! He's just out to
get your dime!
Fuck holly, fuck ivy,
and fuck all that mistletoe!
whitebeardedbigfatbastards!!
ringin' bells wherever you go!
and *indistinct* men in shopping malls
all going "hohoho..."
It's Christmas- fuckin' time -again.
Fuck Christmas!
It's a fuckin' Disney show!
Fuck reindeer!
And all that fuckin' snow!
Fuck carols! Fuck Rudolph!
And his stoopid fuckin' nose!
And fuckin' sleighbells tinkling
Everywhere you fuckin' go! Fuck stockings! Fuck shopping!
It drives us all insane... go tell the elves-to fuck themselves
It's Christmas time again! x3 ...

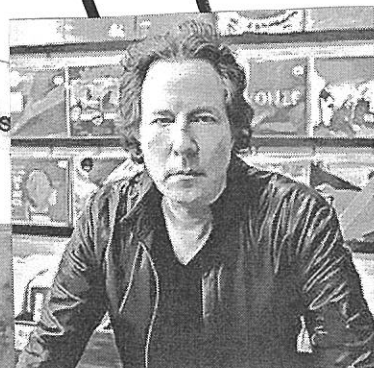
My Favorite Christmas Present

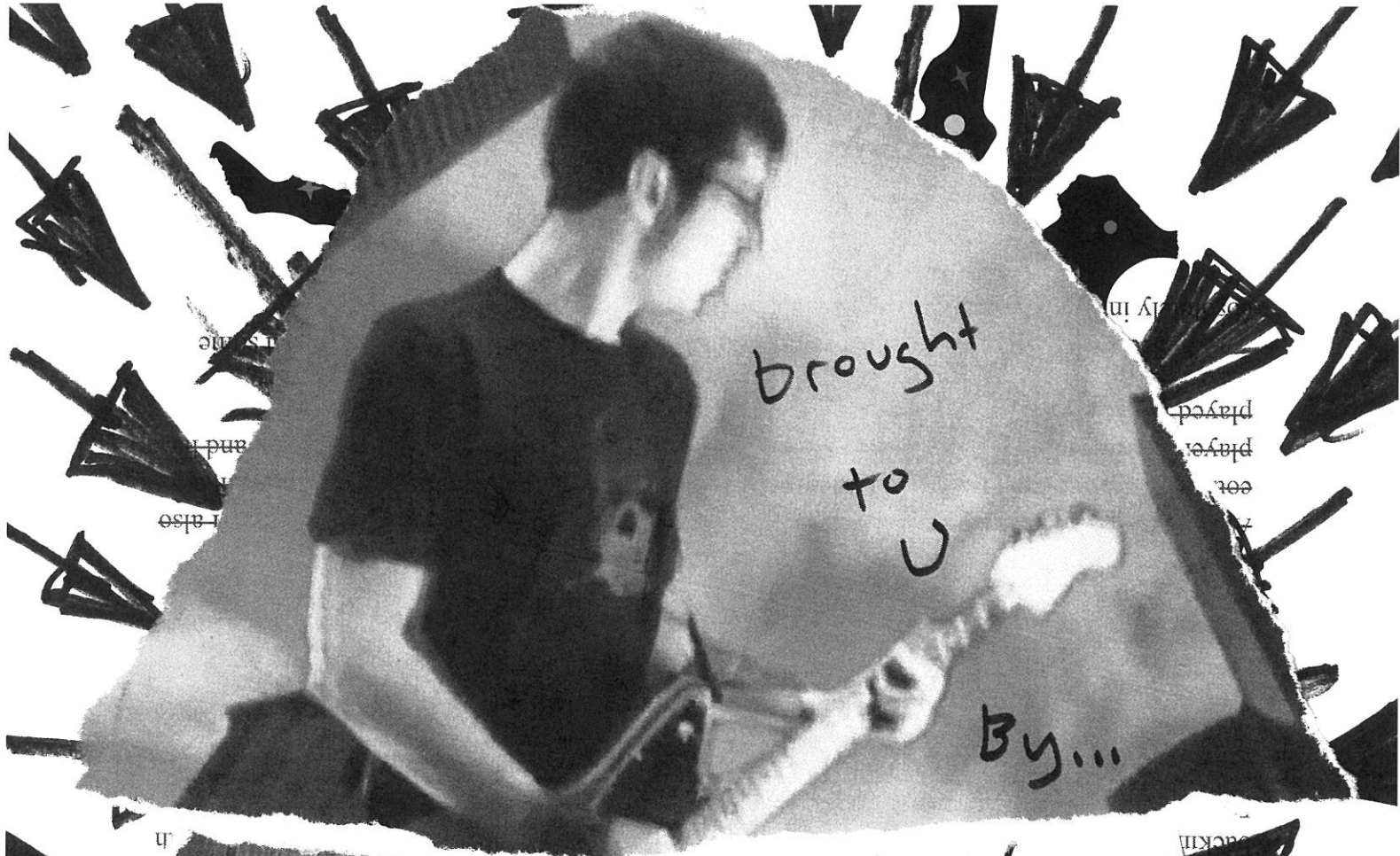
By

Elise Thompson

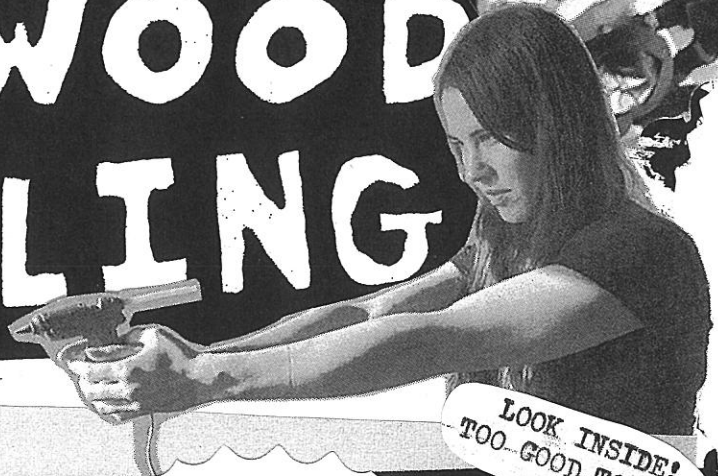
Published Dec 24, 2007 11:00 PM

My family were all packrats, but my mom was the worst. For years she kept my closet cluttered with boxes of fabric scraps. She had made a lot of my clothes growing up, as well as Halloween costumes and clothes for my dolls. I could never convince her to throw all of this useless fabric away. One year, it all came together. I was in my mid-twenties when I opened a package to find a quilt. My mom had that special kind of smile on her face, so I looked at it closer - suddenly it hit me - there was my pink party dress! That was the fabric from my favorite doll's dress! Even when I can't place the source of the material, it is still familiar. I still remember it. That gift was over 20 years in the making. It represented all of those years she held onto those scraps, waiting for the day she could learn to make a quilt. This was the first one she ever made. It also represented all of those nights she spent at the sewing machine, trying to make me special clothes that would make me feel pretty, in spite of our limited budget. It reminded me of the day that I opened my bedroom door to find all of my well-worn and straggly dolls lined up on the bed in fancy new outfits, for no reason at all. It may sound maudlin, but when I curl up in that blanket, I am wrapping myself up in the comfort of my childhood.





FAUX WOOD PANELING



LOOK INSIDE:
TOO GOOD TO NOT!

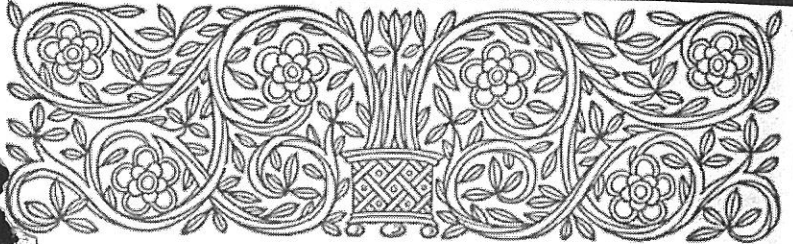
#5

...typical stock pic of Laughner...
apologies to John D Morton!

if anyone knows where to catch
Laurel Nakadate's "Stay The
Same Never Change," please
let me know.

United Dairy Farmers

more exhibitions than Interior Semiotics!
a beautiful new typeface! gud readin' on the can!



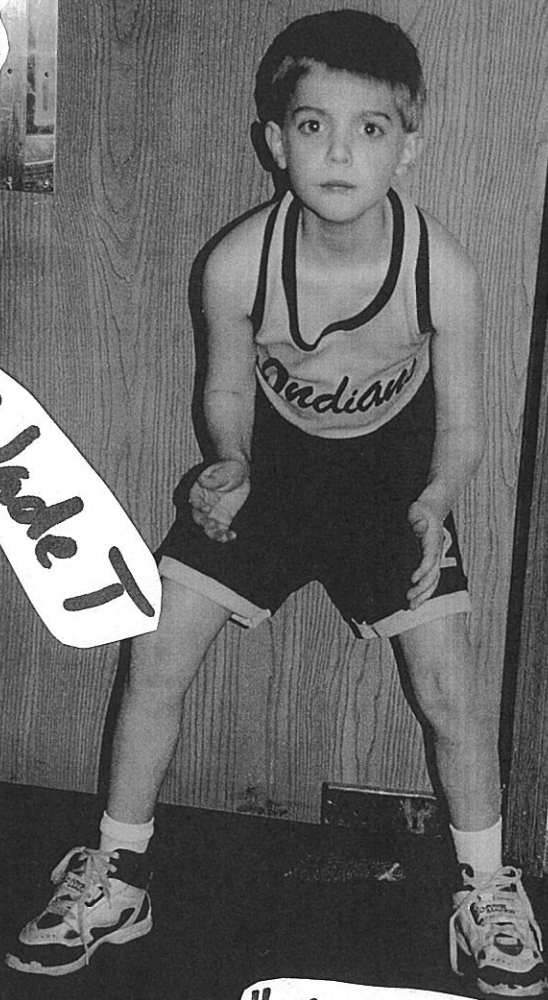
If You See Kay...

RIPLEY's Believe It or Not!

FWP
#5

Another effort from Wade!

Chums to Friends in Japan, Australia, UK, Washington, Ohio, Oregon and elsewhere Eastern, and Midwestern, and in WY/Canada



"this is your
modus operandi"

be all
that you
can be"

-M. Yokohama
"Taking Attendance"

REPOZ: "repose?" Darren Voila, Sabermetrics shotgunner of Inequity

"Is he/she still alive?"

THE RICHARD METZER
FANCY!

FAUX WOOD PANELING #5 // A Year of Zines

Actually about two years of effort, starting when I got this here Smith-Corona typewriter for my b-day, which must have been 2022?

Sounds about right.

The Richard Meltzer Fanclub began sometime in 2021, cuz I wanted to justify my collection of books, mags and ephemera related to the man. Simon Reynolds calls this online activity "sharity"- and it ought to happen more. That's what these social networking bullshit acts are best for, after all. Acts of commerce that can be infinitely perpetuated, at least in theory. I'm not the only one with such a niche interest. So I rise above invisible collector ranking to amateur archivist.

I amble and review texts multiple

This process has been fruitful. times, see different angles, glean some truths and half-truths. I've met- no, messaged- people I'd otherwise only wonder about. Sometimes I run into the same dead end week after week, and feel crazy.

My searches yield minutia. Or sometimes things of such gravity that I can't help but love being an archive empiricist. Love it!

Faux Wood Paneling came out of a want to ~~not~~ just do stuff on the computer solely. Hundreds are listed as followers but I see maybe 40-50 diehards frequenting the Fanclub feed on a regular basis. So a supplement

felt kinda necessary. I had scraps of stuff laying around, little experi-

ments that added up the first issue. It was personalist as I did not and do not have any business sense... this comes largely from being a Navy veteran who would maybe feel more comfortable at a parrish or a sleepy parochial town. But! I got rocks in my head and a lump in my throat.

I got a codex, it gave me a sort of sinecure-

I'm a reader and holder of some manuscripts

I'm a reader and holder of some manuscripts.

Faux Wood Paneling came about. This has been a year of zines.

Some people, fine folks, have contributed to my xerox receptacle.

Thank you. We exist and that's enough. I still hold a lantern high.

Readers, writers, music makers and laypeoples- pull yr puds!

-Wade, January 2014

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
-CONTENTS-CONTENTS-CONTENTS-
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

It goes like... CRAIG BELL,
FAUST BOX SET, VIVA LAS VEGAS,
"LONGPLAYS" & MOVIES, CASPER,
TANYA & CONNIE, BLURT AND MELTZ
... THE DAY THE CLOWN CRIED
(and some various stuff toss'd
in- ads poems and whatnot)

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
FANCLUB NEWS-The Richard Meltzer
Fanclub has been saturated with
LA Reader and LA Weekly pieces.

This is largely thanks to 1)
Eddie Flowers being a good
archivist, holding on to many
a Reader paper... and 2) my
discovery of Newspapers.com,
which with a 7 day free trial
got me a whole heckuvalot!

The LA Reader ought to be
available on some database,
but for now you know what to
do: visit The Richard Meltzer
Fanclub on Twitter/X and get
to scrolling and searching.
The handle I use is...

@thegoodmarty

I've read most of the stuff,
but just like my real-life
garbage pit, I collect more than
I read (collect like a squirrel,
I do, not an opportunist) much
to my dismay. One day there may
truly be "Time Enough At Last"-
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
OTHER NEWS*Seeing Heavy Mother
w/ Craig Bell was a treat. They
are playing a number of dates
with or without Bell starting
around the time of the eclipse
(tomorrow, April 8th at the time
of this chicken-pecking) but the
latest one scheduled at the moment
is JUNE 30, a "special show" at
State Street Pub in Indy...
should be plenty o' time to
plan a trip to this wondrous
region of The Midwest.

(see Eddie Flowers on Fbook)
RELAXER in Chicago- WOW!"

Daniel Martin-McCormick has
been in many bands, but as a
solo artist and an interview
subject, Dan really shines.

... I finally had a chance to
meet him in Chicago during St.
Paddy's Day weekend, DJing a set
in a small bicycle shop.

He knew who I was because I
had sent him a cryptic letter in
the mail (as I am wont to do) -
he was affable and gave a lot of
time for me to ask questions even
though it was 3:30, 3:40 and he had
an early flight to catch.

So I can scratch that off my list.
His interviews are the best, but be
sure to hear his Sex Worker albums,
Ital's "Dream On" and some Black Eyes
stuff while they are still together.

My tastes for old garage rock,
the music of Montreal in the 70s and
the BOMP of Heavy Mother / SKRONK
of Neo Neos may be what gets me thru
this existence currently, but the
blissful ignorance of 100% Silk
and Not Not Fun, Planet Mu, the
so-called Hipster House and et al
ILK of 2011, 2012 or so sticks around.
As a sort of memory of lonesome

bettered by lo-fi cassette pop.*

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

WELLNESS*WHAT IS TO COME?*PO-BOX*

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

I switch cig brands more now.

Light blue American Spirits are harsh.

Buddy Zack Thompson smokes Lucky

Strikes and I've adopted those now.

BEER: Breckenridge Vanilla Porters,

Amstel Light Lagers. Kentucky

Tangerine Cream Ales...

Since February I threw my back

out of whack and caught a nasty cold.

This delayed my normal writing

efforts and pushed this issue back

a bit. I want to release these past

five issues of Faux Wood Paneling

in PDF form on archive.org for

posterity. I want Issue #6 to be

bigger and better than all that has

come before- to do that I probably

won't release it quarterly. I also

gotta focus on family life, moving,

and treating my body better.

If you want to submit something,

I got my PO Box reinstated for

another year...

Wade Oberlin

PO BOX 211

Wilberforce, OH, 45384

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

...CHECK OUT THE SOUTHERN INDIANA
JOURNAL OF ROCK !

AUTHENTICALLY FRENCH

AUTHENTICALLY CHICAGOAN



1547 N. Wells St.
Chicago, IL, 60610

What we said -

Craig Bell + Wade



- W • Hello, Craig.
- C • Hi, Wade.
- W • How are you?
- C • Oh, I'm doing pretty well. How are you?
- W • This week has been dead. I work at a university. And following **Thanksgiving**, there haven't really been too many students around.
- C • Which university?

W • **Central State University** near Dayton, Ohio. Actually closer to **Xenia**. It's a historically black college. It used to be Wilberforce, and it split into two different parts. **Wilberforce University** is private, while Central State is a public university.

C • I remember growing up hearing of Wilberforce, cuz I grew up, of course, up in Cleveland. Whenever I think of a different Central State- well, here in Indiana- that one used to be the mental hospital. Central State was a mental hospital. They have a museum in it now. But uh, when I think of Central State, that's what I think of, **Central State Hospital**.

W • Well, sometimes I feel committed, so... that's not far off.

C • Down there in Xenia, that's, what is that, "rolling hills," I guess it would be called?

W • We have a little bit of that. There are many bike trails around here, railroad tracks were converted into bike routes.

C • Uh huh.

W • And Xenia is known, or it was known, as the bicycling capital of the Midwest.

C • I can see that.

W • There's plenty of bike trails and they all sort of converge around Xenia, so it's kind of interesting. The terrain is usually pretty flat.

C • And like you said, it's not too far from Dayton.

W • Yeah.

C • And Dayton is where the **Wright Brothers** had their bicycle shop.

W • I noticed that there was some Wright Brothers stuff in Indiana, too, when I went to the **Heavy Mother** show.

C • Yeah, I think one of the brothers was born over on the Indiana side. I think Wilbur was.

W • The other one had to wait and get off in Ohio.

C • Well, I don't know which one came first. I'm not up on my Wright brothers, I'll have to say. Aviation was never my main interest. Most of my stuff is land based.





The house in Indianapolis that Booth Tarkington based the Amberson's mansion upon. It no longer stands today. Photo sent by Lee Gordon.

W. Right, I was excited today cuz I found out that you had worked for **Amtrak**. Did you end up retiring with them?

C. I did not retire with them, but for the bulk of my career I worked 44 years on the railroad and of that, probably thirty-some years of it, it was with Amtrak, but I have worked for other railroads too. In fact, I worked for a short time in Ohio in the early 90s for **Conrail** building signals, uh, grade crossings over like in Medway, London, and I'm trying to think - we were up in Delaware at one time, but they're in South Central Ohio. I worked for about two years while I was laid off from Amtrak out there.

W. Well, I do like Amtrak. The only time I've taken an Amtrak trip was on the West Coast, and I wish that there were more actual passenger trains around here in the Midwest.

C. They have been talking about bringing back passenger trains for a long time in the Midwest- where it would make a lot of sense -because you have all these cities that are nicely situated where you could have regular service between them and move a lot of people. But people love their automobiles, and they were just talking here in Indiana... they had a proposal coming out that they want to make the entirety of Indiana, the interstate, three lanes wide. I guess there is still some spots on 65 and 70 that aren't three lanes wide, so that is the big proposal in the state of Indiana right now.

W. Yeah, about a month or so ago I watched **The Magnificent Andersons** for the first time. Have you seen that?

C. I have, it was just on recently. Did you watch it on **TCM**?

W. Um, not this time around. I think I found it through some other means [a DVD from the Centerville OH Library - W.] It had been on my list for a while.

C. It was just on Turner Classic, probably within the past week. I watched the beginning of it, but I have watched it before, yes.

W. Yeah, it wasn't too bad. I want to try and catch the radio drama version of it, too, which is also Orson Welles.

C. You know, it's funny- I was just thinking the other day when I saw the beginning of it, they showed the house at the opening scene of the movie. I don't think that house- I don't think they shot any location stuff, because that movie is based in Indianapolis. But I just wonder if they did- if they HAD- is that house still standing somewhere around here? I had the feeling that there are still quite a few 19th century homes hanging out around here.

W. Yeah, I had a feeling it looked like parts of Ohio that I've seen. Liberty and I, we look at houses like that and just, you know, dream on about having one like that. Her sister, too.

C. It'll keep you awake at night when you see the heating bill for something like that.

W. Yeah, and you're still gonna be drafty.





- C • Probably in 1979, a couple of the guys in **Saucers** in Connecticut rented this old house just on the outskirts of New Haven, right between New Haven and the next town over. It turned out that this house had been **Eli Whitney's** boarding house. It's where he lived, and he ran a boarding house. Across the road were ruins of the small factory where Eli Whitney first started experimenting with the cotton gin and building things like that. Then starting to build things with interchangeable parts... all of this was kind of laying in quasi-ruin in 1979. Mark and Malcolm and a couple other guys from town were living in this house. We had some fantastic parties in that place. Now it's almost like a state heritage site. The house was rebuilt and they have a barn there. They rebuilt the factory across the way and it's a historical destination. I always remember that house, how drafty and cold it was. I always thought it was haunted, too.

W I didn't realize that Eli Whitney- was he developing the cotton gin up in Connecticut?

- C • Yes, that's where he was from.
- W • Okay. For some reason I always assumed he was developing it in the South, like, uh, you know, in the field.
- C • No, because the manufacturing of the linen and all that was done in the mills up in New England. The cotton would come up here.
- W • So it would still be kind of unrefined, making its way up north?
- C • Yeah, it would come up on boats, unrefined, just picked, I guess in bales and things. The early manufacturing was all based up in the New England part of the colony. The Carolinas weren't that developed yet. That's where it all went. Post-Civil War, say, that is where it started moving. Down into the Carolinas.
- W • If I go up to Connecticut I'll be sure to look for the historical markers [removed the part of me rambling about a 4th grade paper I did on Eli Whitney, which my heart must not have been greatly invested in -W].
- C • Yeah, it's actually the neighborhood that I spent time in most- I lived there 13 years and spent the majority of those years in that particular neighborhood, that area, the side of town that's all in.

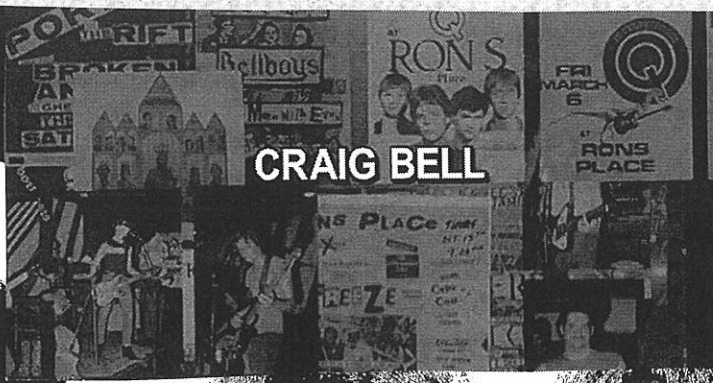
W Do you think that building is seen in the documentary "**It Happened But Nobody Noticed?**"

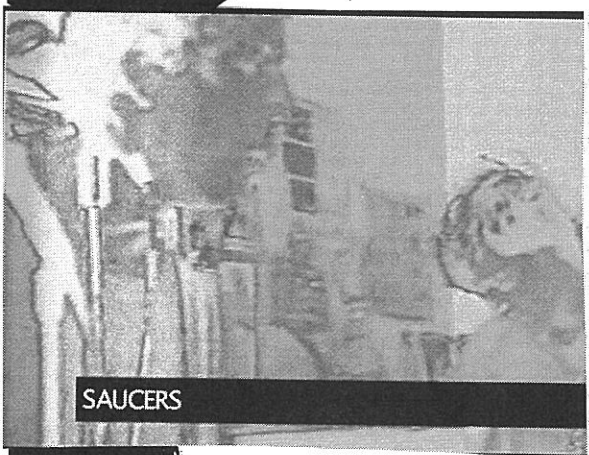
C No, because I don't think we ever talked about that when we were doing the interviews for that movie. I should ask a couple people and see if I can get a picture of the house, what it looked like then ... it was an adventure going on to the second floor of that place. I mean people had rooms up there, but you know, the stairs weren't in the best shape and stuff like that... It was a fire trap. ***laughter***

W Did the Saucers play house parties?

C I think we played one party there. I think we had one party where Saucers and **Poodle Boys** played... and I know there were members of **Hot Bodies** that lived there too, so it might have been Hot Bodies and Saucers, some mixture of that playing. I remember at least one party that I can recall. There might have been more.

CRAIG BELL





W Yeah, I only caught some of the film but it's awesome. I'm glad to see that there was such a good rock and roll presence [and documentation -W] in Connecticut, and to think that, you know, it was a place where all the New Yorkers were going instead of say like Jersey or something.

C We got a lot of people to come up that way. Boston had a very healthy scene going on, going back into the Sixties. There'd be bands always traveling from New York up to Boston and New Haven was right there in the middle, right along the highway. So New Haven happened to get a lot of stuff and it was known an entertainment town because of **Off-Broadway**. Before they brought plays to Broadway, they would go to Philadelphia or they'd go to New Haven.

W Yeah, so it was kind of a, like a place to workshop?

C Yes. Yes, it was.

W Yeah. There was a lot of good documentation, too- I was just reading about **Claudia [Bell]** and her work as a photographer.

C Oh, yes. Yeah, she did a lot of work. She was a very good photographer. She was a columnist for the paper out there. When I met her, she had come out from Indiana to work for a magazine, and the way we met was that the magazine had sent her down to **Ron's Place** to interview the band. Then she became much more involved in the scene, she was writing a weekly music column in the entertainment paper and stuff like that. So yeah, she was very involved along with her photography and playing.

W Are there any aspirations you think for maybe a collection of her works?

C Absolutely. When we did a memorial for her, we displayed photographs of some of her work; there had been some stirrings of interest. I think it should. She has some great shots.

W Not only that, but rock [and its coverage -W] around the Midwest at the moment is very healthy [sounds optimistic, like a voice of inexperience, but I believe it... -W].

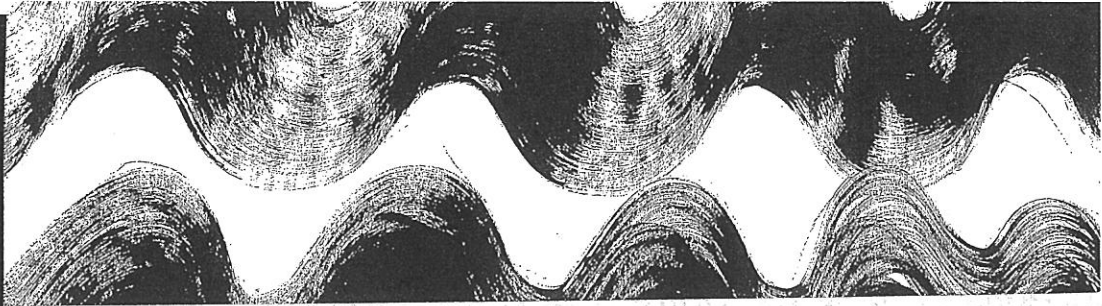
C Yes, that's true.

W I see publishers like **HoZak**, putting out amazing works. When I think about stuff like **Eddie [Flowers]**' stories that he's putting out, and photography ... I just love seeing it all happening.

C That would be very nice to see. I certainly would like to see Claudia's photographs get some acclaim. You know, when she was out here, she also ran a fanzine for the **Yardbirds** and early Led Zeppelin called "**Pure Blues.**" I think she did about five issues of those.

W Are those available, archived anywhere?

C Nothing, I don't think there's anything online. I have a complete set of them.



W • Well, I don't know if you know this about me but I'm kind of an amateur archivist and I use **archive.org**, the online library system... and there are places that collect these zines. I'm thinking about one specifically in Montreal [**ARCMTL** -W] that has a really impressive collection [and scans them to archive.org -W] But, uh, if you ever want to help with anything like that, just let me know.



C • I have been thinking lately because of Claude's passing about what I am going to do with my archives. We had started an archive. Of sorts. In other words, we have three plastic bins down in the basement. One says Cleveland, one says Connecticut, and one I think says Indiana. Or miscellaneous, one or the other. But we have been kind of separating, you know, flyers, magazines, what have you, into these bins. So I've been wondering "what I am going to do with this stuff?" I do know that the University of Connecticut has accepted the archives of a lotta guys that were in the punk rock scene that I was involved in back in the 70s and 80s, upon their passing and things, their archives have gone to UConn. But the Cleveland stuff and the other stuff, yeah... I don't know what to do with that.

W • There are avenues... as you might know, I'm part of **The Richard Meltzer Fan Club**, and I've been having folks submit things to me online for a couple years now. There doesn't seem to be an end-

C • I'm sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt, but are you involved with the Twitter, um, the Twitter R. Meltzer fan club thing?

W • Yes, yeah.

C • I fucking love that.

W • Nice.

C • I love that. I don't know if you know, I'm a follower.

W • Well what's your handle?

C • Uh, **CWBel52**.

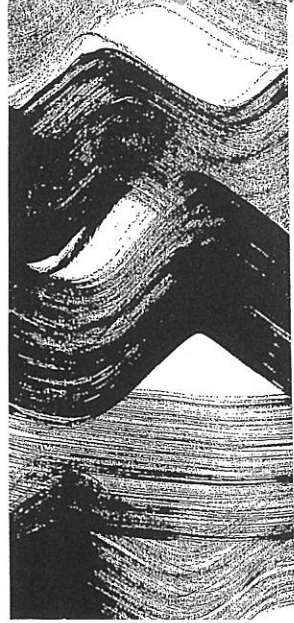
W • Aha. You know, that makes total sense!

C • When I was younger Meltzer was there along with all the other ones, too. I just enjoyed reading all that kind of stuff then. And it's refreshing to go back and to get back to some of that stuff. There was something you posted the other day, I can't think of what it is now...but it was hilarious because it was this thing where he just starts off talking about some wretched album and then goes off on some weird fucking tangent- then at the end, he gets back to the album and somehow ties the whole thing together.

W • Yeah, it's like that was his, uh, modus operandi, you know [one tool in his wheelhouse! -W]?

C • It's enjoyable reading. He was much more ...the refined writer than say, **Bangs**. Bangs sometimes just got off into jargon and bullshit, but I never felt that way with someone like Melzer. He seemed to, even if he was getting a bit gonzo, he still was making a point of some sort. You know, he was sticking to it.

W • Right. One thing I noticed, around the same time I was starting my zine up, **CREEM** Magazine was getting refreshed. I don't know if you've been following the new CREEM...





- C • This is the second resurrection, isn't it?
- W • Uh, well, it's the first that I recall.
- C • I think that they made an attempt at a comeback back in the early 2000s, also. Maybe I'm wrong, but I remember a slick... you know how when Rolling Stone went to sort of like a slick magazine, but still kind of newsprint-y on the inside?
- W • Well, not personally. I haven't experienced that in my hands, but...
- C • I think CREEM had a slight resurrection; it might have been when **Barry Kramer** was still alive. But anyway, yes, I have noticed that there's now this new, like, really slick CREEM magazine, but I just don't read rock magazine that much anymore, so...
- W • Yeah, it almost out-arts **Artforum**, like in the slickness and how big it is. It's a big magazine. It's thick and glossy.
- C • Ah, yeah.
- W • Yeah. It's interesting.

• It sounds like somebody bought the rights to CREEM that runs an investment group or something [really B. Kramer's son JJ, plus some investment groups -W].

- W • Yeah, I just feel like they're, they're kind of like circling rock and roll. They're not really like *stabbing* at it or anything, but they're circling it...
- C • Many things are circling rock and roll because rock and roll is basically dead as a, as an influential art form anymore. It's fallen into the category of like the blues and things like that, that it's more of like a traditional form now than the contemporary form- I don't think it's as strong in the mainstream as it has been in the past.
- W • Maybe they're circling like you would a sculpture at a museum.
- C • Well maybe. I'm all for anything that keeps this form of music in people's minds. If it moves them like it has moved us, then they can go and discover what moves them the most and whatever it is...
- W • *some folks don't understand it / that's why they don't demand it...* like what **The Showmen** said or something like that...
- C • Mm hmm.
- W • Anywhoos... another kind of a modern, uh, problem for musicians right now that's getting a lot of talk, especially this week, is **Spotify**. I noticed there's some of your music on Spotify and things like that, but do you really give it any mind? Have any strong thoughts on them?
- C • What is the argument about Spotify right now? Is it the same old argument that they give you like a minuscule, minuscule, *minuscule* payment for each play? Or is there something new going on?





W • I don't think it's anything particularly new, but, uh, around the end of the year, Spotify does this thing where they rank the stats of listeners most favorite records and albums and it's kind of like an interesting thing where it says, hey, here's what your listening habits were for the past year.

C • Oh, so it is like an individual- it's sort of a personalized, yearly recounting of what you listen to? I'm not on Spotify, but they do send me... like I'll get an email from them saying, um, I remember one addressed to **The Down-Fi**...it was hilarious: "Your place on Spotify is have increased 723 percent in the last over the last month." And I'm going "how can you increase by 700-some percent if- unless you started at zero?"

W • That's some pretty good math.

C • Yeah. And of course it was a call to join Spotify as a musician, you know. My stuff's on Spotify because I signed on to this thing called **The Orchard** a number of years ago- they put up a lot of my music through them. And it's sort of like a clearinghouse that puts you out on like iTunes and Apple music. I forget some of the other ones, but that's how my stuff has ended up on Spotify. I've never personally gotten anything up on there. I don't think all the stuff that I have is even on there.

W • Well, I really got to experience, the **Saucers** record through Spotify. Uh, the compilation, I should say... it's really great because there are a lot of these songs that you had written in different entities but they're, you know they're bops now, they're really poppy, upbeat, and they come from some sort of Eternal Jukebox. That's the feeling I get listening to that Saucers compilation.



C • Saucers was the band that- when I left Cleveland and finally found my footing in Connecticut -was the band that I put together. I had an idea of what I wanted a band to be like. It took a little while to get there because we started out as the guitar-keyboard band, but then the keyboard player left. So then we became a two-guitar band. Then the other guitar player left. And then we became the guitar-keyboard band again. Hitting our stride when we broke up. Which is, you know, the typical rock and roll story. We made a lot of great music and I'm really happy now that to this day that **What We Did**, the CD, holds up. Those songs are still good songs-

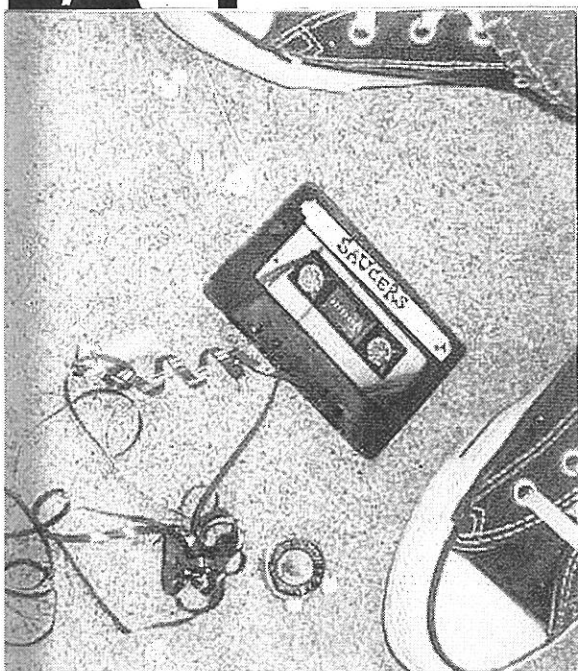
W • Well that's the feeling, like looking at the video from the documentary and then listening to the Saucers. It felt very eternal, like it could have happened 50 years ago, it could have happened yesterday, you know? And I think that's an achievement.

C • Well, thank you very much. That's something that I have tried to do with my songwriting - try not to make something too specific or too set in time. But at the same time, trying to say something. Thank you. I'm glad that you've noticed.

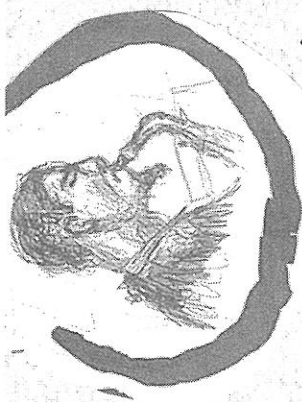
W • Yeah. A few other things I noticed... you mentioned in an earlier conversation that you were reading a book on The Yardbirds. So, I was doing my due diligence, and I noticed that you had a song called "**Hawk Full of Soul**" on one of those **Rocket from the Tombs** records.

C • Yes.

W • It sounds pretty close to the Yardbirds tune.



WHAT WE DID



• Yes it does and it was based on a riff that **Gary Siperco** had which has a very had that sort of sitar-y kind of, uh- I don't even know what you would call that with your fingers -uh, Nyan, Nyan, Nyan, Nyan, Nyan, Nyan, Nyan, kind of rhythm to it. And then somebody mentioned **Hawkwood**, and I think that that's how the lyrics morphed into what they are, and the title of the song. And the way things worked in, in latter day Rocket from the Tombs was that we would come together and just work out ideas. Everyone would put ideas in. We would piece things together. We would be working on ideas, moving them around, speeding them up, slowing them down. Then when we had pieces of music, they'd be handed over to **David [Thomas]** and David would write lyrics for them. So, we could write something, thinking that it's going to be a certain kind of song and he'd come back with a lyric that would make the song totally different. A totally different vibe when it came time to record... we recorded that record around 2013, '14.

• The only other record that I haven't experienced in prep for this was that **Jazz Destroyers** record, **X_X**, and I was just thinking that had to have been a trip to make-

• Are you talking about the **"Live at the Yellow Ghetto"** album?

• Correct.

• Ah, yes.

• I haven't listened to it yet, but there's one promo video I saw for it [w/ the tune **"I Am An Instrument"** -W].

• Oh, please do. If you want, I will send you the record that we made and hasn't been released yet, if you'd like to hear that. The one to follow up that ... unfortunately we lost our record deal before we could get the record out.

• Um, who, who put that out? Was that **Smog Vale** or **Scat**?

• Frank decided to retire again, unfortunately. And bless him, he paid for all the recording sessions and all that stuff - I'm talking about this album now - **"The Monster That Ate Cleveland"** -we were lucky to have him to be on Smog Vale and everything he did for us. But unfortunately now we got this record in the can. We don't have any place to put it out.

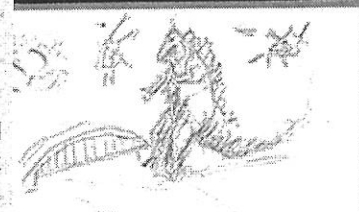
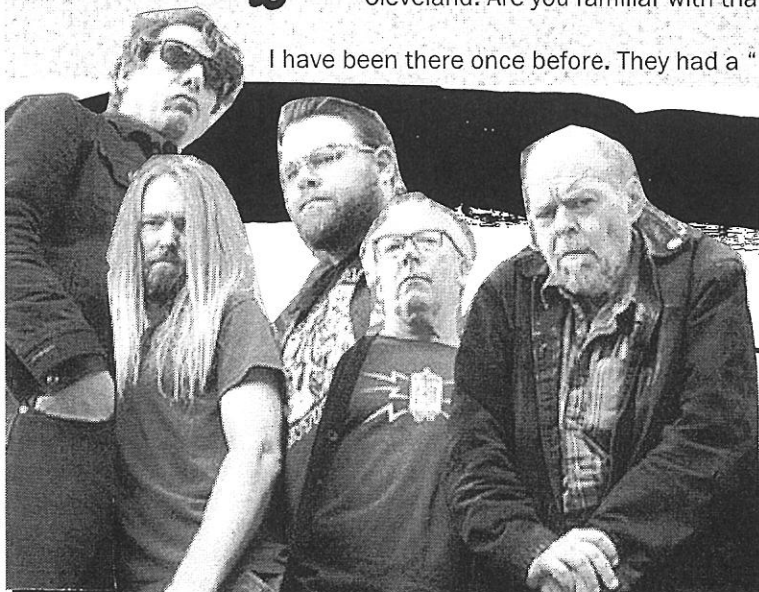
• Wow. Well I'm hoping that something materializes very soon.

• Yeah, we're always looking, you know- that's **John [Morton]**'s project, so I defer to him on that stuff. But he has been shopping it around. Well anyway, you asked me a question about how it was recording **"Yellow Ghetto..."** I have a very distinct memory from that because it was like January of 2014, I believe, that we were recording that album, and the reason it's called Live at the Yellow Ghetto is that it was next to **"Now That's Class!"** ...the club in Cleveland. Are you familiar with that club?

I have been there once before. They had a "noise brunch" there that I attended.

X THE JAZZ DESTROYERS X

ALBERT AYLER'S GHOSTS
live at the YELLOW GHETTO



THE MONSTER THAT ATE CLEVELAND





• Okay. Well, right next door to that club is a big yellow house. It was called Yellow Ghetto, and some of the people that worked at the club lived there. That's where John and I and Matt stayed for like a week in January while we recorded that album. I remember lying there in bed at night with the wind blowing and it's colder than fuck- and I'm thinking that 40 years prior to that, it was January of 1974, I had just gotten out of the Army and had rented a second floor walkup over this store on Lorain Avenue on the west side of Cleveland, where Jamie myself and I think Mike Weldon were living with **Mirrors**, and it was the exact same situation; cold, drafty, wind blowing... and I just thought, man, here I am again, in Cleveland, in the middle of fuckin' winter, in a band, in a cold and drafty place, and it was just really weird to think that my life had made that full circle, 40 years, to almost being in the exact same place.

• Do you believe in sort of like life cycles- that every seven years you will experience the same sort of thing? Or for you do you think it's like 40 years?

• Well, I've heard of how every cell in your body changes over the period of seven years. You're a completely different person within that time and yeah, I think that things that happen, happen for a reason. You put yourself in whatever situation you are in, but those things that happen in those situations, they happen for some express reason.

• Chemistry or predetermination?

• Uh, I think a combination of all those.

• Same, yeah. I was just talking about predetermination at Thanksgiving. And my sister said that was a cop out, but-

• Well, predetermination would sort of like nullify free will, wouldn't it?

• Right, but, you know, what if, well, I don't know... I don't have the aptitude to really, uh, you know, defend anything.

• I don't either, so, let's not get too deep into that.

• *laughter*

• Sure. But yeah, I look forward to the Jazz Destroyers record and as far as those zines that Claudia was involved with and that album that's unreleased, I'm very interested in following up on that stuff... The only other thing I was going to ask really was about Heavy Mother and how you like playing around with them, and is it something you look forward to or what???

ROCKET FROM THE TOMBS



Life stinks.

• Oh! I got to tell you: Heavy Mother is an excellent band. And it kind of reminds me ...you mentioned that Yardbirds book. When I was reading that book, Eddie's band kind of reminded me a little bit of the Yardbirds. Not that they're playing like some kind of blues or something, but you've got these core people- you've got [Zack] "Chode" [Worcel], Clarke [Joyner], and Eddie, and then you've got at first Mark [McWhirter], and then they had the guy Pete [Doyle], and now they've got Kellen [Baker] playing in the band but the band doesn't change because of those three guys, those three central guys. They're pushing in the same direction, but this other influence comes in that always changes the tone of what's happening. And I enjoy Eddie. Eddie is what led me to get up there and play guitar with them. I love it because I don't get to play guitar that much these days. I'm mostly playing bass because I'm playing with two really good guitar players in my band. So, any chance for me to get out, play guitar, I love it. He had even talked about maybe working together a little bit next time they record. So, I'm really looking forward to that.

W • That would be epic.

• I think Heavy Mother is a really good band. I really do. I think Eddie writes some great songs.

W • I think he's terrific.

• I've known of Eddie for a long time. Did you know... there is a connection between me and Eddie that we didn't even know about until like, until around the time we met, maybe about 10 years ago. Eddie, of course, does graphic art, and back in the 90s, when whoever bootlegged the "Life Stinks" album, or is that the name of it? Anyway- the bootleg of Rocks from the Tombs -Eddie did the cover art for it, but he did it under a false name under **Eduardo Flores!** But I didn't know that until we met when the **Gizmos** first got back together.

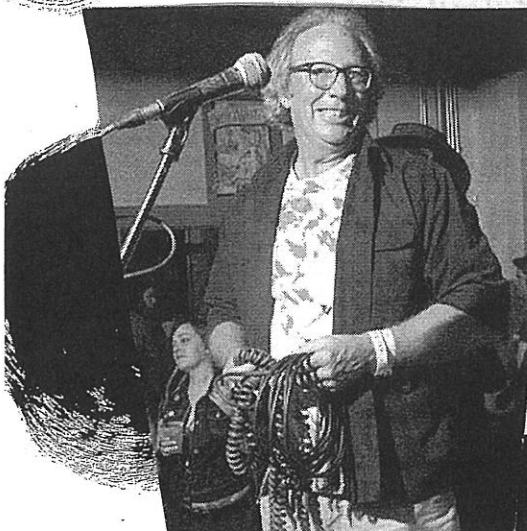
W • Yeah, I wasn't aware of that either- the only really real graphic art that I know of his was this one of a great big hand flipping the bird, but it's all made of typography and it was in an issue of Forced Exposure. It's great. It's just like him- ranting and raving at the world, basically **bolding** parts of the font, he makes a middle finger out of it.

• That's pretty awesome.

W • I thought it was pretty ingenious myself.

• I remember seeing his name in issues of Forced Exposure over the years, you know, but never really got into what he was he was doing. It wasn't until I met him, and really enjoying his band reports [on Facebook -W]. After he does a show, he will write some long, rambling piece about whatever was on his mind while that was going on. And I really enjoy those. He really should put those together into some kind of collection.

W • Well, yeah, I thought there was going to be something with HoZak. I mean, it definitely shouldn't be slept on. There are a lot of genius writers on Facebook who could just take collections of these little stints of things and assemble really nice books out of them, you know?



- I agree, but you know, unfortunately, with all the marvels of the modern age of communications and the dissemination of information, the internet and things like that have *destroyed* things like the music business and the publishing business in terms of people just being aware and going to those mediums to get their information from. They're getting their information from now, well, I don't know about you, but I'm on iPhone [iAm -W]. There's a lot of people who get everything they know out of their iPhone. I love that song of Eddie's, "**Government Phone**" ...he talked about that being the only link to the world-that government phone -I think there's a lot of people that live that life and it's a shame because it makes it harder to ... the people that make books they just don't have a profit margin there that enables them to continue making books, you know, it's really tough.

W • Right? I mean trying to come up with a traditional kind of revenue stream just to, you know, put out some pulp, some paper. It's pretty difficult.

C • Have you seen this book, uh, it's a graphic novel, I guess you could call it a graphic novel, by **Aaron Lange** called **Ain't It Fun: Peter Laughner & Proto-Punk in the Secret City?**

W • I didn't realize there was a graphic novel, no.

C • It just came out. I mean, it came out within a month or two. I have a copy of it. Aaron sent to me because I'm in it, obviously- he had shown me some of the pages that he had drawn with me in them. Where I'm in it! I've seen some other pages where John was in it or somebody else, but I was not prepared for what I'm holding in my hands right now... which is let's see how many pages is this thing? Over 400 pages. There are lots of full page graphic drawings also. You know, it reminds me of the style of, well, do you remember the **Ripley's Believe It Or Not!** books?

W • I didn't have too many of those, I'm looking at the style right now...

C • It is amazing. This book is absolutely amazing. It covers so much stuff. I'm really blown away because in this day and age to see something of this heft be produced by- what is this -the **Stone Church Press**...

W • Dave, the likeness of Dave Thomas and Laughner are both really nice, from what I see.

C • It's pretty hilarious. Ha! There's some stuff in here that gives me some chuckles, I gotta say. Just like, oh, is that what you think we look like?

W • Yeah, I'm trying to imagine like, uh, an anime version with Dave Thomas and his expressions.

C • I have- I got to find it -there's a guy named **Brian Walsby**, and he's a cartoonist out on the west coast, and he did a cartoon version of Rocket From the Tombs, I love it. We're ready for Saturday morning, you know?

W • All-right! Saturday morning, breakfast cereal, cartoons...

C • Yeah, exactly.

W • ...and Rocket From The Tombs.

C • Solving mysteries with **Mike Tyson**.

W • Right! So, is anything good on TV tonight?



The Honeymooners is worth watching

THE WACKY ADVENTURES OF
PETEY LAUGHNER
AND
CROCUS!!
TODAY'S EPISODE: **LIFE STINKS!**



BY
BRIAN WALSBY,
2003 THEN
REDONE IN
THE YEAR
2022!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU,
PETEY? YOU LOOK SAD..



FEAR NOT, PETE. I'M OFF
TO PRACTICE WITH THESE
WEIRD DUDES I MET THE
OTHER DAY.. YOU MEAN
GENE, CRAIG
AND WAYNE?
I'VE PLAYED WITH
THOSE GUYS!



YUP.. TALKED
TO THEM, AND
YOU'RE IN.
LET'S GO.



**AW-
RIGHT!**
YOU'RE TAKING
THE GUITAR
PLAYER FOR A
RIDE! YIPPIE!!



ONE THING, THOUGH: NO
BOOZE, AND NO GUNS, OKAY?
I WANT THIS PROJECT TO LIVE
WITH MY ARTISTIC VISION OF
DETACHMENT FROM MODERN
SOCIETY... YEAH YEAH YEAH,
MR. TRENCH COAT!
WE CAN KICK OUT THE
JAMS A LITTLE TOO!



ON THE WAY TO PRACTICE:
THESE GUYS LIKE
THE STOOGEES,
BUT NO RICHARD
THOMPSON... SO
NO FRANK ZAPPA,
NO HEART, MAN.
NO HEART AT ALL..



HEY LOOK!
IT'S JOHN
MORTON.
WHAT'S UP?



NOT MUCH..
JUST BEATING
THE SHIT OUT
OF TOM
HERMAN HERE.



SEE YOU GUYS.



AND SO:
HEY,
HEY GUYS!



HEY PETE!
HEY CROCUS!



LET ME PLUG IN..
CHECK OUT MY
NEW TUNE: ?
IT'S LIKE
HAVING A
PARTY AND YOU
AREN'T
INVITED..



WELL, SO WHAT?
LOU IS MY
FUCKING IDOL!
DIDN'T YOU READ
MY COLUMN?



YEAH YEAH YEAH..
WELL, LISTEN
TO THIS TUNE
I WROTE: ?
SONIC
REDUCER..
AIN'T NO
LOSER...



WELL, IT'S
COOL.. BUT
CHECK
OUT... THIS
LIFE STINKS!
I CAN'T THINK
I LIKE THE
KINKS...



HEY! I DO
LIKE THE KINKS!
SHUT UP
CRAIG!!
GOOD DAMN
PETE, YOU'RE
ALWAYS TRYING
TO TAKE OVER!



**FUCK YOU
GENE!**



**EAT SHIT,
PETE!**

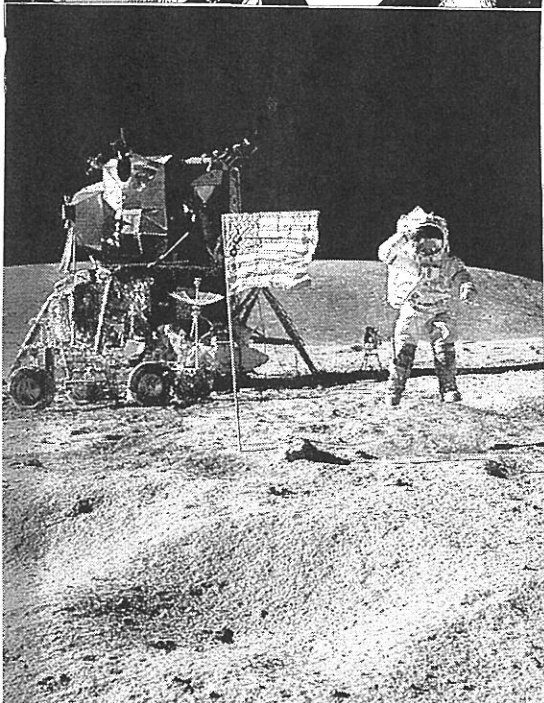
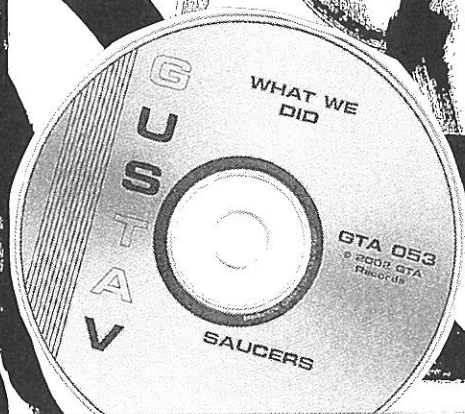


I QUIT.

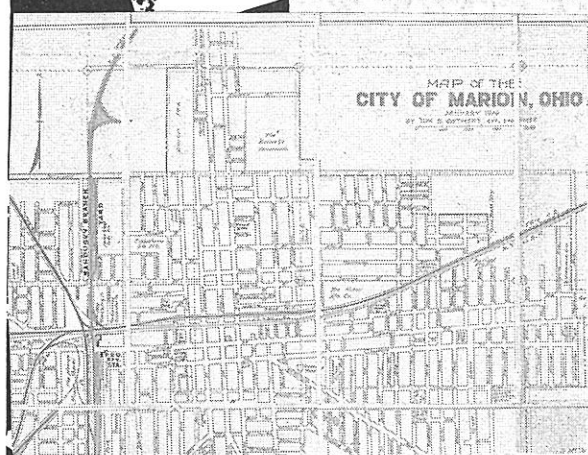


HMMM...
BAND TURMOIL
AS AN ART
STATEMENT..
I LIKE IT..
THE END!





- C I don't know. I don't think so. Let me have a look and see if TCM is having anything of any great interest. I got off this afternoon because they were doing too many musicals lately, man...
- W I had TCM for years, um, as part of **Spectrum**. Is that the same service that you get out there? Spectrum?
- C Yeah.
- W Yeah. And it just got to the point where, I mean, I was pretty much paying the same rate as a person would to have a movie in their office area of some business. It was kind of hard to keep up justifying paying about 75 bucks a month or something.
- C Oh, well, unfortunately, I'm paying more – but I'm seriously thinking of reconfiguring all of that. I think this evening I'm probably just going to be sitting here surfing the web, listening to some music. And I have the TV on in the background, you know.
- W Yeah, a muted TV is sometimes the best.
- C Yeah. I have a smart TV so I can get on YouTube and things like that, and I've been just going down wormholes of documentaries on YouTube. Like a 12-part series made in the 60s about the Depression that I probably saw when I was a kid. It's nice to look at this stuff, through eyes 50 years beyond maybe when it was made, to see what the people's *thoughts* were, that- and I tell you, it's fascinating because 1930, 1960, 2020- basically it's the same stuff! It's the same stuff! It's just maybe names are slightly changed in terms of socialism, communism, extremism, whatever, you know- but it just seems like nothing has really changed in the hundred years that you can actually look at on film.
- W Yeah, and it's amazing just how much the camera work has changed- like we all have the cameras on our phones and everything is faster...
- C Oh, don't get me wrong. I mean the technological end of it is tremendous. Heck, just the movies from 1929 to 1939 are like completely different worlds of what they were able to do with light and sound in the space of just 10 years.
- W How about that moon landing, huh?
- C Yeah, how about that moon landing? Yeah, I did that [a gov't slip??? -W], did that with a computer far bigger than my phone.
- W Right.
- C Because right now you can land a man on the moon with computer power of this phone. That's pretty damn amazing!
- W Yeah, a whole **IBM** computer taking up a building, in my hand.



C • When I was in the Army, I was trained on coding machines. The main coding machines that they had were the size of like a regular four drawer file cabinet. Now, I'm sure that all the cryptology stuff that they have is like the size of a little, well, this phone. You know, it's just, ugh!, It's amazing. Takes us back to the Wright Brothers. That was, what, a hundred years ago. People were still crapping their pants whenever they saw somebody flying through the air. Now, I got FedEx flying 30 planes over my head every day. You don't even pay any attention to it anymore.

W • Have you seen Elon Musk's, Starlink flying? In the Heavens?

C • I would like to see that. So I guess, what, does it run on some kind of random orbit? Or, is it just as the Earth turns, it just sort of moves around the sky?

W • I'm not really sure but it all was in a straight line, you know.

C • I've seen photographs of it. It looks really neat. And I'm sure if we'd seen something like that, you know, twenty years ago, we'd probably be losing our minds.

W • Right. Now we look up and we're just like, hey, here's the next step toward our Blade Runner present.

C • I would really love to be able to check in a hundred years from now; just observe, just to see what it's like – when you think about people who were living 200 years ago, which now you're talking what, the 1820s? Which was a pretty civilized time in itself, having the early days of steam propulsion and things like that, experiments in electricity. They already had batteries and things like that in the 1820s. If you plopped one of those people down right now, they'd probably lose their mind!

W • Well, our entire way of, moving and operating just ergonomically, like our hands and legs, it's just totally different from how we would have to operate by necessity, uh, 200, 300 years ago or something.

C • You know, I never even gave any thought to that, but you're probably right.

W • Yeah, like, I mean, we do a lot of sitting- I think more than those who didn't have chairs... sorry, I saw an episode of Joe Pera, it's a very funny show, where the guy was like looking at the history of chairs...

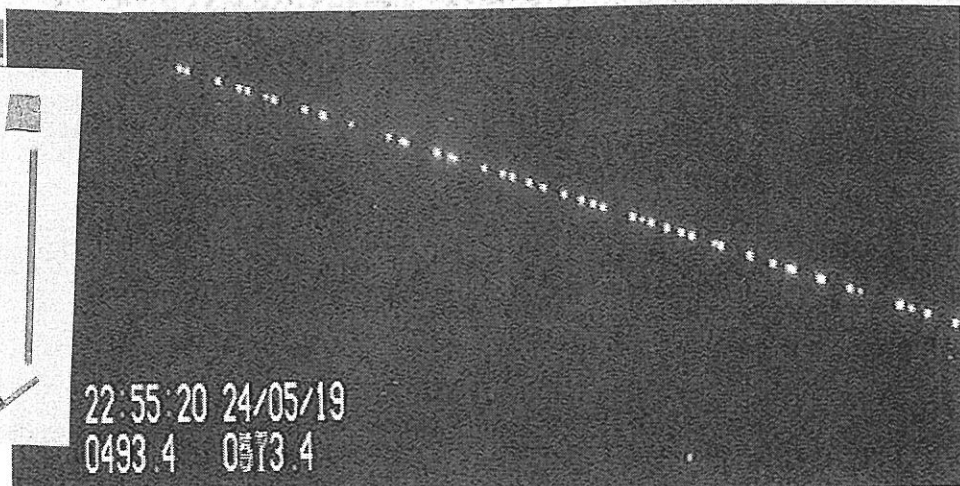
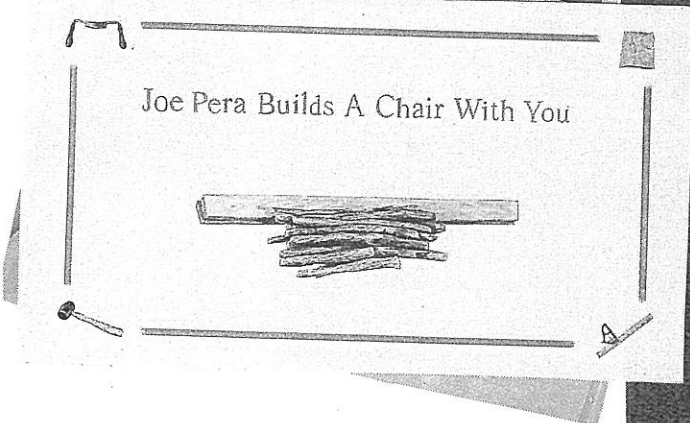
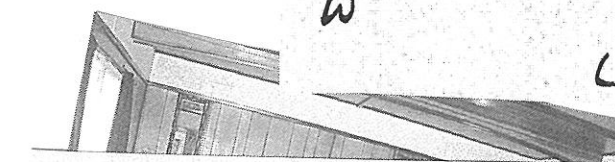
C • I just bought tickets to Joe Pera's show in Bloomington.

W • That's beautiful!

C • I love him, really. I think he is just fantastic.

W • Yeah, I think he's pretty great too, and he's doing all these Rust Belt tours.

C • He's doing like five nights in Bloomington.



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- W Man, and the last time I was in Bloomington, I was thinking of how great a town that is, and just how awesome it is that Joe Pera can go through, that's icing on the cake.



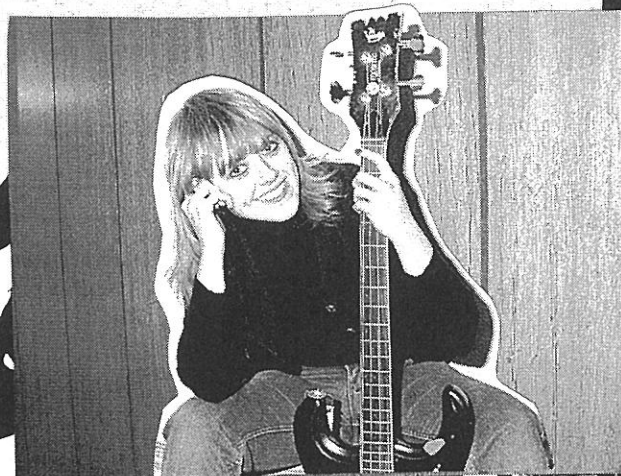
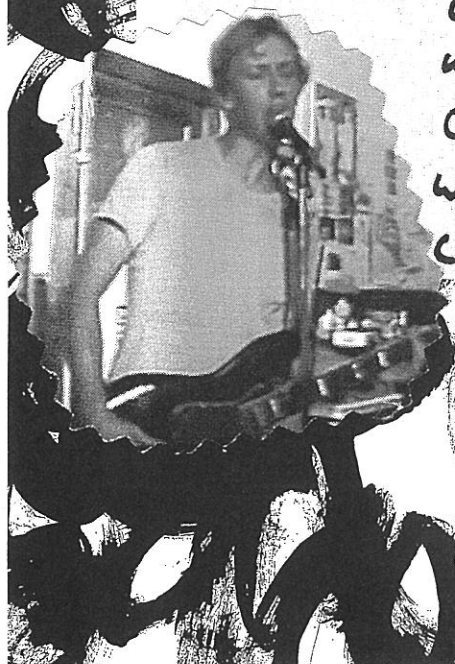
- C I think he's playing in Dayton also.
- W Man, well I'll have to get a ticket, because Liberty and I, when we were watching that show, it was a real comfort for us.
- C It is "Joe Pera Talks With You?"
- W Mm hmm. His podcast is pretty nice, too, where, uh-
- C I haven't heard his podcast. I first became aware of him, of course, on the Adult Swim stuff. But also! I played a show, uh, X__X played a show in Queens a few years ago and Joe Pera was the emcee. It was in this old window or door factory that had been turned into an art center. So it had two different stages. There were people like **Parquet Courts** and **Lee Renaldo** and I forget a couple other bands that were playing along with X__X and other people. But Joe was the emcee and he would go from stage to stage and introduce the bands and do a little shtick in between, you know. So I spent most of the night, except when we were performing, going back and forth between the stages. Not to see the bands as much as to see Joe.

- W Wow. I had no idea when I started this call that we would be just in adulation of Joe Pera!

- C He makes you feel good. I don't know what it is, but, but I just loved watching his show because when I was done with the show, whether I thought it was funny, or even interesting, I just felt good.
- W Yeah, it's not overwhelming, but it's more like he's rising above something like, uh, **Thoreau**, or, uh-
- C It's deep, it's very deep.
- W Yeah. Well, hey, it's been an absolute pleasure.

- C I appreciate that, thank you, and I enjoyed it too. I hope to see you again soon.

- W Yeah, definitely. I'll keep saving dates and we'll see what comes up, but I always enjoy going to Indiana.
- C Alright, man.
- W All right, Craig, you have a good night.
- C Yeah, happy holidays.
- W All right, bye-bye.
- C Cheers.



HEAVY MOTHER W/ CRAIG BELL



See Eddie Flowers' fbook post from February 28th, 2024 and be sure to catch Heavy Mother in late June 30th at State Street Pub and laterz if you can!
"They Aint Never Gonna Stop!"



EXCERPTS FROM EDDIE FLOWERS' BOOK-IN-PROGRESS--
EXCLUSIVE TO THE RICHARD MELTZER FAN CLUB

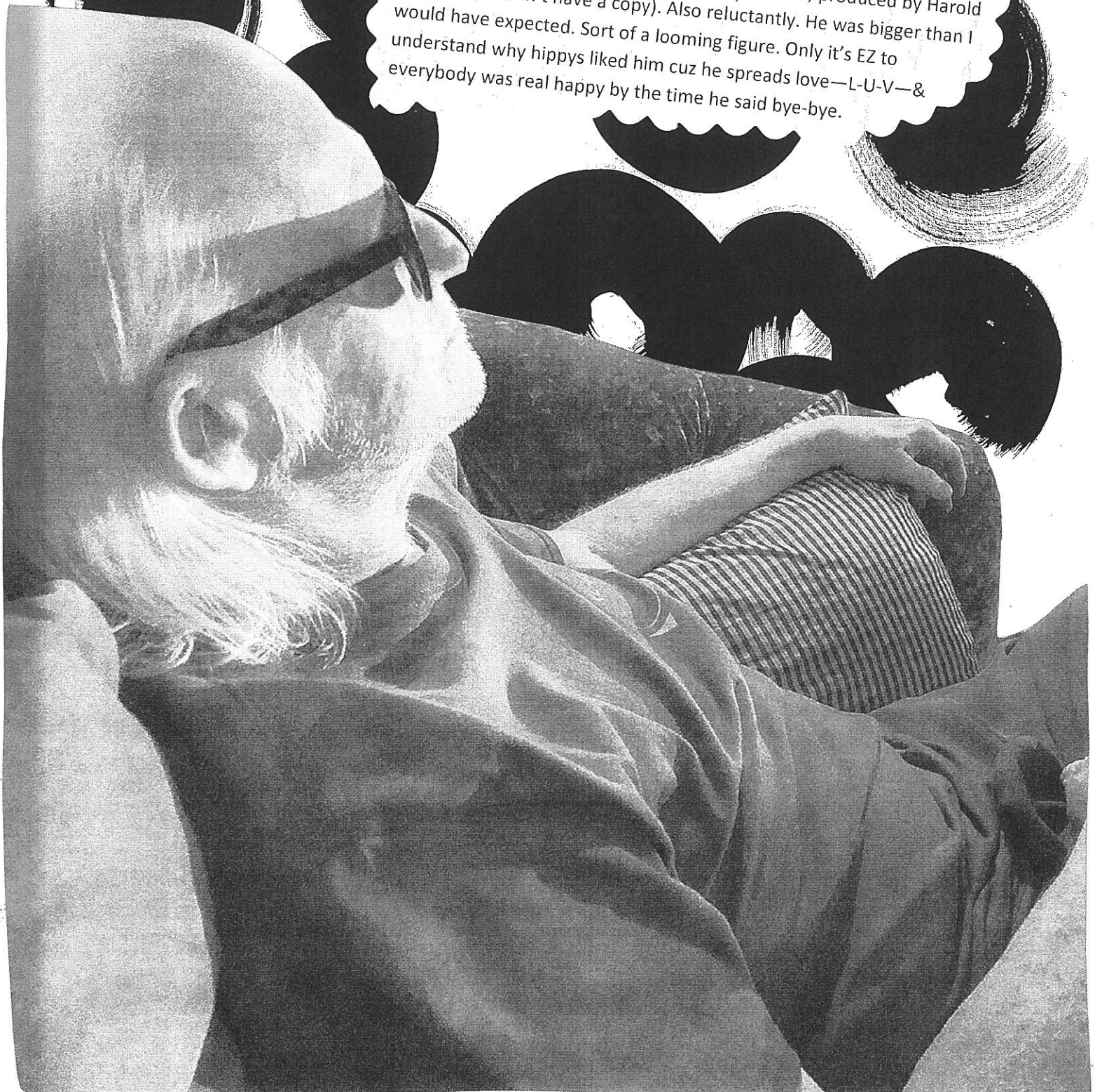
FROM CHAPTER 1 (1957-1973):

Greg Shaw's WHO PUT THE BOMP (the name hadn't been shortened to BOMP yet) led me to more fanzines. There was Nick Tosches' ZOOT, Jon Tiven's NEW HAVEN ROCK PRESS, Alan Betrock's JAMZ and THE ROCK MARKETPLACE, Crescenzo Capece's CRETINOUS CONTENTIONS, Tom Bingham's IF AND ONLY ONLY IF, etc. In the early autumn of 1971, I sent away for an issue of CREEM (you couldn't buy that or ROLLING STONE locally, although I could find CIRCUS and HIT PARADER at drug stores). I immediately got a CREEM subscription and they offered a free copy of the MC5's new album HIGH TIME as a come-on. BAM! Things shifted again. I had found a cut-out mono copy of THE VELVET UNDERGROUND & NICO for 47 cents around the same time. I had looked at a full-price copy for a couple years at Bill's Dollar Store in my hometown, but I just couldn't bring myself to buy it. It looked, um, weird. I loved the cut-out bins and was always on the hunt. I remember the day I bought most of the Who's Decca 45s at Bill's Dollar Store—three for a buck! I had started noticing the writers in rock mags and fanzines. My favorite was Richard Meltzer. The first thing was a 1970 piece in CIRCUS called "This Eric Is No Derek" about Eric Burdon. I read it and thought it was stupid. What was wrong with this guy?! Then I read it again and realized it was funny. Then I read it again . . . and again until I realized Meltzer was really smart! I read Lenny Kaye's piece on the Flamin' Groovies in another issue of CIRCUS. What a weird band name! And yes, Lester Bangs in CREEM was a major mindfuck.

FROM CHAPTER 4 (1977/1978):

[this segment of chapter 4 was originally published in Russell Desmond's CAN'T BUY A THRILL fanzine back in 1978—written while I had the flu and a high fever]

Uh, but one person who is at least still as crazy as ever is Larry Fischer. Used to . . . I mean, he's also known as Wild Man Fischer. Mainly that, in fact. LL & I went to see him at fab-gear-outsite Rhino Records here in L.A. the other nite—about 2 weeks ago—more like 4, actually—because they had Wild Man Fischer Night. It was cool. He signed autographs reluctantly. He sang parts of his new LP (on Rhino, produced by Harold Bronson, & I don't have a copy). Also reluctantly. He was bigger than I would have expected. Sort of a looming figure. Only it's EZ to understand why hippys liked him cuz he spreads love—L-U-V—& everybody was real happy by the time he said bye-bye.



When we said bye-bye to Harold Bronson (works at Rhino & produces Wild Man, remember?) we went back to R. Meltzer's apartment (yes, he was there too) where he showed us his clothes-making operation. See, he destroys clothing to look "punk" & "new wave" for his R&R combo Vom. (Who incidentally, made their live debut a little over a week later at Rhino on R. Meltzer Night.) Richard (as in R.) also had lots o' neat things on his wall. A whole section devoted to the Dictators (formerly known as Beet The Meatles & Tommy The Truck). And lotsa wrestlers. The debut of Vom (w/o Metal Mike Saunders & please don't ask me no questions why he ain't in there no mo') (except I did get asked to join Vom on drums IF I had a drum kit, only I don't so I ain't) (& I didn't, of course) at Rhino Records was quite impressive. The line-up: R. Meltzer (lead vocals), Gregg Turner (harmony & occasional lead vocals), skinny guitarist (lead) (was that Dave Guzman or whoever?! shoulda asked ?s), fat guitarist (rhythm), female ex-Motels person (bass), nobody (drums). They did 4 songs: "God Save the Whales," "(I Am) The Son of Sam," 1 I don't know, & "Electrocute Yr Cock." Richard even told me afterwards that Gizmos (which I am/am not a member of at this time), along w/ Vom (LL sez it means "Very Old Men," heh-heh), is one of the top 5 shitty bands in Amerika. He also signed LL's "leather jacket" ("This is suede, not leather") & her THE INNOCENCE LP w/ Meltzer liner notes ("Got more for this than all the Gizmos EPs put together") (he writes notes for 3rd Gizmos EP too which ain't out as you read this unless it's unusually late). Vom is real swell. Even if Turner & Meltzer did both cut their hair a lot so they could be "with it."

[Vom/Meltzer notes written in 2024: I must've been really sick to forget to mention that Meltzer poured a jar full of live roaches on his head during their performance. Or was it crickets? That's what I heard somebody say years later. But I thought it was roaches. It was hilarious watching Harold Bronson and other Rhino employees scampering frantically to catch the bugs before they became hidden in the store. I remember sharing a bottle of wine with Gregg Turner—passing it around hippie style. Meltzer also did a Q&A, which is lost to bad memory. Except I remember somebody asking, "What do you think of Jim Morrison?" To which Richard replied, "Jim was the man!" Haha. And my 1977 fever must've been especially bad to forget this detail from our visit to Meltzer's apartment after the Wild Man Fischer Night at Rhino: He had made a mobile art piece from which hung used tampons that had been sent to him by female fans! What an artiste!]



Wade T, head of the R. Meltzer Fanclub,



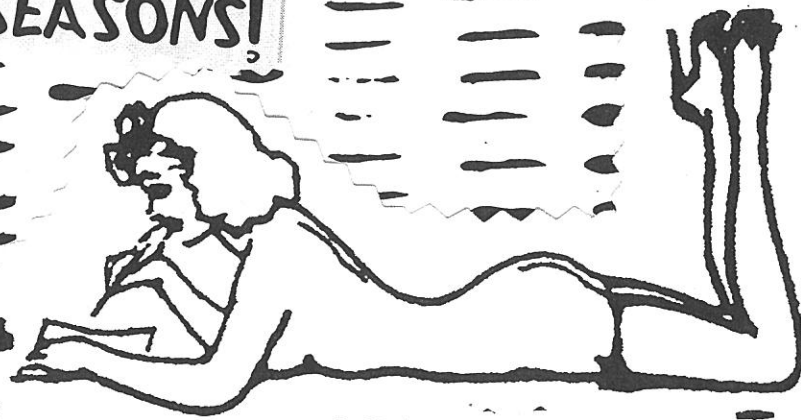
FROM CHAPTER 6 (1979/1980):

I ran into Richard Meltzer outside the Hong Kong Cafe before a show—I don't recall who was playing. We talked and he mentioned that he was starting a new radio show on KFPK, a long-running listener-supported lefty radio station. That didn't seem to make much sense to me, but what did I know? The name of the show: HEPCATS FROM HELL. That sounded cool! I had missed the debut show, but Richard asked if I'd like to be his guest on the second week—along with my fellow ex-Gizmo Rich Coffee. Hell yeah! It was set up for October 13—or really the wee hours of Sunday on October 14. We were stoked, although Rich's Bowie-loving girlfriend would also be along for the ride. Of course. Earlier on Saturday night, I went to the Hong Kong to see the Dils and Wall of Voodoo. The Dils were in their latter stage, breaking down their simple anti-capitalist punk rants to what sometimes sounded close to country-rock. And yeah, this later became fully manifest when the Kinman brothers mutated into Rank & File, maybe the best of the so-called cowpunk bands of the early 80s. Wall of Voodoo sounded great—electronics, a drummer who had an auxiliary of other instruments including releasing the air from a balloon into a mic. As was typical at the Hong Kong, the vocals were almost inaudible. When their first record came out, I was shocked and disappointed. What I had perceived as a weird noise band in person was instead just the backdrop for Stan Ridgway's annoyingly cynical vocals and lyrics. This happened a lot—bands who were good live and sounded dead on record. I went back to the apartment to meet up with Rich and Aldyth before heading to KFPK. If I remember correctly, Meltzer went on the air at 2:00 a.m., and it seems like there was an hour or so of music before he brought us on the show. He introduced us as members of the Gizmos from Indiana. I don't recall if his connection to us was made clear—he'd written the liner notes for all three of the original Gizmos' EPs. I brought along some records to play, as he'd suggested. He made fun of my 45 of "The Grooviest Girl in the World," bubblepop from the late 60s by a band called the Fun and Games. He said something like, "Do you think there could be just one grooviest girl in the world?" But he gladly played the record. However, he wasn't thrilled at the idea of playing Blue Oyster Cult's "She's As Beautiful As a Foot." He wrote the lyrics, but by that time he'd had a long-running war of words with BOC, in particular his former friend Sandy Pearlman who managed, produced, and sometimes wrote for the band. But it didn't take much persuasion to get him to play it. Rich asked him what the lyric meant—"It tasted just like a fallen arch." He mumbled that it was just some words he'd scribbled on a piece of paper—it meant nothing. More to his liking, I'd brought the X-Ray Spex LP. "That's a hard one to find," he remarked. He didn't have it himself. I had him play "I Can't Do Anything" with the immortal lyric "Freddy tried to strangle me with his plastic popper beads/But I hit him back with my pet rat." He flirted shamelessly with Aldyth, who was so dumb she didn't realize it until Rich and I pointed it out later. At one

being torn by his editor role. Shirked it.

...more Eddie after VIVA!

A VIVA FOR ALL SEASONS!



Viva Las Vegas, who we may also call Liv cuz she LIVES -has shared large chunks of her past life to take a leisurely look at, something I was more than pleased to do! Yes, you may guess her connection with both Meltzer and Tosches made her a shoe-in for my interests, and you'd be right. But! Plenty have rubbed shoulders with greatness and then promptly became non-interests. Not so with Viva. Her swellest impacts that I can attest to come in the form of these interviews, essays, and through her use of voice-as-instrument.

Let us begin with the books.

Slim volumes, they're packed with writs exploring the fondly remembered and recorded days of pre and post-911 coastal reveries. What times they must have been- I was just becoming an adolescent in the sleepy parochial Midwestern ville of Jamestown Ohio.

Viva, she's familiar with sleepy-parochialness, I'm sure! Her dad is/was a preacher to boot. And we all know or at least suspect that that leads to nitroglycerin levels of desire for.. for.. well, whatever for, if you want it you gotta blast off and get it. Luckily, Viva desired to bestow an abundance upon us of hitherto arcane knowledge in two featherweight volumes- *The Gospel According To Viva Las Vegas* and *Magic Gardens: The Memoirs Of Viva Las Vegas*. These treasures have been around some years and still sell online, but if you are reading foremost about her here, then I'm guessing you may not have shared in her arch-micromoment, or know of her locally, now or then- so here's some of the goods:

Rundown of *Gospel*:

Ike Turner's brother comes to Portland, with a very lewd and kewn garage-y soul-show (and rekkid) worth hearing... A HILARIOUS take-down of Ryan Adams. Moving to New York. Moving FROM New York. Trips taken and drinks imbibed. We hear-tell of Portland rock bands fronted by Viva and pals; rock star LUNKHEADS answer her dazzling questions (you'll notice she sticks to her own tried-and-true formula). Oh yeah, and another recurring topic: STRIPPING! Did I mention that was her main vocation? That, and producing a column for an authoritative industry clubsheet, EXOTIC. Like Dorothy Parker, but more limber n' with a greater tolerance for edge n' substances, Viva is a renaissance woman. That's where the "arcane knowledge" comes in for the general



MAGIC GARDENS

THE MEMOIRS OF Viva Las Vegas

"Seeing life through this broad's eyes is a strange and beautiful blessing the likes of which words bring."

— Nick Tosches

The Gospel



According to Viva Las Vegas

BEST OF THE EXOTIC YEARS

"A perfect blend of sass, ass and crass."
— Richard Meltzer, *The Aesthetics of Rock*

"Viva Las Vegas is like Wonder Woman. She's a woman of many powers—she can sing beautifully, dance seductively, and write the hell out of a magazine column. And like Wonder Woman, Viva looks great in tight blue shorts."
— Kevin Sampson, *A Common Pornography*

rocker reader. Only Horizontal Action may have delivered goods as great, and I haven't seen a lick of that stuff so let's just say THE VIVA STANDS ALONE. As does her right breast- more to learn about that in the coda of this text.

Rundown of *Magic Gardens*: did I put the cart before the horse? I'm still running this one down, but I did clock her start at EXOTIC around page 132 or so (of 196) so here is the origin story of Viva Las Vegas, of which the eponymous Magic Gardens hub may represent. More homegrown bands and parts in films. Rights for sex workers! How to strip! Fame and notoriety in the Willamette Weekly! Viva Halcyon- no -Satyricon Portland. "The Laziest Gal Downtown" is really quite the wunderkind. We get regaled with more scans, pictures and posters. Meltzer and Tosches are hero-worshipped~ one of us! One of us!

The Gospel

Then, a more seemingly refined and unexpected pleasure: her French vocal music. Bergerette.

I've been reading Lolita and a lot of French crops up here and there- Vladimir loved to drop in that stuff. I am not bilingual. I hardly cover English, and I hired a translator just so I could read a transcribed Spanish tome I found important. I picked up some Japanese and expressed interest in German but the French language continually kills me- sorry!

"ENNEMI DU SOMMEIL" by Bergerette sounds Medieval, but like you are on the good side of it all. I first heard this beautiful if alien record through Bandcamp, and had to have it because, well, Meltzer liner notes. That knowledge came first. Viva's books, the stripping, the evident gulcherismo all came later for me. So when Viva sent me a copy of this CD, and I opened it up, imagine my joy at seeing these impenetrable (to me) love songs described in relatable ROCKWRITE TERMS! I simply gotta share:

According to Viva Las Vegas

1. The French tend to look at love a bit differently than we Stateside romantics do. To wit, the 16th century hit AMOUR, ME VOYANT SANS TRISTESSE.
"The God of love, seeing that I was without sadness, told me to take a mistress. So I did. Now I am miserable. However, she is the hottest chick in all of France." (Clément Marot, Gosse)
2. Some of our band thinks the "bonnet" in Anonymous' cryptic BERGERETTE SAVOYSIENNE is a reference to foreskin. You decide. (~1490)
"My dear shepherdess from Savoy, tell me if you'll be mine, and I'll give you a drink and my little bonnet. Also: I won't take no for an answer."
3. The J. Geils Band more or less ripped off Pierre Certon's 16th century staple J'AY LE REBOURS for their 1980 classic, "Love Stinks." Actually, most of our repertoire may have been ripped off by the J. Geils Band.
"I have the opposite of what I want. Love's defeat has broken my heart. My pain is as great as it is secret, but if you buy me a drink or three I might cheer up a little."
4. Medieval times were tough: No bathing, eating with your hands, and throwing together whatever random songs you have lying around. Anonymous' three-tune mashup EN NON DIEU/QUANT VOI/ NOBIS has lasted since the 13th Century, probably because all the songs end at the same time.
"Happiness is fresh green grass, fine weather, and a nightingale singing. Oh, and someone to frolic with, natch."
5. Adrian Willaert had one thing on his mind: a roll in the hay. His Renaissance ditty SUR LE JOLI JONC appealed to peasants and nobles alike.
"Why don't we do it in the barn. And remember: it is more blessed to give than to receive. Or is it the other way around?" (16th Century)
6. The traditional 18th-Century labor union song PLAINTÉ DE PAPETIERS sure called it about the papermaking industry. And they hadn't even heard of the Kindle. Or the internet, probably.
"The good old days are gone, there's no work, management sucks. They won't be happy til we're all down in the coal mines!"

Amour, ne voyant sans tristesse
Bergerette Savoyennienne
Ray le rehours
En non Dieul Quant voi Nohis
Sur le joff jone
Plainte de papetiers

On parole A Paris/Frese nouvelle
& Bon Vin Quant je/Ciz chas
Se cuer d'amant
Dieus soit en cheste maison
Hymne
Tristesses de la lune

"Behold: pritty, pritty, pritty, pritty music. Byootiful singing. Sweet as
a ripe persimmon, no, sweeter. Perky, chirpy.

Very excellent!

As minimally accompanied female voicers go, Bergerette are right UP
THERE with Patience & Prudence, Cat Power (pre-2002) and the K!
sisters from Fairy Island who are Mothra's co-conspirators. Which is as
hi-falutin' HIGH as it gets—believe it.

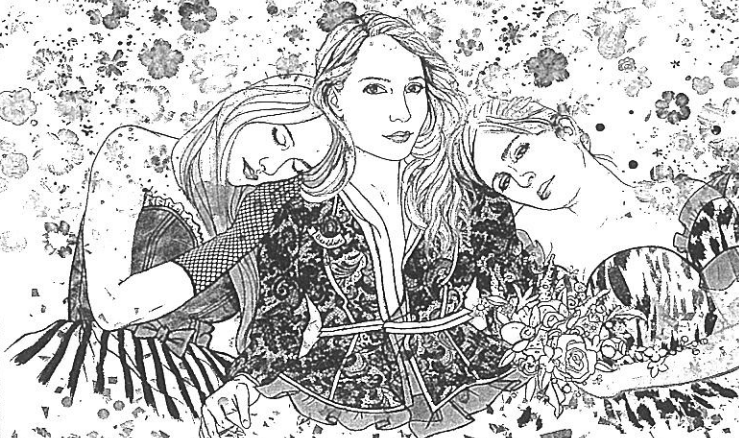
I'm thinking these are my exact thoughts, precisely—that if there
were ever to be an American remake of Mothra, there could be no finer
stand-in for the sisters than Bergerette. Specifically, I am thinking the
ORIGINAL Mothra (Toho Studios, 1961), not Destroy All Monsters,
Ghidorah the Three Headed Monster or Godzilla: Tokyo S.O.S. Mothra
was in lotsa movies.

It would have to be soon, tho. Life and history tell us that young,
brilliant voices owned by rooty-toot chantoozies will in due time become
OLD and lose their perk, their chirp, their chops, their charm, their etc.
Given long enough, they will totally lose their ASS. (Hey, it does
happen.)

Hollywood, listen up!
Or Bollywood, even. Please!"

—Richard Meltzer

BERGERETTE
ENNEMI DU SOMMEIL



Bergerette
ENNEMI DU SOMMEIL

Bergerette also has a CD (somewhere!) entitled "Beguiled" but I have not been charmed by it yet, as streaming services don't seem to carry it anymore, it's not on Discogs, Bandcamp.. But I can hold out. And work on some Franch. Camus, Satie, soufflé...

Viva lives, she's a survivor, and you ought to make room on your shelves to billet her works.

7. Advertising is probably the second oldest profession. And while we much prefer its predecessor, we do love Paris. And drinking. Both of which are celebrated in the catchy 13th Century jingles ON PAROLE/A PARIS/FRESE NOUVELE & BON VIN/QUANT JE/CIZ CHANS.

"Come to Paris with your besties and enjoy the food, drink, and luscious hotties. Also: if you want to sing, you must drink!" (Anonymous)

8. Baud Corder must've screwed up big-time. In SE CUER D'AMANT his narrator has no back-up plan: he throws himself on the mercy of his "peerless lady." Good luck, dude.

"I blew it. I'm a germ on the speck on the wing on the flea on the wing on the fly on the wart on the frog on the bump on the log in the hole at the bottom of the sea. Forgive me." (~1390)

9. Back in the day, it could be hard for musicians to make a living just by playing music. (cough) So the poor sods had to wander the neighborhood begging with songs like DIEUS SOIT EN CHESTE MAISON. The more things change...

"God bless this house, you are all so elever and beautiful, could we have some Christmas coppers?" (13th Century, Adam de la Halle)

10/11. Portland is so fortunate to have world-class composer Christopher Corbell wandering its sodden streets. And Bergerette is even more fortunate to have bewitched him into composing songs just for us! In HYMNE and TRISTESSES DE LA LUNE, he sets two incredibly romantic Baudelaire poems to music.

10. HYMNE "The dearest, fairest woman has set my heart ablaze. Taste and smell come into play, and then there's a mention of musk, at which point we'll discreetly pan the camera and fade into the roaring fireplace." (2013, Corbell)

11. TRISTESSES DE LA LUNE "Tonight the moon indolently dreams, like a woman feeling herself up and swooning in bed. It's up to the poet—enemy of sleep—to catch her pale tear and hide it in his heart away from the sun's eyes." (2013, Corbell)

Sung by Pat Janowski, Liv Osthus, and Stella Penitenti
Recorded out by the pool at Sean Flora's Rock n Roll BnB.
Savvie Island, Oregon

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Whether naked on stage at a dive bar in Portland, Oregon, or walking the red carpet at the Cannes Film Festival, Viva Las Vegas brings passion to her performances and audiences to their feet.

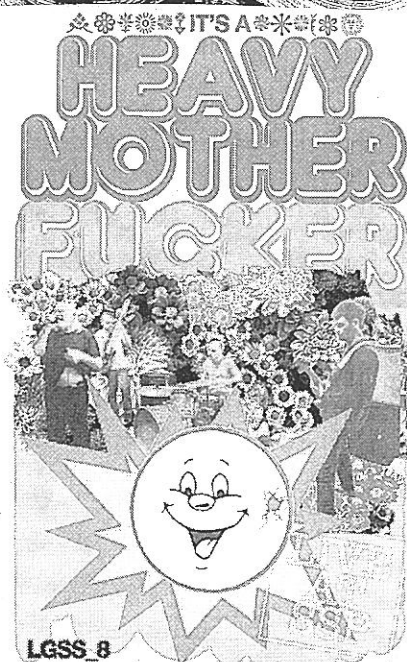
Born and raised in the Midwest and a graduate of Williams College in Massachusetts, Viva has been a force in the arts for more than a decade, performing onstage as a singer, appearing in TV shows and more than a dozen films, and writing and interviewing for publications both local and national. Viva's atypical resume includes *Paranoid Park* and *First Kiss* (films by Gus Van Sant); *The Auteur* (a 2008 James Westby film); and articles in *The New York Times*, *Village Voice*, *Portland Monthly*, and *Exotic Magazine*. Her Portland band, *Coco Cobra* and the Killers, has recorded two albums, and she is frequently interviewed as a spokesperson for strippers—her compassionate voice always at the ready to rock polite society.

Viva's first book, *Magic Gardens: The Memoirs of Viva Las Vegas* released in the fall of 2009 (Dame Rocket Press) and explores her colorful meander from college to a career in stripping. The release also marked the one-year anniversary of her breast cancer diagnosis and treatment, part of which she chronicles in her award-winning article, "The Last Days of My Left Breast" (*Portland Monthly*, March 2009).

point, she mentioned Bowie, and Meltzer asked why she liked him. Her reply (typical) was that he was "so outaaaaeous [sic]!" To which Meltzer said, "No, he's not. He's Frank Sinatra." Or something to that effect. She was visibly unhappy at having pushback against her hero. She sulked and I laughed. I certainly agreed with Meltzer. After it was all over, I guess around 5:00 a.m., the four of us went to breakfast. I'd had a blast. Rich seemed to be happy. But Aldyth definitely was not. I should've seen then that this situation couldn't last long. A couple months after we did HEPCATS FROM HELL, we three roommates were driving home after a show and had Meltzer tuned in on the radio. The Fall were the guests. I had been a fan since I heard "It's the New Thing" a few months earlier. Even Aldyth liked them since they were gloomy English post-punkers who she mistook for the usual faggy stuff she enjoyed. We decided to drop in at KPFK and say hey. We arrived and knocked on the back door—or maybe there was a buzzer. Some young woman ushered us in. The members of the Fall crew were all standing backs against the wall of the small studio where Meltzer sat behind the mic. It looked like a police lineup with the five or six Brits looking uncomfortable standing there. Meltzer introduced Rich and me as former members of the Gizmos from Indiana who were putting together a new band in L.A. Mark E. Smith sneered and said, "Then why aren't you in Indiana making music for the people instead of this shitty town?" Um, er—yeah, whatever. We didn't stay long. I somehow never saw the Fall live, even though I really dug them during that period (and later, for that matter).

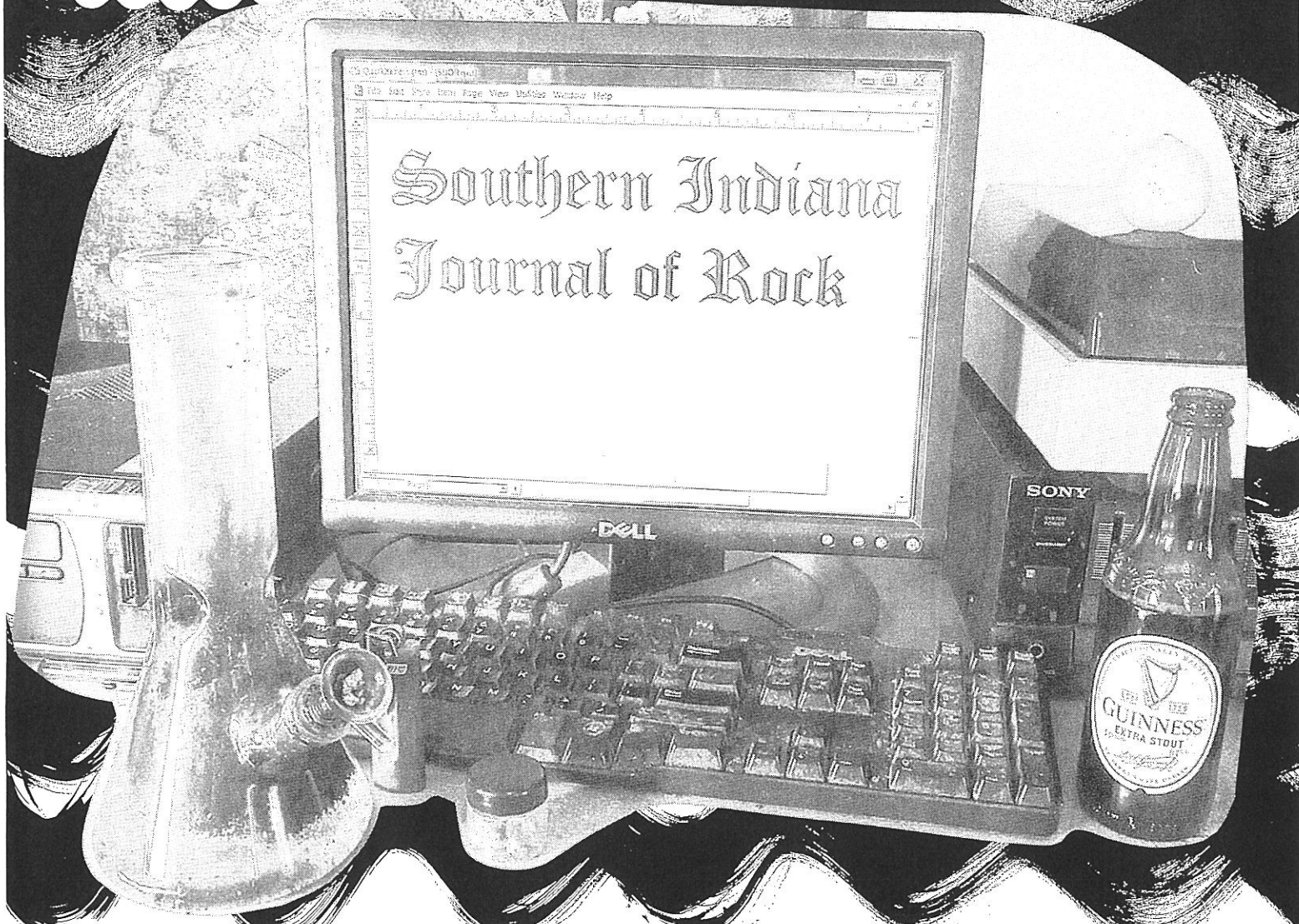
THE
FALL
SO
ON
THE
25
TH
OCT
1985

HEAVY
MOTHER
FUCKER
LIVE AT SP



the tape above
the journal below
by Eddie (and co.)

Southern Indiana Journal of Rock



FROM CHAPTER 7 (A LIST OF SHOWS I ATTENDED THAT I KEPT FROM 1971 THROUGH 1982, WITH NOTES ADDED RECENTLY):

November 1, 1979: The Angry Samoans/Black Flag/Overman/The Jonnies at the Anti-Club in Hollywood

This was the opening night of what became an important L.A. spot for punk and experimental music. At this point, it was still Helen's Place, an urban-cowboy dive, on most nights. There were saddles hanging from the ceiling. The Anti-Club was booked by some hipsters who I never knew, but the owner was a feisty middle-aged woman named Helen Guttman. Later in the 80s, I remember the gals from Frightwig taunting boys in the audience to come on stage and strip, but instead ended up with two lesbian-looking ladies. When these ladies started taking off their tops, Helen jumped on stage and forcibly ejected them from the stage. Helen also had a very foxy daughter Elizabeth (or E.G.) Daily who acted in VALLEY GIRL and recorded some fairly cool new-wave knock-offs in the 80s. Anyway, that night was my first time seeing Black Flag. Keith Morris was still on vocals. They were great, but still unknown



enough that they were not top of the bill—at least in terms of who played first (they were third). Angry Samoans leader Metal Mike had raved about them to me, saying they were like RAW POWER Stooges updated for modern punk. That prompted me to pick up their NERVOUS BREAKDOWN EP, which I played over and over and over. Yes, dear readers, there was a time when Black Flag was just another band among hundreds of others on the L.A. scene. I was really there because my buddies the Angry Samoans were playing. Richard Meltzer introduced them with a reference to Vom, his defunct punk band which had included Gregg Turner and Mike Saunders from the Samoans: "Hey, anybody out there got any lambs' eyeballs? No? Then here are the Angry Samoans." This was in reference to a Vom show where Meltzer had thrown actual lambs' eyeballs into the audience. No, I wasn't at that one. Before the action started, I was sitting at a table with Meltzer, Gregg, and Mike when Meltzer pointed to a roach crawling up the wall and said something like, "Classy joint, huh?"

FROM CHAPTER 8 (1981-1984):

I went to see the Dream Syndicate at the Cathay de Grande in Hollywood in April 1982. I was talking to Steve Wynn when Richard Meltzer walked up. He had an odd look on his face. He immediately blurted out, "Did you hear that Lester Bangs died?" We were stunned. The best I could muster was, "That's a fuckin' shame." To which Meltzer replied, "It's a lot more than that." The cynical, stoic Meltzer was clearly shaken. He looked at Wynn and said, "Your band sounds a lot like the Velvet Underground. Lester loved the Velvets—I think he would've liked your band." Heavy moment.

SNOWDAY = BOXSET

The 10th of January. Light rain.
Let's call it a snowday!

Home or office don't matter to me-
but at the former, I got compact discs
that sit sit sit waiting for some spin time.

Today, the 10th, I decide to tackle a behemoth:
FAUST: The Wümme Years, 1970-73 ... 5 discs
o' perfect sound fur immer! Put on your
sweatpants and grab a coffee, time to work!

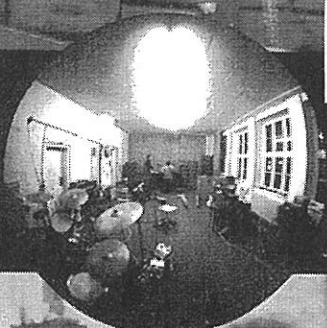


The first of these five is a record
(disc) you may know of called So Far.
It's a crowd pleaser, folks usually have
heard this one and Faust IV. Not much
to say other than "It's A Rainy Day..."
so let us move on to new experiences.

Booklet: Chris Cutler put it together.
Year 2000. CC? Henry Cow. Drummerman.
Peter Blegvad is here everyone! So is
Uwe Nettlebeck and Kurt Graupner.
I simply must tell Wolfgang.

Faust

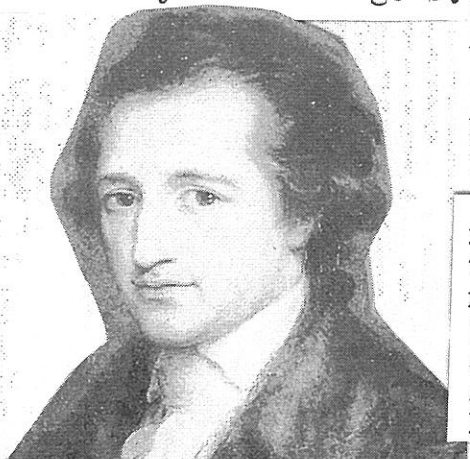
The Wümme Years
1970-73



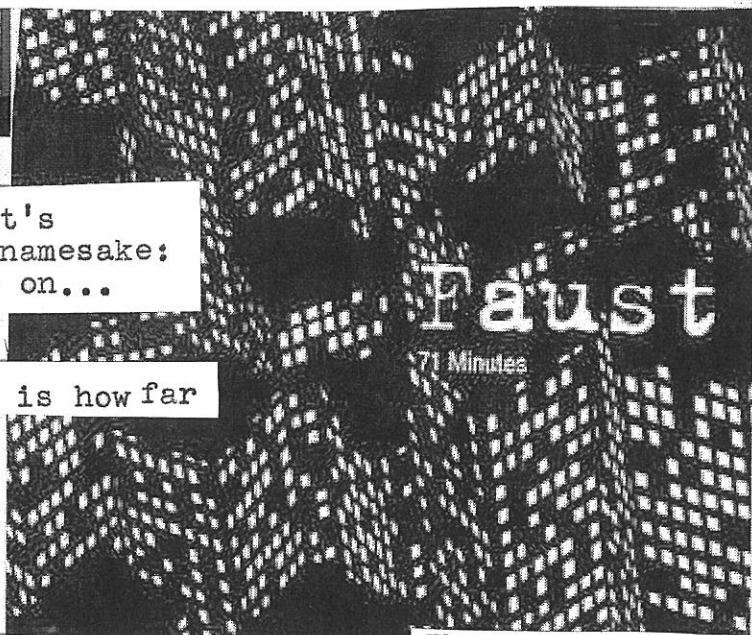
Faust • So Far • The Faust Tapes • 71 Minutes • BBC Sessions +

Before I put on Faust's 71 Minutes, let's
read up on Faust the inspiration, the namesake:
wow, a devil pact! Mamie Is Blue plays on...

Remember the dates 1480 or 1466- that is how far
back the story of Faust goes.



The one by a chap
named Johann. Another Johann, Johann Wolfgang
von Goethe, he reworked this stuff of German
magnificence into a tragic two-part play.
Took a loooooong time to produce both parts
also, so people were frothing for it from
some point in the late 1700s to about 1831-
1832 or so. Phew! Okay, pizza break...



(Specially Selected * MUSHROOM * Bistro Style Flatbread * Topped With Creme Fraiche Sauce, Part-Skim Mozzarella Cheese, Flavored Mushroom Sauce, Grilled Mushrooms and Sheated Woof Woodtuft Mushrooms...

IMPORTED FROM EUROPE, frozen)



Not much more than 100 years later, babies would be born- their reimagining of Faust would be a hilarious sendup.

71 Minutes... hearing it for the first time, and I've been lugging around this box set for ages. The holding pattern repetition and what I imagine to be knob twisting is just fine for, say, a car chase or Guantanamo Bay. Good opportunity to step outside and stretch my legs. Bang bang klang.



In the Richard Meltzer school of things, the need for Krautstuff is practically nil. The SINGLE, the UNIT OFFERING encapsulates all and everything. In rock terms. I've been a CAN fan, and into NEU! and Cluster. Aforementioned Faust records. Days like this are times to play b-sides or entire CDs front to back with little interruption. 71 Minutes is fat with some fun-sound.



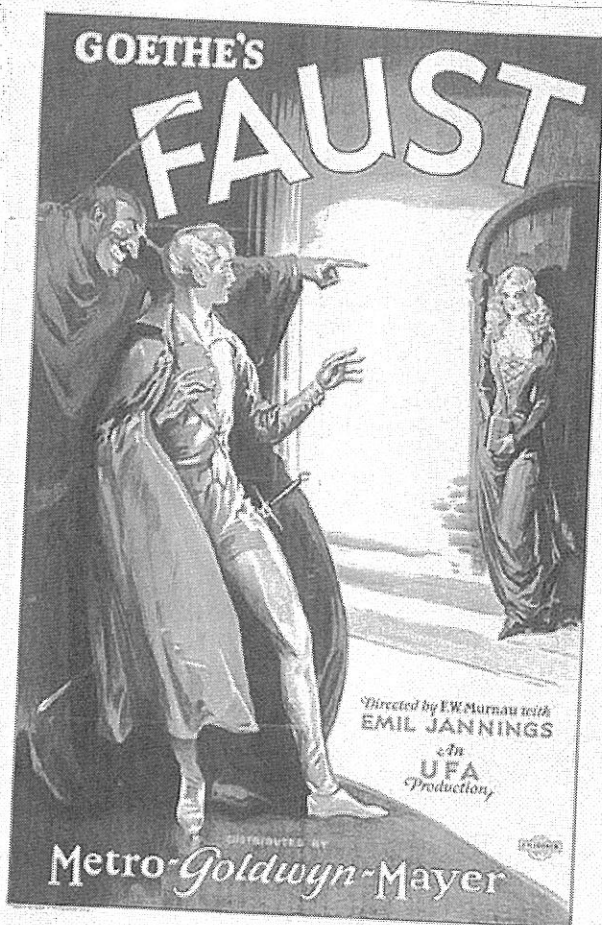
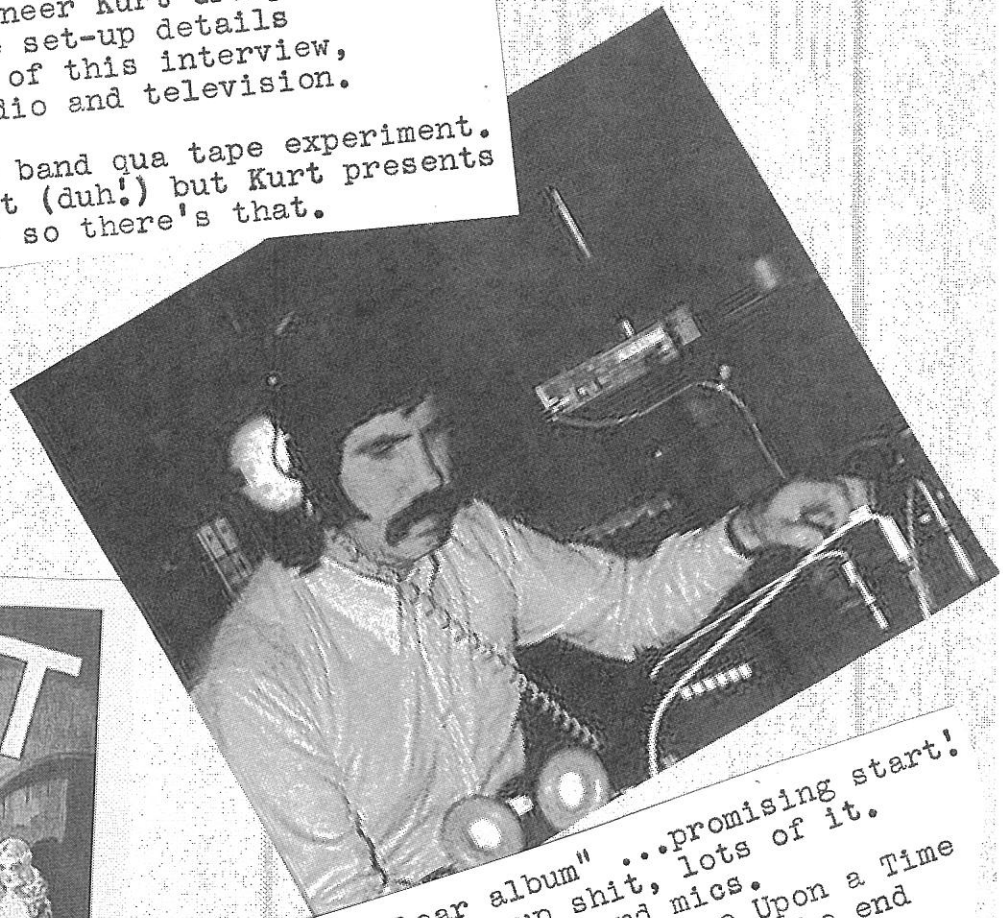
Some fun-sound and mere music in places.

Looking at the track descriptions, "Lieber Herr Deutschland" looks like it can be fun...
"Stampf, Zisch, Stampf" is some good onomatopoeia.

And that is 71 Minutes by Faust.

More from the booklet: engineer Kurt Graupner divulges recording and live set-up details for the group. At the time of this interview, his work had shifted to radio and television.

Basically, this was a live band qua tape experiment. Maybe you already know that (duh!) but Kurt presents the info like no type can- so there's that.

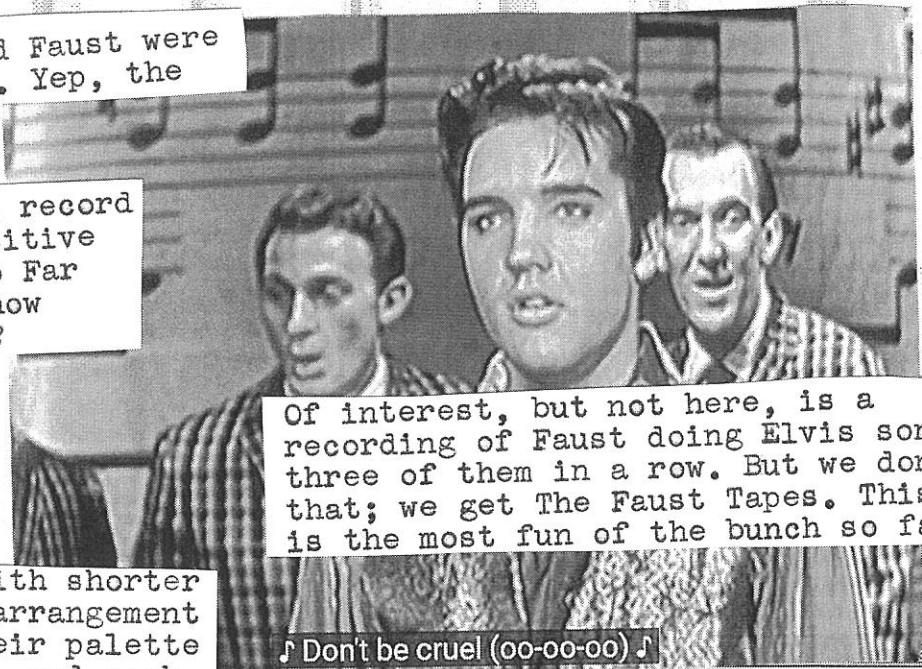


Faust - s/t "clear album" ...promising start!
Sounds like sloshed up shit, lots of it.
With a variety of tools and mics.
"Miss Fortune" sounds like Once Upon a Time
in The West... for a moment. No: the end
of "Meadow Meal" ... that does.

Uwe Nettlebeck describes that process of making the s/t record. Lots of money flowing, live taping and mixing, dope smoking and numerous car crashes. Huh? Like for fun? Anyway, Faust is set to play an event finally and just can't deliver. They can't replicate anything like their record, or even make an attempt at a certain surround sound experiment... Polydor loses their cool and money stops coming in. Uwe claims that he did not bribe Ian MacDonald of NME to say that Faust were as big as the Beatles, but it was suggested.

He went ahead and said Faust were as big as The Beatles. Yep, the

nuttiness of the first record led to some more repetitive rollicking stuff on So Far and 71 Minutes...but how about The Faust Tapes?

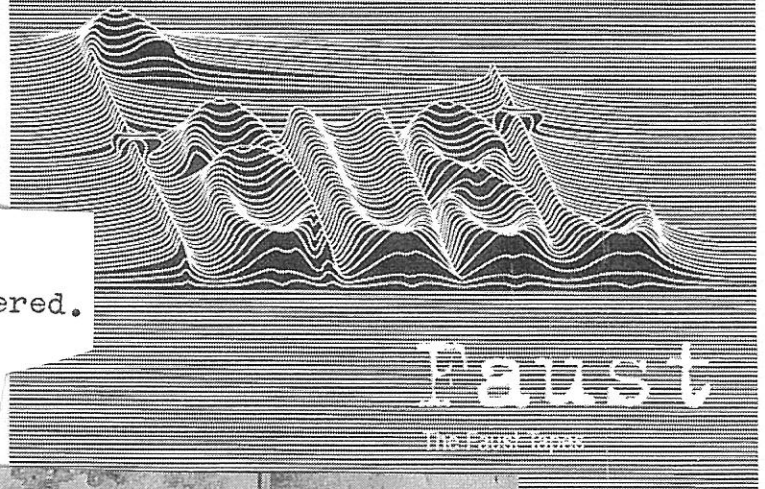


Of interest, but not here, is a recording of Faust doing Elvis songs, three of them in a row. But we don't get that; we get The Faust Tapes. This CD is the most fun of the bunch so far.

It's more loping but with shorter pieces altogether? The arrangement is more hyperactive. Their palette of sounds are increased, and yeah nothing sticks around too long, comparatively. Most stuff here is titled "Untitled" and most tracks don't exceed a minute.

Recorded over a period of 2 years.

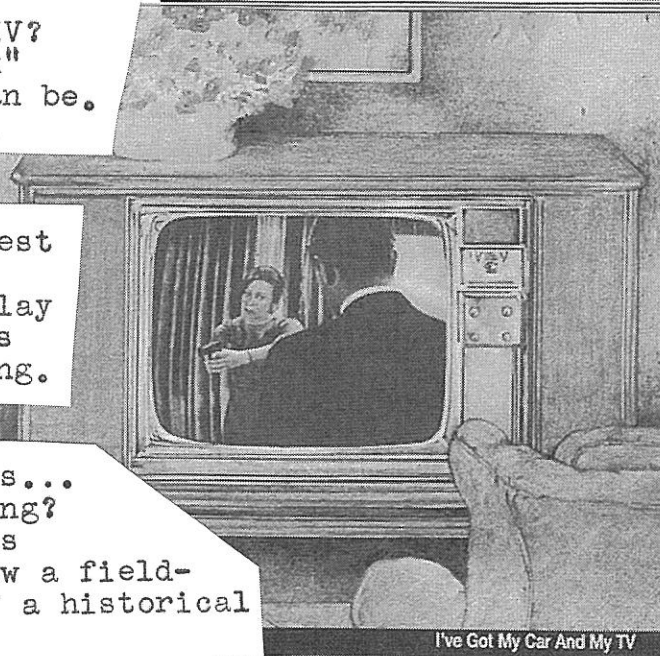
♪ Don't be cruel (oo-oo-oo) ♪



Finally, the BBC Sessions plus some other things... bangs and blurts. Same engineer, Kurt, in case you wondered. The main chunk was recorded in '73, but more parties and additional bric-a-brac came from who knows when. Kicks off with a wispy pastoral sound or something- like were they getting ready for Faust IV? Yes, Yes they were. "Krautrock" is here and it's as late as can be. Well, until Faust IV anywhoos.

Gotta say, mopping up, the rest is pretty dull, very echo-y, and after the un-rock soundplay of The Faust Tapes this feels like lounge music or something.

That concludes The Wumme Years... wait, what was Wumme? Wondering? It was their studio, which was eventually bulldozed. It's now a field- this box set acts in place of a historical marker, I'm thinking...



I've Got My Car And My TV

Goethe is pronounced Ger-ter.

Remember that!

LONGPLAYS (HOW I 'ATE DRIVE-TIME)

There was a moment when I had some faith in my local public radio stations- before 105.3 started pushing literal gold and stopped playing "Louie Louie" or "Psychotic Reaction," "Surfin' Bird..." sometime after I surpassed 100 episodes of my own pre-programmed jazz & "othermusic" / muzak show on WCSU-FM ("Last Exit" heard Mondays and Wednesdays, 6-9pm at WCSUFM.ORG)

It doesn't take Carducci to know that radio is terminal, but in SW Ohio we at least have WBZI (Country) and my own bottom-of-the-ratings Jazz station to tune into. When I turn to AM desperately at night, sometimes I hear a Dayton Dragons game where you can hear the crowd...

HD Radio! Listened to *only* by those who operate HD Radio stations- WCSU has two HD channels, including the streaming station oooradio, or On Our Own Radio, which I named myself. Catchy eh? It's purely automated but the daytime playlist is unique, made up of music selected by students, staff, and Liberty. Six to Nine Pee Em is "Video Game Nostalgia" every day, and boy, it's a fun mix! 9pm to some point in the morning is a jazz and "other" playlist that any WFMU / WCSB listener could accept with open arms.

Still, with so much streaming ^{sense} material, much of which I program MYSELF, I still have a ~~time~~ ^{sense} for discovery and escapism (more of the latter) as I trudge my way to the University. Perhaps you need some oddsound and verse to do the same- so if the offerings above don' cut the mustard, how about THESE LONGPLAYS caught from April '23 to Present (Spring '24)?

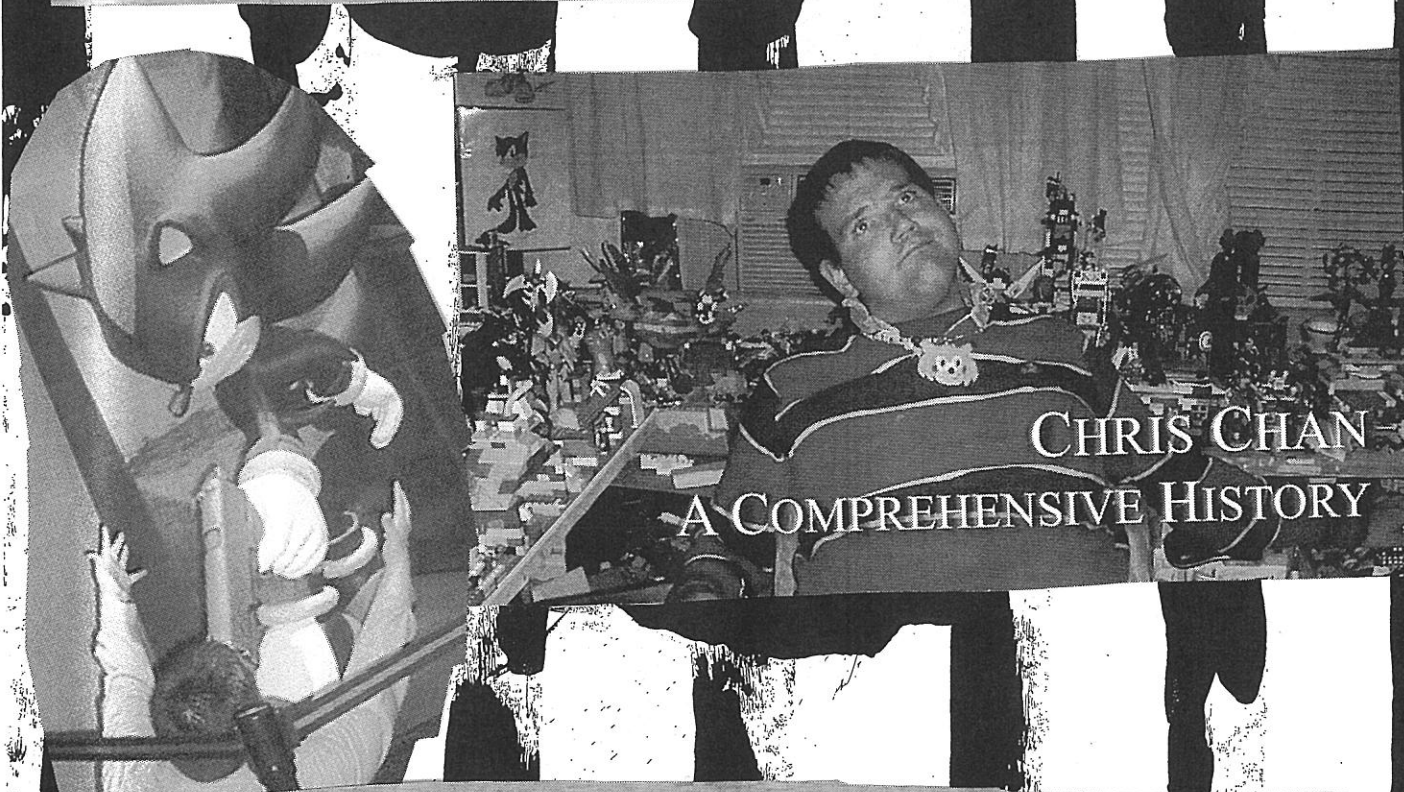
I don't bother with an aux cord in my Uplander so my phone just blares from a cradled position in my driver-side door. This is my Drive-Time. You can obviously listen in your hovel or dwelling if you don't commute like this-here listener:



1) Hepcats From Hell

Back in April of '23, I found The Dead Sea Scrolls of radio broadcasting anyway- reels and tapes of Richard Meltzer's program from KPFK-FM. Top Jimmy Filled in, Claude Bessy filled in- heck, Kent Beyda filled in! Don Bolles, Arturo Batman...

When I had my own radio show in Everett, Washington, I hadn't heard a snippet of Meltzer's program -I'd only read about it. So I tried my hardest to ape a lot of stuff the best I could. I'm happy with my results, although the first ver. of "Last Exit" doesn't really resemble "Hepcats" in the least- too much filler and not enough killer. Something like 35-40 shows are available right now thru archive.org. We can thank prior engineers for that- enough material has survived to sate anyone's appetite for music, noise and wild talk supplied by anonymous callers and a who's who of punkers, arteests, publishers, and boxing aficionados. Hepcats From Hell is probably the closest you can be to LA PUNK without having been there- and regardless you'll feel like you are.



2) Chris Chan: A Comprehensive History

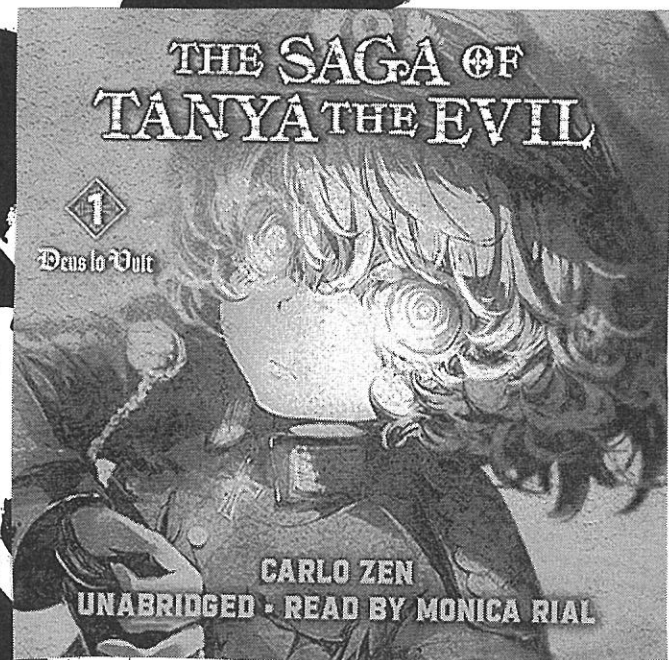
Sometime last summer or early Fall I started listening to Geno Samuel's podcast. I STOPPED listening well before Christmas '23, as a gift to myself.

It's likely that Don Jolly got me interested in the Chis Chan saga- Don is an internet guy (he's FROM The Internet) with plenty of swell essays on YouTube that may qualify as Longplays in their own right. One in particular about The Tiger King finally got me looking at the revolting and tragicomic world of Chris Chan. I quickly decided it would be better to listen than look.

What kind of reads Faux Wood Paneling?

Christian Weston Chandler, an autistic romantic and the futzing creator of "Sonichu," has a problem with internet trolls- if you are ever vexed by online harassment, just get a load of this guy's troubles. It's not too hard to understand *why* Chris was the one chosen to take the brunt of cyberbullying activity: the mouth don't stop, he's an unmitigated exhibitionist, he's socially dim. I call Chris "Chris" here and not "Christine" because I stopped listening only a few episodes or so after they decided to become a woman or non-binary. However, my reasons for unplugging only coincide with that fact.

I stopped short in this series because the most entertaining aspects of the Chis Chan story (and Don agrees) lead up to and include Chan's early duels with "Liquid Chris," a man younger than Chris in age, who copies Chan's mannerisms perfectly and outperforms them in all ways that count in a good and polite society. Once the next established antagonist ("Asperchu," a portmanteau of "Asperger's" and "Pikachu") enters the fray, *what fun there was* in this already sordid series begins to steadily deflate, and the few themes that are touted by the narrator repeat ad nauseam with emphasis on tummy churning.



Even the braying entities who frequent message boards created for the sole purpose of demeaning Chris were saddened and repulsed by their own actions after the sudden death of Chan's father Bob, and some years thereafter, by the accidental burning of the Chandler house.

It's not that this podcast isn't of value- if you are humored by Hecats, prank calls ala Longmont Potion Castle, or just degenerate bullshit while you scroll, then there is some edutainment to be found here. I completed about 40 episodes, to and from work, so someone give me a medal already. Overall, *cain't* recommend this; I know far more than enough now and I shan't elaborate more.

3) Me And The Devil by Nick Tosches

This has been the most enjoyable Longplay all year. It's the one audiobook of Nick Tosches material available to my knowledge (I'm only talking Spotify here), a novel, and you won't find a finer narrator than Rick Zieff to deliver the goods. Zieff was just at the Oscars this past year for his work on a 2023 version of the Tom & Jerry show. Mostly he's done kid stuff- tv, animated movies, video games... but here he's consistently as gruff as Tom Waits and a heck of a lot more trenchant. It's good! I own the book of this and I'd file it next to In The Hand Of Dante, another Tosches tome where the protagonist is a not-so-slightly altered version of himself.

In each, Nick stomps on the ailing publishing business that was still, at the time, putting him out to the buying public! While In The Hand Of Dante may be Nick's take on a Dan Brown plot outline, I really don't know what story coincides theme-wise with 2013's Me And The Devil. Not anything I have read, anyway- but, I listened, again, on my grueling commutes to work. The Breeze and Heraclitus rode with me.

Once completed, I immediately began another Spotify Audiobook, this time a "light novel" adaptation, in turn adapting the anime series The Saga Of Tanya The Evil [more on that, on another page...]. Read by Monica Rial, who also takes part in the tv program, Chapter 0 immediately "began" in a way that penultimate scenes of MATD were winding down...



NICK TOSCHES ME AND THE DEVIL

ME AND THE DEVIL excerpt..

[after ruminating on Heraclitus]

"...Then there was a page on which I had very neatly printed with an unwavering hand these words alone:

YOU WILL DIE VERY SOON

In the morning light, those words no longer gave me pause. They meant nothing to me, for I knew them to be the words of a madman. That I was the madman meant nothing either. I was at repose with myself, as the old ghost might say.

And besides, it was true. I was very soon to die. As are we all."

SAGA OF TANYA THE EVIL Vol. 1 excerpt..

[in which our protagonist begins new life]

"...in the beginning, there was only light. Then came a gentle sensation of floating, a brief repose..."

Kind of an interesting near-synchronicity.

In a not-so-unrelated note, In The Hand Of Dante is now being turned into a film with Martin Scorsese, Al Pacino and other hotshots attached, only twenty-some years late.

Yep, there are a whole lotta options. Talk talk talk. Nothing beats Dragons games over AM with unruly crowds hurling f-bombs over airwaves, directed at bums on the bases. Too bad no one thinks to record such stuff, and I gotta fumble my iPhone to record a moment already gone... all in vain. I guess there is next season.

NICK TOSCHES

IN THE HAND OF DANTE

NATIONAL BESTSELLER

"An incendiary novel. . . . A blindingly brilliant and joltingly weird work of art."—*Entertainment Weekly*

MAL | HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Oct 5



Monica Rial
Voice Actress



Why must the guy from Aquaman be in this?

Next Issue: howabout some rekkids?



Leaning down to pick up an LP,
and the most peculiar thing
happened

KRACK



TIGER BALM

helps present



FWP #5

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL

Watched Dec 06, 2023

Seen a bazillion times but just caught the 7pm show at the Fairfield Regal- great crowd inside, a lot of old timers and teenagers. Buddy Zach went with me.

I didn't shout out many lines at all ...seemed everyone who knew something only blurted stuff out when they were really called to. Kids behind me were seeing this for the first time... I heard exclamations of "WHAT?" and what I took to be genuine first-time laughter.

And what more can be said? I first saw a chunk of this movie at around age 12/13/14 while in Urbana. I was taking a break from karate class and my older pal Steven walked with me to Catfish Jones, this restaurant/bar where people still smoked inside. This is late '99, 2000 or early '01... thru the smoke, a cathode TV and the Monty Python troupe... the bridge of death scene specifically. Steven had seen The Holy Grail before, and told me what was what.

Not long after that fateful day my mom probably got a copy from the library or something. Later, befriending Cousin Jordan, I paid things forward and sat him down with my own VHS copy to watch. Instant #1 film. Of course, in school, Matt W. wore a Hot Topic or Wal-Mart t-shirt with The Black Knight, limbless and bloody, next to the text "I'm Invincible!" or "The Black Knight Always Triumphs!" ironed-on...

Yep. Just one of those things. You either like Monty Python or you don't- personally I've seen this flick so often that every piece is ingrained in my psyche and the only desire to see this film now in 2023 was to experience Monty Python on the biggest screen possible. Regal likely played a DVD version; I have some minor quibbles here... there was one extra extended scene as far as I can tell, plus a new narrator. Overall, not too much of a sacrilege; not too terrible of a change from the VHS I was accustomed to.

(This review is safe- the one word that The Knights Who Say Ni cannot hear does not appear!)

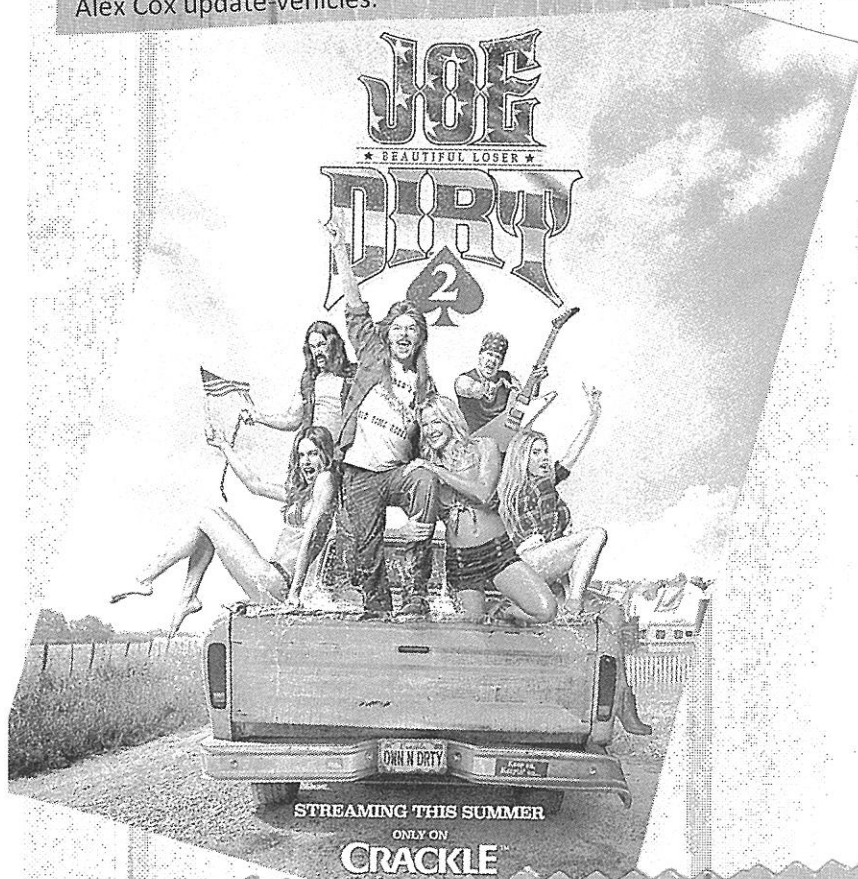


... come back here and I'll bite your kneecaps off!

JOE DIRT 2: BEAUTIFUL LOSER

Watched Jun 11, 2023

One of those sequels that is kindled by some of the original cast members plus young newcomers (in this case, mostly models that David Spade is likely friendly with) and goes for broke, reminding me of a few Alex Cox update-vehicles.



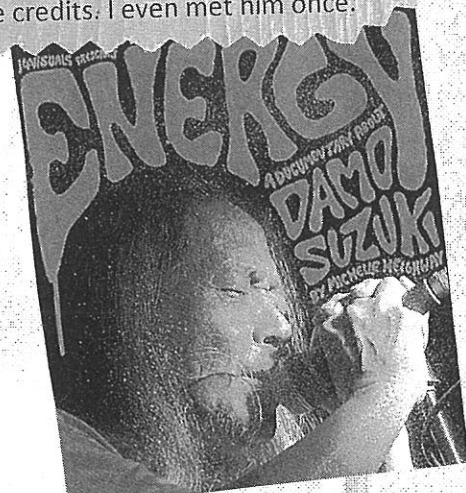
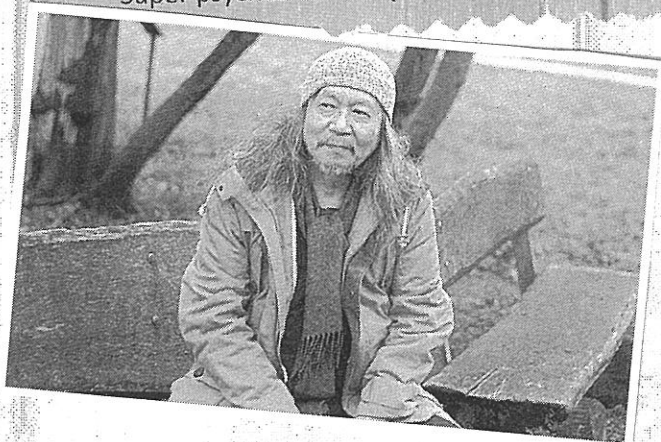
Beautiful Loser is a receptacle for every good or bad bit and joke that could be built off the original film. A lot of this is hit or miss, often falling flat or just going for overkill. But it is Joe Dirt, the purer-than-picaresque hero of 21st Century America, who shines through. Silvertown faces the problems of many has-been parochial American towns losing face, degrading, spiraling... the narrative here is even more splintered and manic, with dreams becoming nightmares, and in greater frequency.

How do we even know this story ends positively in waking life? What would Joe Dirt 3 be like? Could Joe's optimism be diminished or even destroyed in the days before Armageddon?

ENERGY: A DOCUMENTARY ABOUT DAMO SUZUKI

Watched Sep 04, 2023

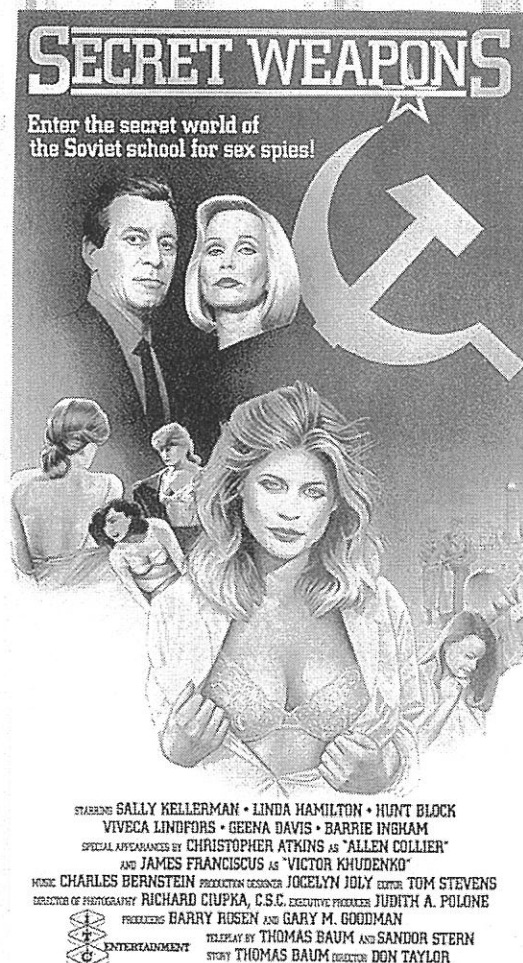
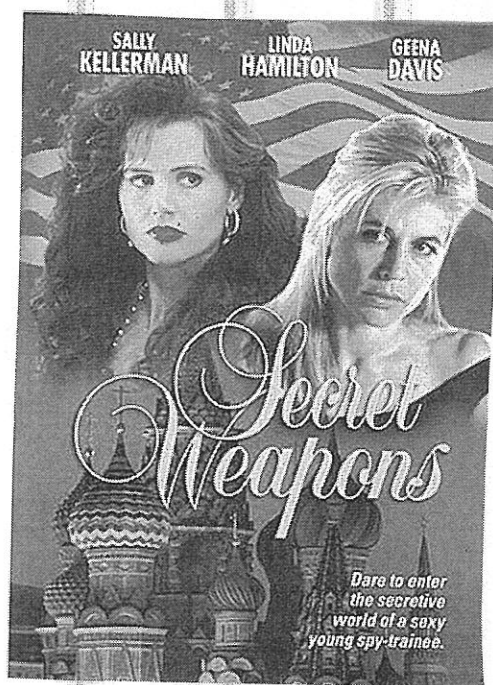
Finally got around to watching the Damo Suzuki documentary entitled Energy... This is a doc that I contributed money to, not sure how much, but enough for a pair of Damo Suzuki flip-flops. Super psyched to finally see it and hey, my name is in the credits. I even met him once.



SECRET WEAPONS

Watched Sep 16, 2023

Not gonna lie, the poster alone piqued my interest. Now how can Linda go from the near-perfect action/horror/sci-fi masterpiece "The Terminator" to anything else is not a mystery: nothing to do but just keep working. I am fond of TV movies also, which are typically homely productions if you get my drift. Whomever had this beamed into their room at the time was surely in for some + befuddlement.



"Works" on two levels! Skewers capitalist sexist thought and puts it on display for us while the cast emulates our media sheen (of 1985) in order to debase the American threat. Will they succeed? We don't get full frontal but we do get LINDA'S CALVES. For sure going to find interviews about this particular piece of fluff if they exist. 'Shows that you take work when you can get it... is this meant to be Commie-sympathizing material or red-bating material? I'd vote the latter, especially after seeing the "Lenin never tried marihuana" scene and Linda's emotional reaction over a kid getting sent to a Gulag or whatever. Altogether seems confused. American made-for-TV.



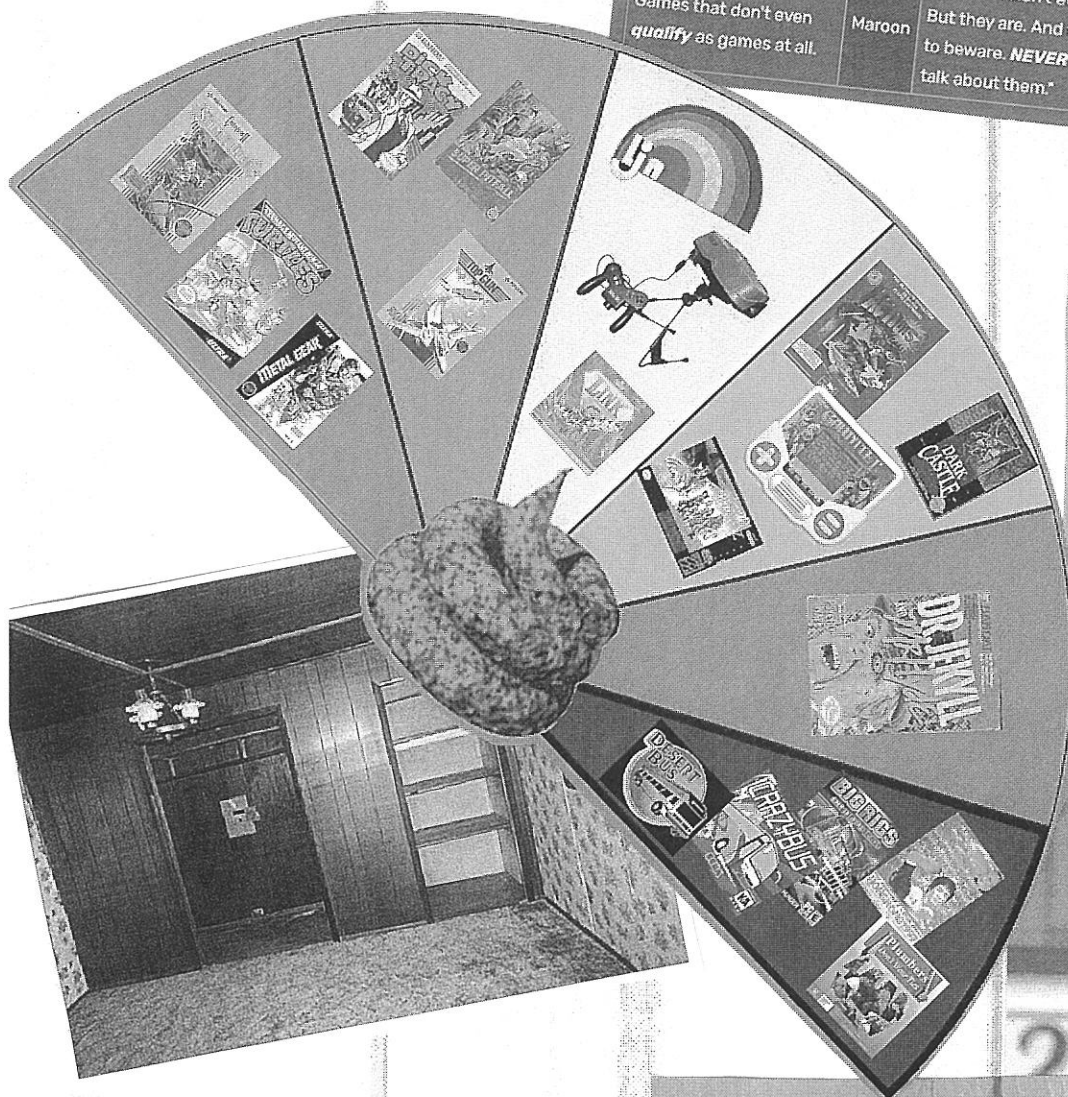
ANGRY VIDEO GAME NERD: THE MOVIE

Watched Dec 01, 2023

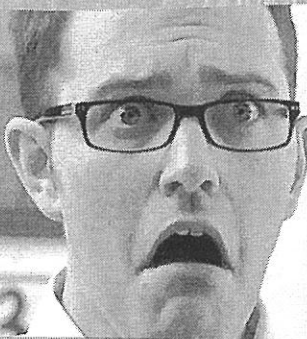
Psssst- this is available on archive.org so go and check it out and thank your online library system (they accept donations).

Man oh man, The Nerd has been there for me thru thick and thin. One of the great "critics" of this century covers such a smorgasbord of shit and vomit and wee wee (bad games and bad consoles) that badness can be ranked and spreadsheeted into categories like frustration, functionality, difficulty. All on the diarrhea dial (and the shit scale).

Category	Color	Nerd's Description	Game Examples
Games That Are Debatably Bad	Green	"Somewhat good games, with serious flaws. Not part of the turd crust, but well within smell range."	Metal Gear, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, Castlevania II: Simon's Quest
High Level of Shit Contamination	Blue	"Games that are possible to play, but nobody in their right mind would."	Dick Tracy, Super Pitfall, Top Gun
The Very High Category	Yellow	"This is where you could still survive, but you'd come out traumatized... for life."	"The majority of LJN games", Virtual Boy, Zelda CD-I games, Darkwing Duck
The Severe Zone	Orange	"This is for masochists only. These are games that could kill a person. STAY AWAY. Don't even think about it! "	Action 52, Dark Castle, The Wizard of Oz, Tiger handheld games
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde	Red	"Enough said."	Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, The Last Ninja
MAJOR CODE RED: Games that don't even qualify as games at all.	Maroon	"They shouldn't even be on the scale! But they are. And that's so you know to beware. NEVER play them, NEVER talk about them."	Desert Bus, CrazyBus, Big Rigs: Over the Road Racing, Hong Kong 97, Plumbers Don't Wear Ties, Life of Black Tiger



The same applies here, although in this big-screen foray his many fans now believe that bad = good, and actually seek to own and play games that The Nerd would rather have dead and buried... such as the infamous Atari ET, or "EEE TEE" as they call it here (the on-screen Atari alien even sports a mustache... just to... you know, copyrights). Allusions to horror films, romcoms, kaiju flicks and many games, (naturally) are all made here.



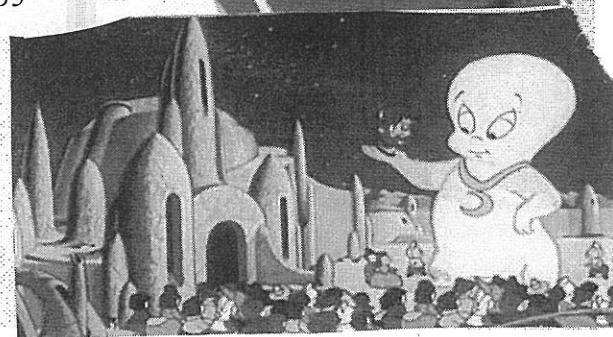
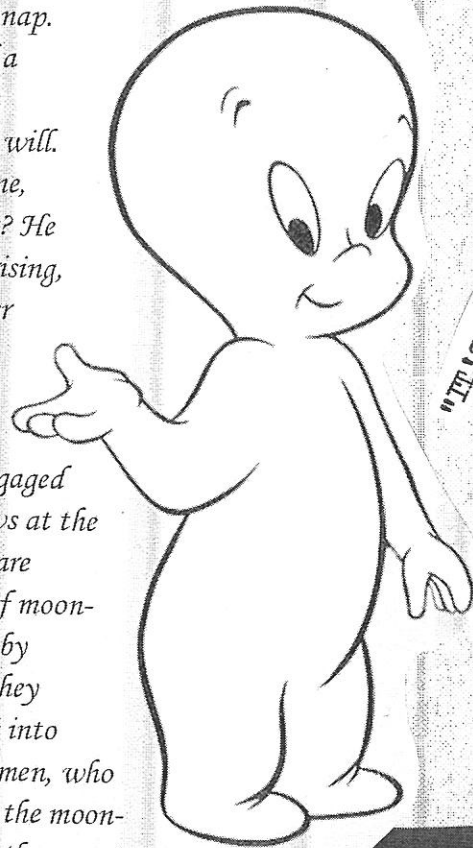
"I can't even be pissed off and have it mean anything anymore."

CASPER THREW A WRENCH IN MY SPOOKS!

Watching "Casper and Wendy's Ghostly Adventures" on TUBI and the second episode "Boo Moon" (1953) is a real treat. Casper scares a score of people off a subway- unintentionally, of course -then finds a dapper man with a nifty telescope on a boulevard, who is there to show passing corporeal beings "the man in the moon" for a mere 10 cents. Naturally, Casper scares him off so bad that he jumps into his own hat (and out of frame)- Casper looks through the telescope to see this face, this man in the moon who "sure looks friendly" and decides to visit him so Casper floats through the sky toward the moon! Fades occur, and sure enough, he passes through space and gets to the moon.

Casper sees nothing but craters and decides he is tired enough to take a nap. Around this time little moon people spot Casper, call him a "giant" and a "monster" and decide to cage the sleeping Casper- this I find interesting because the friendly ghost can seemingly solidify or "become ghostly" at will. Casper is caged and eventually wakes up, discovering that he is not alone, and at a moon-castle. The cage does not worry him—and why should it? He can phase through the cage whenever he likes. All of this has been surprising, and amusing, but then something happens that really puts this toon over the top: moon people start screaming that the TREE PEOPLE are coming, and sure enough, tree people with angry faces, about five of them, all in lockstep, storm the castle! King Luna- the moon king, his celestial majesty -who was afraid of Casper before but is now totally engaged with these seemingly familiar monsters, has his men fusillade fiery arrows at the tree men. Casper says "hooray, you got them on the run!" Tree men who are aflame find ONE POOL OF WATER in a moon crater (the only form of moon-water we see) to put themselves out and retaliate against the moon men by sucking up the water and fire-hosing it back at the pesky archers- then they storm the castle! When King Luna is brusquely captured, Casper springs into action and leaves his cage to stop the tree men, who are capturing moon men, who "captured" Casper... Casper is able to move intangibly, so he moves into the moon-ground, reaches up and grasps tree men by their walking-roots (!), which then must become intangible as well, for he pulls their roots into the moon ground and ties their roots together impeding their progress- he does this a number of times. The tree men are assumedly captured and we do not know their fate- it could be deduced that they are burnt to cinders and ashes, or if mercy was shown, they occupy the unseen royal dungeon. With the battle over, Casper is awarded a medal in the shape of a crescent moon and is knighted "Sir Friend Casper" by King Luna. The moon people sing an excerpt of Casper's Theme: "Casper, the friendly ghost / The friendliest ghost you know / Though grownups might look at him with fright / The children all love him so... / Casper, the friendly ghost, he couldn't be bad or mean..."

I scanned the crowd - not one child in this scene. But the men and women sing for them.





...is it possible that moon women hide in moon hovels, in part of the moon city? Are moon babies hidden behind those walls?

Although there are seemingly few moon women and no children to agree with this chorus, we zoom-fade out to the man in the moon, who smiles at the conclusion of this 'toon and winks as if to say, "Yes, Casper is the friendly ghost, he couldn't be bad or mean."

--
Casper not only traveled through space but also made his way past many planets between Earth and the moon (including Saturn, or at least a ringed planet). A reference to Gulliver's Travels? Moon people are helmeted and wear red & light purple uniforms, apart from a couple heralds who introduce the king- they don red and green.

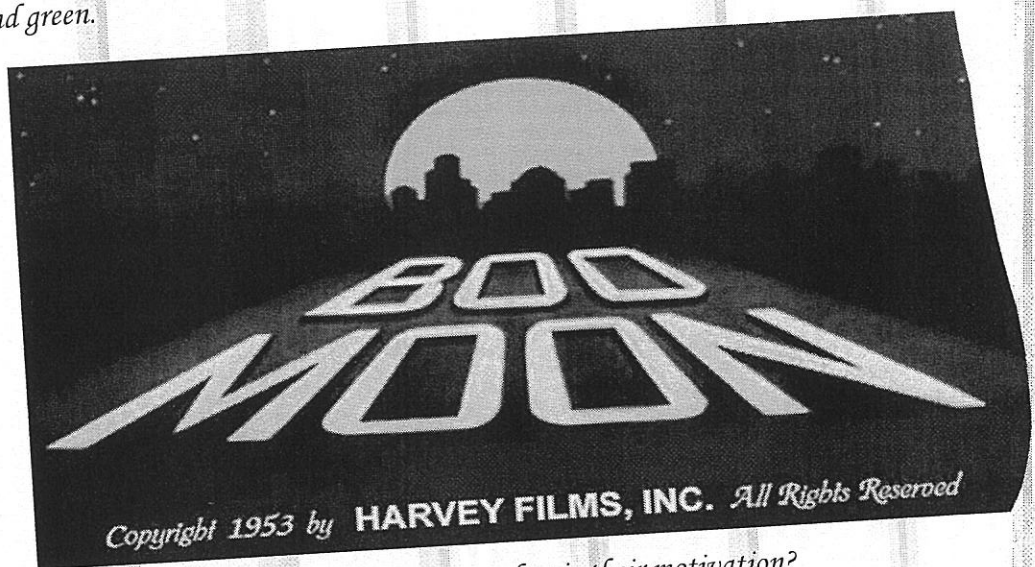
Questions

A) DOES CASPER "solidify" or "harden" when he sleeps?

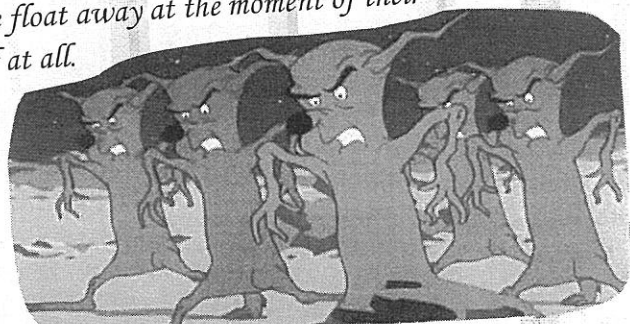
B) MOON MEN would have taken Casper to the royal dungeon under command of King Luna- what would happen there?

C) TREE MEN have no dialogue except one groan or scream- what is their motivation?

My biggest question (D) is... IF THE tree people did not attack, and the moon people did indeed send Casper to their dungeon, then what? Casper is not going to retaliate against these moon-torturers. Moreover, if their attitude remained aggressive, he would certainly just leave. Right? His assistance to the moon people came at a critical moment when the moon people desperately needed help. Casper chose to defend them without any knowledge of their history with the tree people. In return, he earned their trust and respect, most crucially that of the king. King Luna himself was abducted during the castle siege, which finally sends Casper into action... Casper does not react physically to the previous attacks against common or knighted moon people... this is likely a considered move on his part. King Luna was saved first, and only then does Casper save groups of other moon men. Casper needs for friends, or the semblance of friends. It's part of his friendly nature. We float away at the moment of their solidarity, before their hard-won friendship is tried again, if at all.



NEXT TIME: Tex Avery or some ish...





Where's
Connie's
TextBook?

AN INCONVENIENT LIGHT NOVEL

Subscribing to Crunchyroll was almost as good as having TCM for almost 3 years. I finally got to see PEACH GIRL, and a pal of Liberty got me to watch RANKING OF KINGS, which was overly and overtly poignant, but what the hey. Still, the main reason for having this anime streaming service was to catch SAGA OF TANYA THE EVIL and while I watched it first, I saved it for what will probably be my last anime overview in a while... but I've been wrong before and still have a lot on my list.

You can probably tell why I felt the need to check this out: Connie Valtiere, Neo Neos and the album "Get The Neo Neos" - lyrics for Tanya The Evil wedged in my brain, and having them spelled out describes the plot of the anime concisely.

I have since rewatched the show, and the film, and it has got replayability I'll tell you!

Back again for more, eh? With me, a self-described "garbage human with a worrying interest in anime girls!"

pavis 9 months ago

Anyone got the lyrics for tanya the evil?

4 1 REPLY

Hide replies

vedicardi 9 months ago

God wants me to run
But I don't think he's there
He wants me to believe
But I don't really care

In another body
In another world
Military safety net
Is how I'll survive

It is not so bad
Fighting Being X
My thirst for blood will grow
Reaching my apex

Climb the ranks
Go to war
I can't be killed
Praying to kill more

Call me what you want
Evil, Devil, Satan
Can't be controlled
Just hope for the best
Show less

4 1 REPLY

pavis 9 months ago

@vedicardi thanks weeb

1 1 REPLY



...tried watching Angel Beats, Fruits Basket... less gripping anime programs... another

Kodokawa program called WANDERING WITCH: THE JOURNEY OF ELAINA, but nothin' yet has touched SAGA.

Considering that covid likely destroyed any possibility of the show continuing, I may just stoop to reading the light novels. The mangas I just can't really get a handle on (reading them left to right... wait... right to left) but the novels, they go the Western way, and I feel that they would be a good light entertainment.

Luckily, there is this guy on YouTube, Trash-Tier Waifu, who specializes in this kinda thing, I mean he's pretty much locked it down.

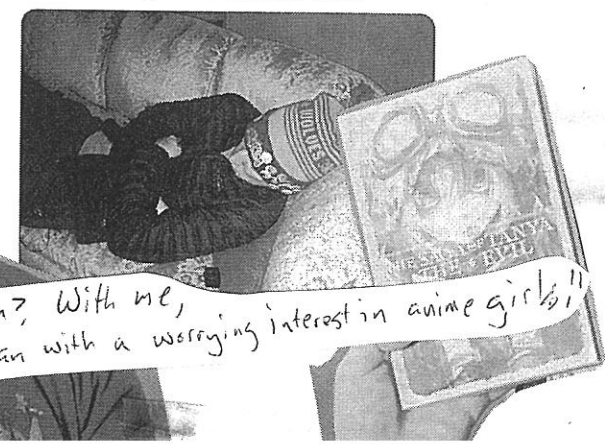
His reviews go up to 7 volumes and I think there is an estimated 12 on the way, I mean, en toto. 12 total.

He isn't a total fanboy either -he's pretty harsh on the light novels, as the anime is more complete even in its premature ending.

Well, seeing as I've told you nothing of plot, I'll just say I envision Tanya in Argentina when this is all told in English.

Thanks, weeb!

tubi presents connie voltaire pic of me asleep at a bib show after cutting someones face open by throwing a record at them in chicago. the bad sleep well...



Blurt Is No Squirt

By Richard Meltzer

I was watching John Waters's *Mondo Trasho* the other day when it hit me for the first time in years how great the Del Vikings' "Come Go with Me" really really is. Various fragments got played & replayed but mostly that tumultuous sax break which every time I heard it fucking transfixed me with the CONCRETE MYSTERY of all sorts of intangibles that're still every bit as intangible as they were in the spring of '57. Heck, it's gotta be the greatest sax tune—from at least a dozen different angles—in the history of rock-roll music. **SECOND GREATEST**—from a good 34 as many—is the original import 45 version of "My Mother Was a Friend of an Enemy of the People." By Blurt, on the Test Pressings label, spring of 1980.

Shit, "Mother" is a goddam catalogue of TOPICAL AWESOME SUBSTANCE. The scattergun whiteboy dementia of Gary U.S. Bonds '61 speeded up to REAL TIME and spit thru a reed laced with cyanide. Modern noise meets "Congo Blues" in a bowling alley. Albert Ayler sings with spirits brain-damaged on sterno with eternity yet ahead. Capt. Beefheart without the requisite cartoon belly-laugh to assure everybody that certain forbidden neuroses aren't so grave or terminal as *all that*. A "sonic accident" of sufficient scale to make "Land of 1000 Dances" seem like the Boston Pops go digital . . . etc.

Cutesy-pie references aside, what you've got here is a trio of Great Whites swimming & gurgling in MYSTERY SO DEEP there ain't no bottom—lotta strange things down there and it'd be a lost cause tryin' to calculate what it ultimately (or even approximately) reduces to in terms of I dunno what. Geez, if I could talk about stuff like that without hokey metaphors to glitz up the landscape I'd be laughing at clouds or writing meaningful sitcoms that shake the planet . . . in the meantime forced articulation is nowhere (and when was the last time you heard a jaded mr. articulate like me wax on that kinda level?).

I'd hafta guess Blurt will probably never again pull off anything as TOTALLY THERE as the cut in question. Still, they've gotta be the "most important" post-punk combo (worldwide) still playing anything even resembling R&R. They've got a decent new single ("The Fish Needs a Bike," on Armageddon), a not-half-bad live LP (*Blurt in Berlin*, ditto) and a 12-inch side on a two-disc sampler (*A Factory Quartet*, on Factory) which does more than any previous vinyl offering to strip bare the embarrassing sham of, ugh, Fusion Music, delivering a Jazz-Rock so



national proclivities they run that line. 2. No jazz is and his crew, z-serious to take use AACM folks to be slumming) grounding or in-luck it as any-estimates passable Milton nobody force (excepting Ted wasn't even on actual chops or on such honking, James Chance) SONIC OOMPAH (Eat yer heart out, white R&R test white R&R)



of TONYC or TONYC 8. The scater U.S. Bonds '61 speeded up to REAL TIME and spit thru a reed laced with cyanide. Modern noise meets "Congo Blues" in a bowling alley. Albert Ayler sings with spirits brain-damaged on sterno with eternity yet ahead. Capt. Beefheart without the requisite cartoon belly-laugh to assure everybody that certain forbidden neuroses aren't so grave or terminal as all that. A "sonic accident" of sufficient scale to make "Land of 1000 Dances" seem like the Boston Pops go digital . . . etc.



RIFFS

slitheringly powerful—and yet so unreliable on even convention one of Fusion—that you gotta wonder why (outside of people obviously not knowing what to DO ANYMORE) the decision to clumsily, stickily fuse ever had any currency at all.

On "Puppeteer" for inst, sax-boy/vocalist/lyricist Ted Milton starts out like a coy Jackie McLean on some old Mingus LP and suddenly explodes into uncharted rock-roll ??? like there's nowhere else to go. On "Dyslexia" you got a rock rhythm section generating tension/release at least the equal of the guys on Julius Hemphill's "Dagon A.D." and then Ted gets ferocious and DOES THE SWIM (crossing the English Channel while Jules is still treading H2O). The point(s) being: 1. Fusion's biggest flub was making it a question of form rather than parallel (structural & emotional) proclivity. Run things parallel where they run that way and just fucking blow. 2. No jazz players (including Mingus and his crew, who were basically too jazz-serious to take it to the limit, and all those AACM folks who've generally seemed to be slumming) have ever had sufficient grounding or interest in R&R Mystery to tackle it as anything more than a sometimes passable genre exercise. 3. Prior to Milton, nobody from the rock side of the fence (excepting maybe Hendrix who like Ted wasn't even thinking about it) had the actual chops or daring to gorge 'emselves on such honking, squawking VOLUMES OF SONIC OOMPAH. (Eat yer heart out, James Chance!)

Ted is simply the greatest white R&R saxperson ever to breathe & blow. Come to think of it you can drop the R&R disclaimer and just say sax 'cause who's in fact greater? I'm looking thru my six miles of jazz LPs and finding no one. Throw in the vocals—mid-period Iggy w/ protein—and the lyrics—"I Am the Walrus" as authentic stream of consciousness—and you've got yourself SOMETHING YOU BETTER JUST LISTEN TO EVEN AT IMPORT PRICES.

(Wait—stop the presses—Slash has just picked up domestic rights to *Blurt in Berlin*; while it maybe ain't as spectacular as the other stuff it's better than 99% of what's currently available, so buy it the day it arrives in the store—a plug.) ■ *Blurt will appear November 7 at Chase Park and November 14 at Interferon.*

pic via Darren, source not known at the moment



RICHARD MELTZER

(MORE) TO-CONSUME FOR NEXT ISSUE TBD...

...or just so you know

WATCHLIST - Laurel Nakadate's "Stay The Same Never Change" (not to be found on streaming or DVD- I got lucky with her first feature, sold to me from a shady seller in Greece) // Ryan Trecartin's and Lizzie Fitch's "Whether Line" (their latest- I have never completed a Trecartin film, but I found they moved to Athens Ohio around 2019 and intend to run an "amusement park" ... using some skills I was able to find their house on Google Maps) // "Get Crazy" and "Farewell My Concubine" and "Border Radio" and "The Lonely Lady" and "Dragnet Girl" and "Last Year at Marienbad"

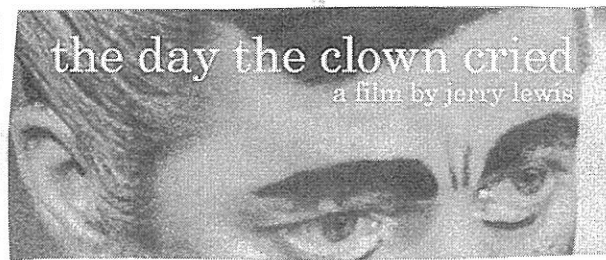
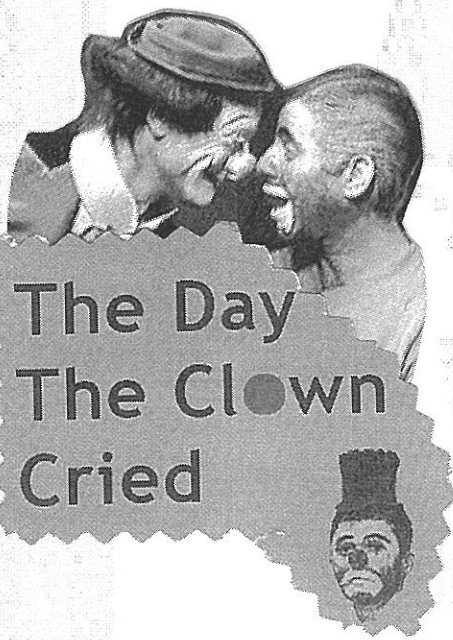
The American Friend

LONGPLAYS - I'll get back into radio dramas, or I can make another one to top the recent production of Central State's not-too-shabby "The Vampire Tales"- "Yeung Girl" maybe? Perhaps, once I leave the University... // Nick Tosches on Marc Maron's "WTF" podcast, Handsome Dick Manitoba's "You Don't Know Dick" podcast...

THE PALM WINE DRINKARD

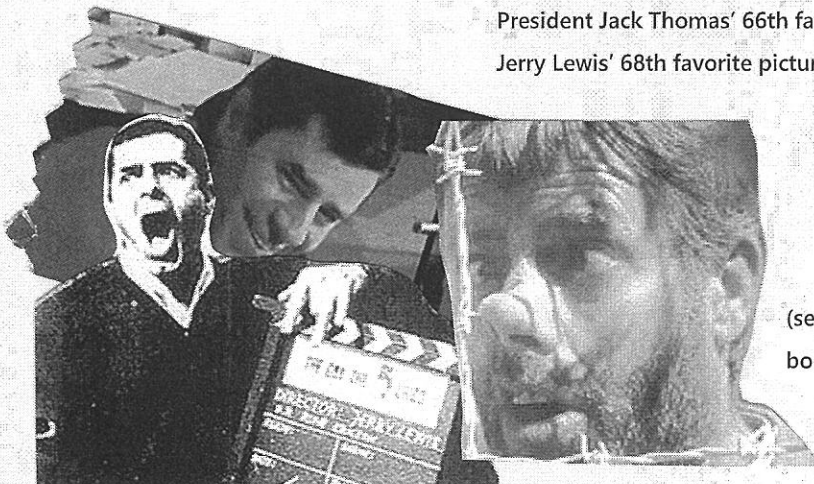
READLIST - Girl Juice by Ritah Parish (WHO is HOLDING?), a stack of boxing books recommended by Meltzer in a San Diego Reader story, Dick Tracy comics... Dave Meltzer's "Rock Tee" and ~~vet more~~ Tosches... "The Richard Meltzer Bibliography" on archive.org...
(thanks, Bob!)

TAPES, CDs, REKKIDS **Blurt** "My Mother..." comp
// Richard Grossman // Reatards
// VOM tapes besides the one at The Mab // Bach cello pieces // to record: The Four
Tops cassette medley megamix that I think is a tape only release // any Heavy Mother (or
offshoots, looking at Kellen), any Connie Voltaire or Neo Neos, Craig Bell, X__X...



: A Plagiarism

This is Charls Carol's favorite picture. It's Mark McGwire's 2nd favorite picture. It's Roger Moore's 3rd favorite picture. It's Mike Tyson's 4th favorite picture. It's Margaret Atwood's 5th favorite picture. It's David Hawk's 6th favorite picture. It's Norm Macdonald's 7th favorite picture. It's Glenn Beck's 8th favorite picture. It's Vee Breaux's 9th favorite picture. It's Sean Connery's 10th favorite picture. It's Armond White's 11th favorite picture. It's Dean Martin's 12th favorite picture. It's Harrison Ford's 13th favorite picture. It's James Rolfe's 14th favorite picture. It's Sophia Constantine's 15th favorite picture. It's Chris Robinson's 16th favorite picture. It's Ariel Pink's 17th favorite picture. It's Dr. Don Jolly's 18th favorite picture. It's Lash LaRue's 19th favorite picture. It's Roseanne Barr's 20th favorite picture. It's Mark Fisher's 21st favorite picture. It's VORW's 22nd favorite picture. It's Genevieve "Jenny" Bowermaster's 23rd favorite picture. It's Maria Minerva's 24th favorite picture. It's Pat Buchanan's 25th favorite picture. It's Steve Besser's 26th favorite picture. It's the guy who played the Alien in "Alien's" 27th favorite picture. It's Michael Crichton's 28th favorite picture. It's "Big" Jim Gillan's 29th favorite picture. It's Gary McMillan's 30th favorite picture. It's Liberty Lord's 31st favorite picture. It's Olivia Rodrigo's 32nd favorite picture. It's Chuck Palahniuk's 33rd favorite picture. It's Werner Heisenberg's 34th favorite picture. It's Erykah Badu's 35th favorite picture. It's Gypsy Rose's 36th favorite picture. It's Robert Haigh's 37th favorite picture. It's my cat Pussywillow's 38th favorite picture. It's the WNBA's 39th favorite picture. It's Colonel Sanders' 40th favorite picture. It's John Waters' 41st favorite picture. It's my little brother's 42nd favorite picture. It's the guy who tried to sell me ice cream in the United Dairy Farmers parking lot's 43rd favorite picture. It's Pastor Steve's 44th favorite picture. It's Una Mae Carlisle's 45th favorite picture. It's Midnight Movie Cowboys' 46th favorite picture. It's Eileen Oberlin's 47th favorite picture. It's Aida Makoto's 48th favorite picture. It's Jennifer Coolidge's 49th favorite picture. It's Donald Mustard's 50th favorite picture. It's Rear Admiral Mark Guadanini's 51st favorite picture. It's Mike DeWine's 52nd favorite picture. It's Dick Miller's 53rd favorite picture. It's France's 54th favorite picture. It's Damon Palermo's 55th favorite picture. It's Jennifer Robin's 56th favorite picture. It's Masanori Kubo's 57th favorite picture. It's JJ Kramer's 58th favorite picture. It's Lena Waithe's 59th favorite picture. It's Kevin Beasley's 60th favorite picture. It's The For Carnation's 61st favorite picture. It's Darren Viola's 62nd favorite picture. It's Paul Dano's 63rd favorite picture. It's Terace Garnier's 64th favorite picture. It's James Toback's 65th favorite picture. It's former Central State University President Jack Thomas' 66th favorite picture. It's Steph Kretowicz's 67th favorite picture. It's Jerry Lewis' 68th favorite picture. It's my 69th favorite picture.



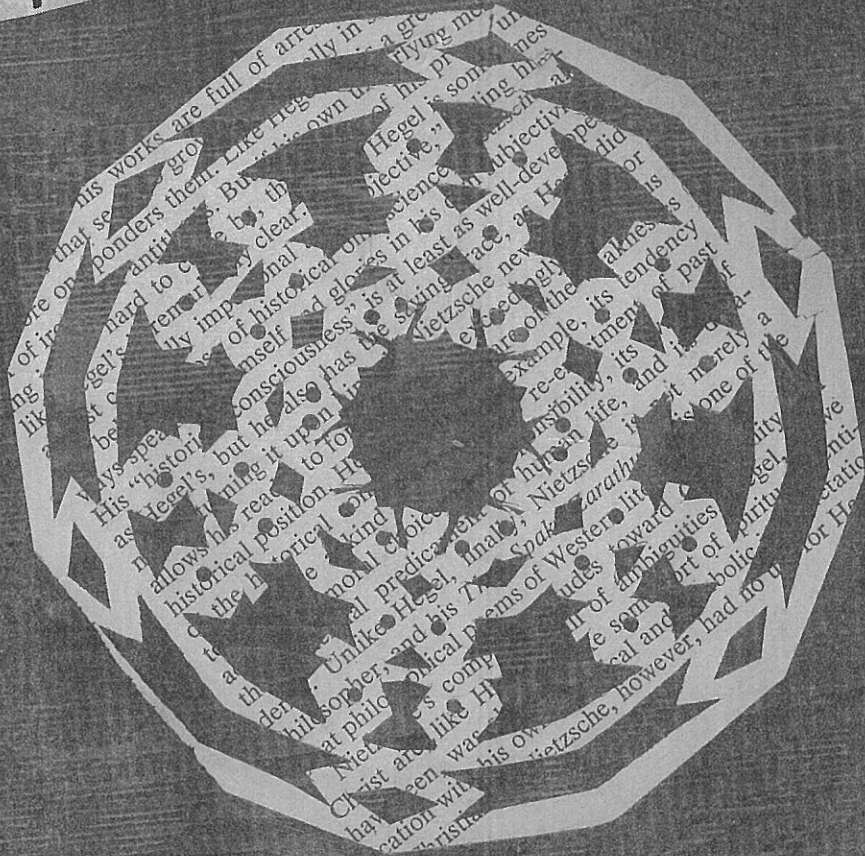
Jerry Lewis

(see R. Meltzer's "Barbara Mauritz: Music Box" review, found in the book *Against Expression: An Anthology of Conceptual Writing*)

hello again

more B.c. Miller next ish?

WHO GOT THAT ONE ROB RIOUX FONT?



FAUX WOOD PANELING

special thanks this month (April) to Mark Yokohama
also thanks to Goner, Feeding Tube, Quimby's, Record Grouch

